

# SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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## CHINCOTEAGUE.

### THE ISLAND OF PONIES.



CATCHING A PONY.

OFF the north-eastern shore of Virginia, and about five miles from the main-land, lies a small island known as Chincoteague—an island possessed of peculiarities shared by no other portion of the eastern United States; for here roams, in an entirely untamed state, a breed of horses, or rather ponies, as wild as the mustangs of Texas or the Pampas.

How these ponies first came upon the island is not known except through vague tradition, for when the first settlers came there, early in the eighteenth century, they found the animals already roaming wild about its piney meadows. The tradition received from the Indians of the main-land was that a vessel loaded with horses, sailing to one of the Elizabethan settlements of Virginia, was wrecked upon the southern

point of the island, where the horses escaped, while the whites were rescued by the then friendly Indians and carried to the mainland, whence they found their way to some of the early settlements. The horses, left to themselves upon their new territory, became entirely wild, and, probably through hardships endured, degenerated into a peculiar breed of ponies.

In 1670 the island was first prospected; it was subsequently granted by King James II. to a person by whom it was sold in minor sections to various others. At present it is greatly subdivided, though one land-owner, Kendall Jester by name, holds over six hundred acres of marsh and pine land, and there are other holdings scarcely less in extent. Among the earliest settlers were the Thurstones, Taylors, and

Mifflins; the head of the last-named family was a well-known Quaker, who, upon the introduction of slavery to the island, removed thence to the town of Camden, in the upper part of the province of Maryland, near Delaware.

It was long before Chincoteague was fairly settled, and even as late as 1838 there were but twenty-six houses there; now, however, many strangers, tempted by the exceptionally good fishing and oyster-dredging of the place, are pouring in from the main-land to settle there. To mere visitors the ponies are still a great, if not the main, attraction, and during the periods of "penning"—driving them into corral—numerous guests arrive daily from the coast.

When one puts foot aboard the puffing, wheezing little steamboat "Alice," it is as though the narrow channel, across which he is ferried in about an hour, separates him from modern civilization, its rattling, dusty cars, its hurly-burly of business, its clatter and smoke of mills and factories, and lands him upon an enchanted island, cut loose from modern progress and left drifting some seventy-five years backward in the ocean of time. No smoke of manfactories pollutes the air of Chincoteague; no hissing steam-escape is heard except that of the "Alice"; no troublesome thought of politics, no religious dissension, no jealousy of other places, disturbs the minds of the Chincoteaguers, engrossed with whisky, their ponies and themselves.

Chincoteague is land-locked. Assateague Beach—a narrow strip of land, composed of pine woods, salt marshes and sand flats—lies between it and the ocean, separated from it by a channel about half a mile in width. Midway upon this beach stands Assateague light-house—a first-class light, and one of the finest on the coast. Between this beach or island upon the one side and the main-land on the other, in a calm, sleepy bay, lies lazy Chincoteague. There is but little agriculture; the inhabitants depend upon the sale of ponies and upon fishing for the necessities of life, and mere necessities suffice them. A little pork and bread, rank tobacco and whisky, in the proportion of Falstaff's sack, and the acme of the Chincoteaguer's happiness is attained.

Thick pine woods cover the island, in virgin growth, here and there opening into a glade of marshy flat, stretching off for a mile or more, called "the meadows," where one occasionally catches a glimpse of a herd of ponies, peacefully browsing at a distance.

Tramping through the island, which is barely a mile in width, one emerges suddenly from the pine woods upon the western shore, where broad extended salt marshes, rank in growth, lie weltering in the hot sunlight the whole length of the island. A fence protects this marsh from the encroachments of the ponies, which are turned out here in the winter, and find a plentiful supply of fodder in the dead sedge underneath the snow.

There are two distinct classes of inhabitants upon Chincoteague: the pony-owners—lords of the land—and the fishermen. Your pony-owner is a tough, bulbous, rough fellow, with a sponge-like capacity for absorbing liquor; bad or good, whisky, gin, or brandy, so that it have the titillating alcoholic twang, it is much the same to him. Coarse, heavy army shoes, a tattered felt hat, or a broad-brimmed straw that looks as if it had never been new; rough homespun or linen trowsers, innocent of soap and water, and patched with as many colors as Joseph's coat; a blue or checked shirt, open at the throat, and disclosing a hairy chest,—these complete his costume. Your fisherman, now, though his costume is nearly similar, with the exception of shoes (which he does not wear), is in appearance quite different. A lank body, shoulders round as the bowl of a spoon, far up which clamber his tightly strapped trowsers; a thin crane-like neck, poking out at right angles from somewhere immediately between the shoulder-blades; and, finally, a leathery, expressionless, peaked face, and wiry hair and beard complete his presentation. Hospitable in the extreme are these rough people. Any one visiting them at the time of their noonday meal will find some ingenuity necessary to parry their pressing solicitations to share those nodules of fat pork fried and floating in a dead sea of black molasses, fried potatoes, and chunks of bread—the last to be dipped in the molasses, and eaten with the pork. If sickness is pleaded in excuse, equal difficulty will be found in avoiding the administration of a dose of villainous whisky.

In visiting their houses, you pick your way with some trouble through a flock of geese, over a pig, a dog, and probably a nearly naked baby rolling over the floor, and find yourself at last safely ensconced in a rickety chair. The good-woman of the house, who is smoking a very dirty pipe with a short stem, is profuse in the offices of hospitality,—spanking the rolling baby with one hand and handing a tin cup of water with the other. She may then, if

you are a good listener and quiet enough, recount in much detail the ins and outs of her last attack of fever-'n'-ager, or how our Maria married Jim Strand; in the meantime you can be making your own observations of an interior well calculated to repay the trouble. A rusty stove, a broken pitcher, a griddle, a skillet, two tin cups, a coffee-pot, and a dirty bucket, the smaller properties deposited in a rickety wash-tub in one corner of the room, which is mounted upon a crippled chair with a broken back; walls highly ornamented with cheap prints, labeled respectively "Ellen" or "Maggie," circus bills and advertisements of patent soap; and, to crown all, a dozen or more bottles with little bits of red flannel in them hung here and there, enlivening the monotony like Turner's daub of red in his gray sea picture. Then, lastly, the bed! We of the North have no conception of such beds—rising, a voluminous mountain of feathers, five feet in height, and bedecked with a gorgeous patch-work quilt, the valance slats at the top of the narrow spindle posts hung here and there with parti-colored worsted bobs. Let the family be ever so poor, the bed is the glory, the soul of their cottage. It is the pride of the good-woman's heart, and in it she will swelter and suffocate in the hottest day of summer. Visiting, one day, a house where the woman was sick with bilious fever (quite a common complaint in Chincoteague), we saw nothing of her upon first entering, but a smell of tobacco-smoke stung our nostrils like vapor of oil of vitriol. Looking toward the bed, we saw a thin column of smoke ascending, and, approaching, saw the patient peacefully reposing and smoking in the midst of a feathery Yosemite.

Quaint and unique are the characters one meets. Kendal Jester, more popularly known as "Uncle Ken," the beau-ideal of a Chincoteague pony-penner: one need have no fear of failing to make his acquaintance. An old fellow approaches, his face good-humored and redolent of innumerable potations of the favorite beverage. His daily life is comprised in three stages of existence: morning, when he is sober; noon, when if his thoughts are steady, his tongue is thick; night, when his thoughts are wool-gathering, and his stumbling tongue in vain tries to overtake them,—like a man pursuing one of his own ponies in the dark. He approaches with, "My name's Kenneljester" (pronounced all in one word), "'s no harm in me."

We assure him we know that.

"I drink a little whisky now an' then." We know that too.

"Doctor says got's drink quart 'er whisky day—keep away bilious. Drink quart an' pint—never have bilious."

To do Uncle Ken justice, he implicitly follows the advice of his physician.

Should you imagine that when Uncle Ken is drunk he no longer has his wits about him, you will be vastly mistaken. A man who came over from the main-land to buy ponies from him thought that by mak-



A SON OF THE SOIL.

ing him drunk he could "skin him out of a bargain," but his horror was unbounded when upon every drink that Uncle Ken took he increased his original price by ten dollars.

Here, too, is old Dan Tucker, boot-black and white-washer, with his pock-marked face and rich guttural "ki-he!" of a laugh. The artist wanted to make a sketch of this worthy, and ten cents were offered as an inducement for him to stand.

"See yeh, mars'! Guess I'se ugly 'nough 'out puttin' on me on paper."

"But we only want you as a—ah—memento,—a remembrance of our trip to Chincoteague."

"Ke-he! Can't fool me, wa-wat yo want me fo'?" (A sudden burst of righteous indignation.) "Go long, sketch some o' de gals, dey's heap puttier 'n me. Black yo' boots fo' ten cents. An' I wants money, too."

Money takes a man anyways—'cept to Hebbens!"

Nothing could induce him to be sketched, though we subsequently caught him on the fly, so to speak, in front of the hotel.

Here, too, is old Uncle Benny, ex-slave and



THE LADY OF THE HOUSE.

now boot-black, freighted with glorious reminiscences of by-gone plantation days, possum and coon hunts, pumpkin pie and turkeys.

"Thankye, Mars'; sarvent;" says the poor old cripple, as he takes our ten cents, little knowing that we had made a hasty sketch of him as he bent over our shoes putting on the old-fashioned gloss he had acquired as a "boy" on the plantation.

Many more rise to memory: old Aunt Sally Jones, with her great scoop bonnet, her blue yarn stockings and her manifold complaints; old Mrs. Grant, who charms away cancers; and scores of others, the enumeration of whom would tire the patience of the reader.

Once or twice in a year the ponies of the island are driven together in a pen or corral for the purpose of branding the foals or for sale. Then is there excitement in Chincoteague. The natives are all agog. Rose and Hannah in the hotel kitchen are hard at work broiling, baking and stewing, preparing a brisk campaign against the appetites of the guests that assemble at such periods. Every now and then, above the frizzling of mutton-chops and frying of potatoes, arises a sudden burst of that rich minor hymn music heard only at its best among the

southern plantation negroes—the wild music holding something half savage in its cadences—a music one might imagine their barbaric ancestors sang at some secret sacrificial feast.



And so on *ad infinitum*, now rising full and lusty, now sinking into the sputtering of the frying-pan.

It is a still morning and the broad white sand beach stretches far up the island. Here and there lies a pool of salt water glassily reflecting the clear sky.

Suddenly some one cries, "Here they come." Down the beach come the ponies, pattering over the moist sand and dashing the placid salt pools into a myriad sparkling drops. Close behind ride the drivers, men and boys, gesticulating wildly. For saddles most of them have tanned sheep-skins, the wool'y side out, strapped around the bodies of their ponies. Now a driver, bending almost level with his pony's back, dashes on to head off some fractious animal. At length they approach the pen into which, after some trouble, they are headed, a tumultuous crowd, kicking, biting and squealing; then a rush and they are in! Now comes the tug of war, the lassoing and haltering; but that is left till the afternoon. It is well; for there goes the dinner-bell and we are ready for the summons.

Merciful Providence! What a crowd of hungry excursionists are coming from the main-land in the little steamer to attend the sales! From upper deck to lower the vessel is crowded with passengers. Can even Rose and Hannah's labors suffice to stay the appetites of all these hungry wights? But to look at the face of Mr. English, the hotel-keeper, re-assures one. He is as calm and courageous as Napoleon at Austerlitz, or Nelson at Trafalgar. But we hasten into the dining-room and are seated by the time the boat touches the wharf, and then the rush begins. Meal tickets are given, and Captain Caulk (pronounced Cork) stands at the door and collects them.

"Sir," cries he to one old man, as the crowd pushes tumultuously against him, "for the love of Heaven do not tread on my cork foot!"

"Have you a cork foot, sir?"

"Two of 'em."

"Tut, tut, tut! Well, I'm sorry!" cries the sympathetic old gentleman from Snow Hill.

At length dinner is completed, and we start once more for the pony pen. The momentous time arrives for casting the lasso; not as they do in the West, but by hanging it on the end of a long pole, and then dropping it skillfully over the pony's head. Uncle Ken takes the pole. Holding the noose well aloft on the top of it, so as not to frighten the intended prey upon which he has fixed his eye, he cautiously approaches the herd, around which the crowd has gathered. One of the ponies takes a sudden fright and a stampede follows, the spectators scattering right and left. For a moment the intended captive is wedged in the midst of the rest of the herd. Uncle Ken sees his advantage. He rushes forward, the noose is dropped and settles around the pony's neck. Immediately six lusty negroes, with glistening teeth, perspiring faces and glittering eyes, are at the other end of the rope. The animal makes a gallant fight. This way and that he hauls his assailants, rearing and squealing. Now he makes a sudden side dash and sends them rolling over and over, plowing their heads through the shifting sand till their wool is fairly powdered; still, however, "the boys" hold on to the rope. At length the choking halter commences to tell; the pony, with rolling eyes and quivering flanks, wheezes audibly. Now is the moment! In rush the negroes, clutching the animal by legs and tail. A wrestle and a heave, a struggle on the pony's part, a kick that sends Ned hopping with a barked shin like a crazy turkey, and Sambo plowing through the sand and stinkweed in among the spectators, and then over goes the pony with four or five lusty shouting negroes sprawling around him. The work is done: a running noose is slipped around the pony's nose, his forelock is tied to this by a bit of string, and soon his tantrums cease as he realizes that he is indeed a captive.

Many of the ponies are taken over the narrow channel that separates Chincoteague from Assateague, to run wild upon the latter island, which is largely unclaimed land. We were so fortunate as to witness the lively scene of the swimming of a number of ponies across this channel or inlet. For a mile we tramped through salt meadows rank with sedge, while everywhere from beneath our feet scattered innumerable ridiculous little

fiddler-crabs about the size of a silver quarter of a dollar, one claw of enormous magnitude and conspicuousness and the other preposterously small and insignificant, like the candidates for President and Vice-President. At length we arrived at the edge of the channel, the ponies whickering as their nostrils fill with the salt air. One man enters the boat and poles it along, the channel being very shallow, while another with a rope in his hand drags at a pony. The pony is stubborn and will not enter. Kicks and blows rain freely upon him, the negroes running up to give him a kick and then rushing frantically away in mortal terror of the returning kick of the



UNCLE KEN.

animal. Presently, with a splash the pony is in, and then all goes smoothly until his feet touch the sheltering bank on the other side, when the plunging recommences, and one poor wretch who has hold of the halter, and whose thoughts are wandering, awakes to find himself where he has not been for a long time—in cold water.

Among the visitors to the island we made some pleasant acquaintances, chief among whom was a learned naturalist from the Baltimore Academy of Natural Science. The professor was puzzling the natives greatly by his strange proceedings, his butterfly nets and insect-collecting, his seines, dredges, and deep-sea fishing. During a trip we took together through brake and thicket,—the professor wide-awake for specimens,—we made,

unknown to ourselves, some very unpleasant acquaintances. As we returned to the shore and seated ourselves leisurely upon a stranded boat to smoke and chat, we suddenly discovered that we were literally covered with seed-ticks, minute insects that



OLD DAN TUCKER.

burrow beneath the skin, causing a maddening irritation. After vain endeavors to pick them off, we started in haste for the hotel, there to scrub, in the secrecy of one's chamber, in a tub of salt water.

Everything at Chincoteague seems conducted in unique and unconventional fashion. The only butcher-shop is no shop at all, but only a spot in the woods, where from two cross-pieces between the trees cattle are strung up by a block and tackle and slaughtered, after which their skins are stretched and dyed. It is a wild, gloomy place, surrounded by towering pines of a century's growth, straight as arrows. The piney needles have sung to the wind many a dirge of slaughtered cattle.

The chief restaurant of Chincoteague is a piece of sail elegantly draped over a few upright posts, with a canvas streamer above it bearing conspicuously the sign, "Stewed Oysters."

Upon the western side of the island is a bluff that overlooks the Atlantic toward the south. It is a barren, sandy spot; here and

there a cactus crawls along half hidden in the shifting sand, or a clump of coarse grass shivers and whispers in the breeze. It is called the Old Grave-yard, and in this lonely, desolate, silent spot a few rounded stones and pieces of carved wood without letter or sign mark the last resting-places. There is something touching in the sentiment that impelled those rough, uncultured people to lay the weary, fever-burnt bones of their companions here in this lonely spot, facing the ocean they knew so well. Every year, as from the south the tumultuous waves of the Atlantic roll up the shore, the bluff washes away, and the bones of the departed are brought to a premature resurrection. The burial-ground now in use is farther up the island and in the interior; a ridge dotted with head-stones runs up beneath the shelter of aged pines, with branches crooked as the cedars of Lebanon and draped with pall-like festoons of gray Florida moss.

Upon "Uncle Ken's" estate of six hundred and sixty-five acres, valued at about four thousand dollars and called Wild-Cat Marsh, numerous flocks of domesticated wild geese are feeding. Every year numbers of those birds are shot in their passage south. The natives sink a barrel into the ground close to the beach in which they hide, and when the geese swimming far out at sea approach the beach to "gravel" they fall an easy prey to the gunners. Those that are only winged are saved and subsequently domesticated. One frequently hears the peculiar resonant "hank" of the wild geese, and, looking in the direction from which it came, sees the black head and neck of a bird stretching above the surrounding sedge. These birds cross freely with the ordinary domesticated geese, producing a hybrid which is called a "mule goose."

The fishing and gunning of Chincoteague are excellent. Innumerable snipe are shot and sea-trout caught, some of the latter weighing as much as two pounds. The bathing would be excellent were it not for numerous neighboring sharks, some of them twenty or twenty-five feet long. When one sees a triangular fin cutting the glassy surface of the water near at hand, much of the pleasure of bathing is taken away.

Sharing the interest with the pony penning is an occasional camp-meeting in the woods, occurring once in a year or so. In among the great pines of Chincoteague is a noble place for such a gathering, when at night their huge trunks are illuminated by the light of the "pine

chunk" bonfires, in the gleam of which the distant trees flash forth for a moment and then vanish into obscurity again,—and when the solemn measured chant of the Methodist hymns is heard and the congregation sways with the mighty religious passion that stirs them, while over all hang lurid wreathings of resinous smoke.

So far as one sees, geese, dogs, children and pigs compose the chief population of Chincoteague. The last thing to be heard in the evening and at intervals during the night is the cackling of geese, and when one wakes in the morning the geese are cackling still. Pigs are almost as much a feature of the place. The natural born Chincoteague porker is a thin, scrawny animal like his owner, the fisherman. He has a meditative air of curiosity and will watch a stranger askance, at the same time grunting in a low tone to himself, as though making his own observations. Quite a different character is the porcine nobleman from the main-land. He is regarded with affectionate reverence by his owner and grows fat upon fish and succulent mollusks, taking his *siesta* in undisturbed possession of the softest sand-bank.

It is difficult to say to what extent the law may be exercised in Chincoteague,

for certainly there is not a place of confinement upon the whole island. We witnessed, however, what we imagine must have been



THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

a sample of the enforcement of the law. Two negro "boys" were fighting, rolling over the ground and biting at each other, when up rushed the magistrate of the island, seized a heavy barrel stave and delivered such blows right and left upon the heads of the belligerent blacks as would have stunned any ordinary white man.

Many traditions of the island are handed down from mouth to mouth by the natives, but few of them being able to read or write. It is thus we receive a full account of the great storm and accompanying tidal wave of the year 1821; telling how the black wrack gathered all one dreadful day to the south-

east; how all night the breathless air, inky black, was full of strange moaning sounds, and pine needles quivered at the fore-casting hurricane that lay in wait in the southward offing; how sea-mews and gulls hurtled screaming through the midnight air; how in the early morning the terrified inhabitants, looking from their windows facing the ocean, saw an



CROSSING TO ASSATEAGUE.



UNCLE BENNY.

awful sight: the waters had receded toward the southward, and where the Atlantic had rolled the night before, miles of sand-bars lay bare to the gloomy light, as the bottom of the Red Sea to the Israelites; then how a dull roar came near and nearer, and suddenly a solid mass of wind and rain and salt spray leaped upon the devoted island with a scream. Great pines bent for a moment, and then, groaning and shrieking, were torn from their centuried growth

like wisps of straw and hurled one against another; houses were cut from their foundations and thrown headlong; and then a deeper roar swelled the noise of the tempest, and a monstrous wall of inky waters rushed with the speed of lightning toward the island. It struck Assateague, and in a moment half the land was a waste of seething foam and tossing pine trunks; the next instant it struck Chincoteague, and in an unbroken mass swept across the low south marsh flats, carrying away men and ponies like insects; rushing up the island, tearing its way through the stricken pine woods.

Many a time by the side of his bright crackling fire, the aged Chincoteaguer, removing his pipe from the toothless gums where he has been sucking its bitter sweetness, will tell, as the winter wind roars up from the ocean, how Hickman, with his little grandson clinging to his neck, was swept by the great wave to King's Bush marsh, far up on the main-land six miles away, and caught in the tough branches of its bushes; or how Andrews, with wife and family swept away in his sight, was borne up the island on the waters, and the next morning was discovered hanging in a pine-tree, by his waistband twenty feet from the ground.

Chincoteague, united by no ties of interest to the rest of East Virginia, and dependent for its necessaries, its flour, tobacco, whisky, and calicoes, upon Philadelphia and New York, claims to have been during the war the only loyal portion of the eastern coast of Virginia. When the ratification of secession was returned to the votes of the people, only one man in Chincoteague,



THE PONY PEN.



THE STORM OF 1861.

Joseph Hill by name, cast his vote for it—and then died. An immense Bell and Everett flag-pole, one hundred and twenty feet in height, was erected,—chiefly through the instrumentality of Mr. J. A. M. Whealton, one of the most prominent of the present inhabitants of Chincoteague,—and to the top of the pole were raised a great bell and a United States flag. It was distinctly seen from the main-land, and a deputation soon visited Mr. Whealton, demanding its removal.

"Gentlemen," said the gallant little Unionist, "I erected that flag and bell, and when they go down, I go down with them; but so long as I have a dram of powder and an ounce of lead, and am able to use them, there they stay." And there they staid.

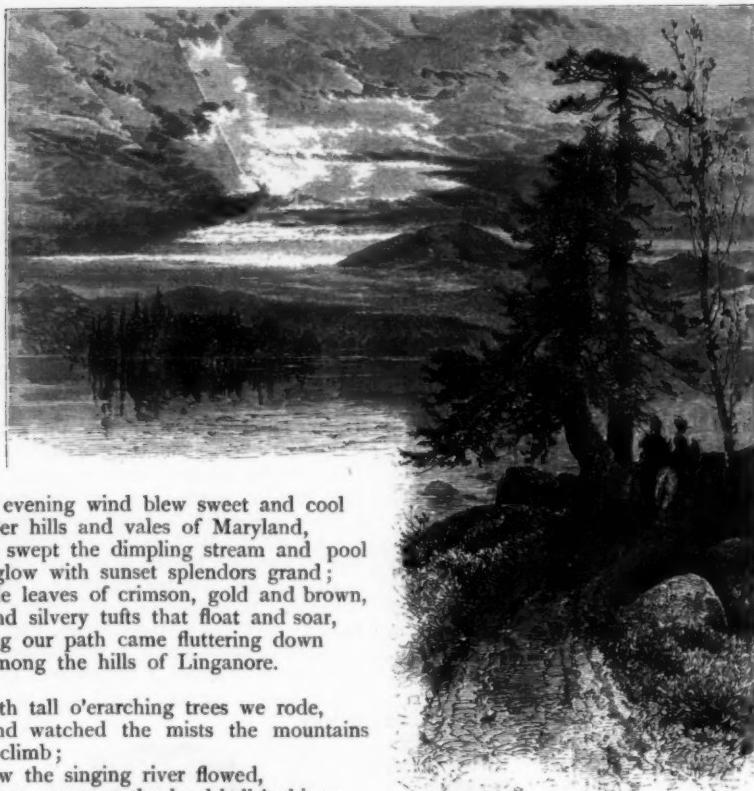
But when the northern ports were closed to southern trade, Chincoteague suffered much. No flour, calico, or tobacco, and, what was worse, no whisky, could be obtained from the North. As to the South, it was more bitter against the so-called renegades than against the Yankees proper. A boat was loaded with oysters and sent to Philadelphia, only to be immediately captured. Another was started, and met with a similar fate. Then Mr. Whealton went himself, and, after much difficulty, secured the desired articles and conveyed them in triumph to Chincoteague. He then employed Dr. Snow of Snow Hill to plead the cause of the loyalists in Washington, and so well did the

Doctor fulfill his mission, that the gun-boat "Louisiana" was sent to lie in Chincoteague Bay for the protection of the inhabitants. For two or three days the Secessionists, some two or three hundred in number, stood upon the main-land, about half a mile from the "Louisiana," upon which they kept up a running fire, without, however, doing any damage. Soon General Lockwood was stationed upon the eastern shore, and then, with the protecting arm of the Federal Government around her, Chincoteague enjoyed her hominy-pots and whisky in unbroken felicity.



J. A. M. WHEALTON.

## THE HILLS OF LINGANORE.



The evening wind blew sweet and cool  
O'er hills and vales of Maryland,  
And swept the dimpling stream and pool  
Aglow with sunset splendors grand;  
While leaves of crimson, gold and brown,  
And silvery tufts that float and soar,  
Along our path came fluttering down  
Among the hills of Linganore.

'Neath tall o'erarching trees we rode,  
And watched the mists the mountains climb;  
Below the singing river flowed,  
Above us rang the herd-bells' chime;  
The distant mountains dimly blue  
Leaned soft against the bending skies,  
While towering o'er the homes we knew,  
We saw the spires of Frederick rise.

The flock went bleating to the fold;  
The song-bird fluttered to her nest,  
And purple waves of twilight rolled  
O'er all the crimson-flooded west—  
As fast we rode o'er hill and dell,  
The river rambling on before;  
While night and silence softly fell  
Upon the hills of Linganore.

Then, musing as we homeward went,  
"Oh! friend," I said, "how fair would  
seem

A life in some low cottage spent  
Beside yon softly flowing stream!  
My robins there should build and sing,  
My roses bloom, my ivies climb,  
And every golden moment ring  
Some note in joy's bewildering chime."

Ah! well, if these things might be so;—  
But who shall ask, and who can tell,  
How smooth the stream of life may flow,  
By mountain crag, or dreamy dell?  
Far back among the peaceful years  
A maiden roamed these pathways o'er,  
And trilled her songs for happy ears  
Among the hills of Linganore;

The violets brightened as she passed,  
The daisies nodded sweet good-day,  
And perfumed cups of clover cast  
Their honey-dew along her way;  
The mocking-bird with merriest trill  
Sang sonnets to her star-like eyes,  
And every wondering brook and rill  
Leaped laughing up in glad surprise;

Till, standing where her roses grew,  
One summer's eve beneath the stars,  
She felt the eyes of one she knew  
Beam on her through the lattice bars;  
Then glancing up with timid gaze  
She answers what those eyes implore,—  
A pledge of love for future days—  
Alas! sweet maid of Linganore.

Alas! sweet maid, for who may know  
What depths of sorrow love must sound?  
Or whence shall come, or whither go  
The issues of its life profound?  
Ah me! ere one sweet moon was past,  
With quaking heart, o'er hill and glen  
They heard the warrior's bugle blast,  
They heard the tramp of armèd men.

Upspringing from his calm retreat,  
To strong heroic manhood grown,  
The lover gained his war-horse fleet  
To sound the battle-cry alone:  
Then fast and far the brave ranks filled,  
Dark plumes went fluttering on the  
breeze,  
And war-drums beat, and armies drilled,  
And women wept on bended knees.

Where bold Catoctin's rugged crest  
Looms dark against the western sky,  
They knew the bravest and the best  
Went boldly forth that day to die;  
They saw the black cloud rise and swell,  
They heard Antietam's battle-roar,  
And night and sorrow shuddering fell  
Upon the hills of Linganore.

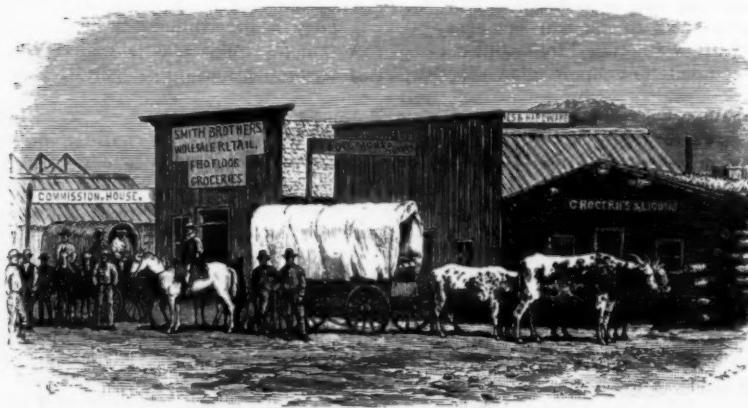
Alas! sweet maid, the west wind brings  
No tale of hope to charm thine ear;  
The wood-dove in the shadow sings,  
But sings no song for thee to hear;  
The air is full of wails and groans,  
The sky with smoke is shrouded o'er,  
And breeze and bird in plaintive tones  
Bewail the lost of Linganore.

Ah! dreary 'days that come and go,—  
Long nights that wear away in tears,  
While heavy clouds hang dark and low  
O'er all the sorrow-burdened years,  
Till rose and ivy kindly grow  
O'er many a cruel battle-scar,  
And graves oft hid by friendly snow  
As things in dreams remembered are.

Yet still the maiden's fancy sees  
Her lover's plume go down the west,  
And still she watches, through the trees,  
Catoctin's dim and clouded crest;  
And "Tell me when the soldiers come,"  
She moans and falters o'er and o'er,  
Nor knows his lips are pale and dumb  
Among the hills of Linganore.



## A TRIP TO THE BLACK HILLS.



SCENE IN CUSTER CITY.

THAT portion of country, away in the interior of Dakota, which has come to be known all over the world as the Black Hills mining region, has probably been the subject of more newspaper discussion than any other discovery in America, if we except the excitement of 1849 over California. And yet this newly found El Dorado is at the present time enshrouded so completely in vagueness, that the greater part of the conversation which it excites still takes the form of uncertain conjecture, perhaps not unblended with willful misrepresentation. A majority of those who have personally visited the region are men who went there, endured the privations, and took upon themselves the necessary risk of losing their lives, with the express purpose of making an immense fortune in an exceedingly short time. Many who discovered their error, returned as soon as circumstances would permit, and some of these, being deeply imbued with the species of lunacy which a miner's life is apt to impart, or else sacrificing their regard for veracity to their false sense of pride, have circulated reports of the vast resources and abounding beauty of the country, and excited exaggerated hopes of the brilliancy of its future.

The four great routes to the Black Hills are the Cheyenne, Sydney, Fort Pierre, and Bismarck trails, named from their relative points of departure. Provisions and other necessities of camp life are usually purchased at the last railroad point, and the full equipment of a large party, even for a few weeks,

costs a very considerable sum of money. It is with the purpose of securing the patronage of as many exploring parties as possible, that each of the frontier railway cities, perhaps better known as outfitting posts, makes the utmost endeavors to induce unwary people to venture into the mining country, incidentally announcing that the easiest, quickest, cheapest, etc., route is through that particular town. With this end in view, the newspapers, amply repaid by the advertisements of the business men, say all they can in favor of the richness of the Land of Promise beyond, and as far as possible, suppress contradictory reports. This latter means of irresponsible inducement has been made use of more particularly at Cheyenne, which has the advantage of proximity to the Hills.

From this point a telegraphic dispatch has recently been sent stating that two men had just arrived at Cheyenne with 1,900 pounds of gold, valued at \$300,000, the result of seven months' work upon one claim in Deadwood Gulch. Reckoning the gold at \$18 per ounce, which is a fair estimate of the value of the Deadwood Gulch product, nineteen hundred pounds would be worth \$410,400. Evidently there was an error either in writing the weight of the gold, or the amount of its value. In either case, the dispatch is calculated to create false impressions, and shows beyond all doubt that the person who wrote it was very careless about his facts, or, worse,

knew nothing of what he was saying. It is just such paragraphs that start young men upon a chase after fortune, which so often proves disastrous, not only in the first particular adventure, but because it leads to a life of perpetual endeavor to accumulate money without giving its equivalent in labor.

It was upon the morning of July 22d, 1876, that the party of eight men, of which I chanced to be a member, left Fort Laramie for the Black Hills.

Our vehicles consisted of what is commonly termed a "jerky," and a large freight wagon, each drawn by four horses. I believe the "jerky" derived its name from the peculiar, not to say sportive, manner in which it switched the driver from his seat whenever any rough road was passed. The prospect of riding three hundred miles on a springless wagon was not inviting; but it was much preferable to the other arrangement; so I chose my seat on the lumber wagon. Our course lay up the Platte for several miles, through deep and heavy sand, and the sun poured down with greater fierceness than I had ever before known. To add to these discomforts—which we were assured formed but mild precursors of those still to be encountered—we were surrounded and harassed all the morning by innumerable sand-gnats, which darted into our eyes, crawled into our nostrils, buzzed in our ears, and wriggled down our necks in a most annoying fashion. About eleven o'clock, our wagons reached a ranch, known as the Government Farm, fifteen miles from Fort Laramie, where we indulged for the first time—for one of us at least—in a meal cooked by ourselves as amateurs. I don't think the dinner was a very decided success. Everything became covered with bacon-grease; I burned my fingers in a most unprofessional manner, and there was more dust in the food than I was accustomed to eating. This, however, ceased to be an annoy-

ance after a while, and I grew to like anything that absorbed the flavor of bacon-fat. After about two hours we got under way once more, and pushed on toward Rawhide Buttes, where we were gratified to learn that a long train was to encamp that night. We were anxious, for the sake of safety, to overtake this train before dark, but our speed was not so great as it might have been under more favorable circumstances. During the afternoon the country over which our road trailed its sinuous course grew rougher and more



LOWER END OF DEADWOOD.

jagged,—the rolling plains of the earlier part of the day giving place to sharply outlined bluffs, and great mounds of yellow earth, sparsely covered with buffalo-grass and a stunted growth of oak. Our road was crossed at frequent intervals by deep and precipitous gulches. About three in the afternoon, the Buttes first came in sight, far off and blue against the distant horizon, and at dusk we saw, a mile or two in advance, the long train of canvas-covered wagons which marked our destination. They were on the summit of a commanding hill, drawn up in a circle, formed by driving each wagon close in after its predecessor, until the round yard or "corral" was complete. In travel-

ing through dangerous regions, this is the usual mode of stopping at night,—selecting some high point for the camping-ground; the wall of wagons serving both as a barricade against the intrusion of foes and as a fence to prevent stampedes among the stock, which are always penned inside the circle during the night. When our somewhat jaded teams had overtaken the party in advance, we unharnessed the horses, and led them down the steep hill-side to an almost imperceptible creek for water and grass. Then followed the tedious and horrible mockery of supper. Two of us slept that night in the wagon, wrapped in blankets, while the rest occupied the more spacious bed afforded by Mother Earth.

Concerning the following day I quote from my note-book: "July 23d. Cold and damp. The horizon completely hemmed in by clouds, and a drizzling rain setting in. The party has eight colds, all told. Breakfast—a swindle. We started at four o'clock in the morning, traveling along the side of the Buttes until about ten, when Running Water was reached. Here we went through the one-act farce of dinner, and fed our horses; never animals needed it more! Two men who had up to the present time been following beside the coach, having overtaken us at Government Farm, turned back at this point, being afraid to go through with so small a party. We sha'n't miss them much, however, except at dinner-time, when it has been their habit to borrow our frying-pans and coffee-pots."

As the day advanced, the ascents and descents of the road became more and more precipitous, and indications of alkali were

everywhere to be seen. The land on either side was dry and unpleasant to the eye, producing little besides sage-brush and cactus. About four o'clock we met six men in a huge freight-wagon, returning from the Hills. They proved to be gamblers going to Cheyenne to purchase a new equipment of implements for their business. One of them, a sharp-visaged, determined looking fellow, proved to be an old acquaintance of one of our party, who addressed him familiarly as "Bill." Exchanging news, we learned from them that a "bull-train" (by which is meant wagons drawn by many oxen), heavily freighted with flour and merchandise, was waiting at Hat Creek, ten miles further on, for an opportunity to get through. Concerning the prospects for gold in Deadwood and the adjacent region, they were reticent. Although they had come alone over that portion of the road most dreaded, they had seen no Indians, and seemed to attach so little importance to their safety that our hearts were greatly encouraged.

Proceeding slowly toward the summit of a precipitous bluff surmounted by towering rocks of a chalk-like formation, we saw, far off in the valley, a line of shrubbery, the rich green hue of which stood out in marked prominence against the gray of the surrounding country, denoting the banks of a stream which we reached an hour or so later, just as the storm we had been threatened with all the afternoon broke over us. The train of heavy "prairie schooners," as these lumbering freight-wagons are termed, was drawn up in corral, and the "bull-whackers" were at supper. They had been detained by accidents which had occurred to their teams, and were repairing everything into good shape before moving into the worst part of the Indian country, where delays might prove dangerous. Just across the creek was a soldiers' camp garrisoned by six men. The regular number kept at the Hat Creek camp is from forty to forty-five, but the majority of the soldiers were now away on a scouting expedition with General Merritt. Close beside the camp is a building ordinarily known as "Johnny Bowman's Ranch." These ranches, which abound along the lines of all the stage and freight roads in this wilderness, form a peculiar phase of frontier life. They are hotels, bar-rooms and stores for general merchandise, all combined in one, and the whole business is usually transacted in a single room. In fact, but few of them can boast of more than one apart-



DEADWOOD GLUCH.

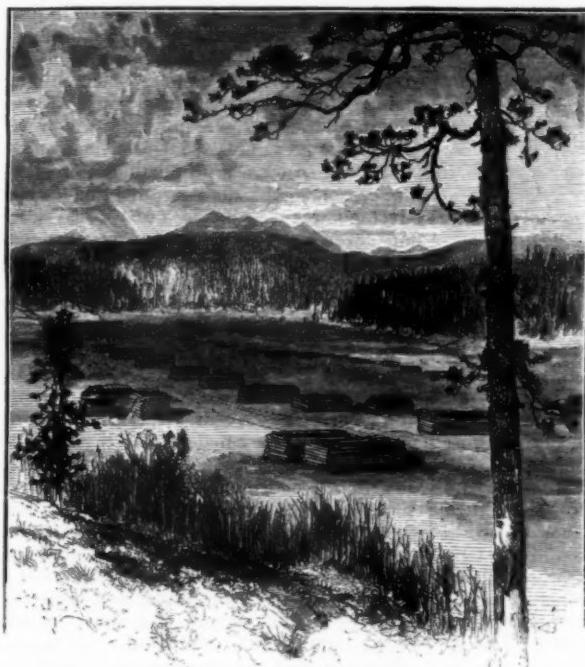
ment. At any of these places a traveler can purchase almost anything, from a glass of whisky to a four-horse team, but the former article is usually the staple of demand. The proprietor of the Hat Creek Ranch is known and highly esteemed from Cheyenne to the remotest parts of the Black Hills district.

In the evening, we held a council around the cheerful log-fire in the ranch. Hat

boots." They refused point-blank to proceed until morning, and a final vote decided that the party should remain, and perhaps take up the line of march the next evening. Some of the "schooners" were offered us for lodging-rooms, but "Van" and I chose to remain during the night in the jerkies. It proved to be an unwise choice, for at midnight the storm became extremely violent, and the rain which had soaked through the canvas dripped down upon us in great chilling drops. My companion finally rose and prowled around the camp until he found a wagon which was better sheltered, while I was left to the solitary enjoyment of our previous quarters. After daylight I fell into a doze, under the impression that by twisting and doubling myself into serpentine form, I had managed to evade the pools of water which had gathered at various places upon the blankets; but I awoke an hour or so later to find that they had all united so as to form a kind of lake, in which I was an island. That morning at breakfast the party was not a cheerful one, and the blind desperation which possessed all of us inspired the proposal to hitch up the horses and go ahead, Indians or no Indians. The proposition

Creek forms the boundary line between the "safe" country, and that which is infested with Indians. Some of our party were in favor of starting within an hour, and going straight through to the Cheyenne River before stopping, and urged that the storm howling dismally out-of-doors would aid us materially in eluding any savages who chanced to be in the vicinity. I forgot to mention that at Running Water, where we had stopped for dinner, such a course had been decided upon, at the suggestion of one or two of the party, whose bravery at that time was extraordinary; but when it came to the moment for action, these men, in the terse and expressive language of a buck-skin-clad spectator, "went down into their

pitiful condition." The mud was thick and deep, and our progress was far from rapid. In about two hours, after passing through a number of deep and miry water-courses, our teams swung around under the shadow of a great overhanging bluff of yellow earth, and we found ourselves upon the banks of Indian Creek, which, our driver announced, was the most dangerous part of the whole journey. The bed of the creek is about two hundred yards in width, and the banks are steep and high. Sharply outlined mounds of earth rise at frequent intervals in the stream-bed, and form places of protection from which the murderous savages may fire upon their un-



HILL CITY, BETWEEN CUSTER AND DEADWOOD.

suspecting victims, without any risk of being killed or wounded themselves; moreover, the course of the creek is heavily timbered, so that it is almost impossible to distinguish forms a short distance away. The slight



"WILD BILL."

stream of water which passes down through the valley (I had almost said gorge) winds its sinuous way from one bank to another. The road follows its bed for two or three miles and the general course of the creek for about fifteen miles, gradually working toward higher ground. Through this valley the party marched, rifles in hand, and ready for an attack. The storm had settled into a regular driving rain from which no refuge could be found. The wind was very cold,—more chilling than some of the bleakest of New England air currents, and the discomforts of our situation were greatly increased. But the bad weather no doubt added to the security of our position, for, as my companion on the lumber-wagon, a greater portion of whose conversation was carried on in profane monosyllables, found time to say, "Any Injun' who would venture out on such a day was a sight bigger fool than most of his race." We were then in the midst of the region covered by alkali. In many cases the ground was white with it, and the pools of water which had gathered from the rain were thick and of sickening flavor. When the ground impregnated with alkali is damp or wet, it forms the most villainous clinging compound imaginable. The revolving wheels quickly became solid masses of heavy mire, the spaces between the spokes and between the wheel and the wagon-box being completely filled, so that every hundred yards or so it

became necessary to dismount and pry it away with a crow-bar. In order to relieve the jaded horses, the greater number of the passengers dismounted. But after half a dozen steps their boots would pick up great slabs of the earth, and they too were forced to resort to the crow-bar. By five o'clock in the afternoon we had gone about fourteen miles, and one of the horses had given out entirely. In another hour we came in sight of an old and deserted cabin away to the right of the road, on the edge of Indian Creek, now swollen to a rushing torrent. Toward this shanty our steps were directed, and by dark the horses were picketed out, and we ate another melancholy meal of raw ham and hard-tack. Some water which we brought from the creek was as thick as molasses, and so white with alkali as to resemble cream. A pailful of this delectable beverage was set inside the roofless hut, and seven or eight prickly pears, pounded to a pulp, were put in to "settle" it for our morning meal. The travelers were divided up into watches, and spent the night in a miserable and dreary way. My watch came from one o'clock until three, and my companion on guard was named O'Neil. He was a quiet man with a face that denoted an iron will and a brave disposition. When we were called, it seemed to me the darkest night I ever saw. We shouldered our guns and started out in the direction of the horses. When we had reached a place where we could hear the animals nibbling at such grass as they could find among the cactus and sage-brush, we sat down and tried to be cheerful. It was an effort born of desperation, but O'Neil began telling stories of his rough mining life in Arizona and Montana, which diverted our thoughts and made us partially forget our miseries. I shall ever remember him with gratitude. Occasionally we would rise from our seats in the mud and walk over to the edge of the bluff by the creek, in order to guard that point from attack. Just as our time had about expired, we heard a most fearful splashing in the water, as though all the Indians between New York and the Pacific Coast were crossing the creek. But silence instantly followed, and we crept on hands and knees to the edge of the bluff. Nothing was visible but the white stream of water rushing along below. We strained our eyes to see what had caused the noise, but the search was fruitless, despite our anxiety. The next two on watch had a similar fright, which was explained in the morning by the dis-

covery that a large portion of the bluff, washed away at its base, had fallen into the creek.

All were up at daylight, and ate a cooked breakfast,—an event worthy of particular mention, although we had ceased to be fastidious about eating long before. At the moment when we began to move, there came from the rear a series of the most infernal yells I have ever heard. Weapons were lifted and everybody expected to see a horde of savages, when, hastening to the brow of a slight eminence, we caught sight of two coyotes, or prairie-wolves, watching our movements at a safe distance, and yelping with all their strength. Have the readers of these lines ever listened to a coyote? Heard in the night, their shrill cry is a fearful and blood-curdling sound. The coyote is the only animal living that is meaner than an Indian, and the two have many traits of character in common. They are both natural thieves, and murderers of the helpless.

Toward ten o'clock the mud began to dry up and our progress grew proportionally rapid. The country was wilder than ever, and we crossed many huge waves of land, the ascents and descents of which were in some cases more than two miles in length. Away off to our right, two long bluffs were seen skirting the horizon. A clear break of a mile or more between the ends of the bluffs was pointed out to us as Buffalo Gap, through which lies the trail leading to the Red Cloud Agency, a few miles farther on the other side. A mile or two more having been passed, we began the ascent of a high ridge which crosses the road at right angles and is many miles in length. We were told by the driver, that on the summit of this ridge we should cross the Red Cloud trail, and that if Indians were prowling around, we should be pretty certain to find them here. I had heard much about the Red Cloud trail within the last few days, and had formed an idea that it was about as broad and as much traveled as Fifth avenue. When we reached the place where it crossed, they showed me a little path about a foot wide; I have seen more respectable cow-paths. This trail leads from the Red Cloud Agency to the head-quarters of the Northern Sioux, and probably twenty-five or thirty warriors go over it each day; yet, like all Indian trails, it has the appearance of an unused bridle-path. We found a number of these trails during the next few miles,

and upon one of them the pony tracks had been made since the rain. Early in the afternoon we reached the highest ridge in the chain and began the descent into the valley of the Cheyenne River. Just as we crossed the summit, our party saw far off to the west a small body of mounted men who were evidently bearing toward us. Inspection through a powerful field-glass showed that they were savages, probably returning along the trail from the north to Red Cloud. They came toward us for a mile or so, when a bend in the trail hiding them from our view, we saw no more of them. We were glad they didn't want anything to do with us, for we certainly had no business to transact with them. Just before dark, dusty, worn out and thirsty (for we had not tasted water since morning), we came to the banks of the Cheyenne River. In the morning the course of the stream was dry, and passing drivers had had to dig for water to give their stock. When we arrived, the river was fifty yards wide and from four to nine feet deep. This is not an unusual occurrence in the West, and is explained by the fact that the stream-beds are very few in comparison to the great extent of the water-sheds. Our driver was warned by persons on the opposite shore that it would be impossible for us to cross, but in spite of that, he determined to make the trial. The result was that the horses got into a quicksand, the wagon became fast in the mud and some of the passengers were obliged to spend more than two hours in the water before the outfit\* was again on dry land. This was the second drenching for us, and we were not very amiable,—in fact we almost came to blows two or three times within an hour. "Van" and myself mounted horses and went over to the ranch on the other side. In the house we found three old frontiersmen to whom danger was as pleasant as safety is to ordinary mortals. We obtained

\* This word "outfit" is a peculiarly Western expression. Naturally, the combined furniture of several persons in a party is included under the same elastic term; and the party itself with all its belongings and concomitants—animate, inanimate and spiritual—is designated collectively as "an outfit." It, therefore, becomes very easy to speak of any collection of objects or ideas in the same way; and if a Denver man were disgusted with the Democratic party, or the Methodist Church or the fraternity of Freemasons, he would call the institution an "outfit," and wish it out of the way, with no thought of any harm to the King's English.—ED.

some dry clothes, our own garments were hung up before the huge fire-place, and a supper of fried venison, coffee, and bread was prepared.

Remaining here until the afternoon of the third day, we reached the soldiers' camp at the mouth of Red Cañon about eight in the evening, and halted for supper. At that point we found the first palatable water since leaving Hat Creek. As soon as our evening meal was over we started into the cañon, which has proved a death-trap to so many. For a few hours the moon partly illuminated our path, but after midnight the sky grew "as dark as Egypt." On both sides of us rose precipitous walls of loose rocks many hundreds of feet high, formed of red sandstone, and affording excellent shelter for savage assassins. Several parties have been waylaid in this natural trap and massacred. From Red Cañon there is no escape, and in it no means of shelter. It was here that the party known as the "Metz outfit" was attacked and murdered. This company consisted of five men and two women, one of the latter the wife of the leader, Mr. Metz, and the other a colored servant. They had stopped at "the spring on the right" for supper, when the Indians fired upon them, killing all but Mr. and Mrs. Metz and the servant. The latter was found a quarter of a mile away from the rest. Mrs. Metz, when found, had five bullet-holes through her body, and was atrociously mutilated.

Surrounded by localities whose very names are derived from such bloody scenes, it is no wonder that the frontiersman hates the Indian with an implacable hatred, and has but one solution for the Indian question—extermination.

The driver, having for an hour or more been trying the somewhat perilous feat of guiding four horses and sleeping at the same time, succeeded in overturning the wagon about 2 A. M. I have a dim recollection of executing a semicircular transit through the air, followed by a kind of ricochetting movement along the surface of the ground. When my surprise gave way to a full realization of what had happened, I found myself sitting upon a rock, surrounded by boxes, bundles, and such dancing lights as one is apt to see in times of skating accidents. The mishap delayed us until after daylight, when repairs were made and we pushed on. In Pleasant Valley, near the grave of another victim to Indian cruelty, we camped for an hour or more, and then

pushed on toward Custer City. Prospect-holes began to appear at intervals along our road, deserted cabins were seen at short intervals, and soon a sharp bend in the trail brought us in sight of town.

Custer City lies in an open park hemmed in on all sides by gradually rising hills, rock-ribbed and crested with towering pines. The streets are regularly laid out, and the buildings are made of logs or rough boards taken from the hill-side forests. The number of houses was roughly estimated at a thousand, but when we arrived, not more than one hundred and fifty people were in town. As far as mining went, Custer City was a delusion. Not more than \$20 per day has ever been taken out on French Creek, along the banks of which lies the town. Last spring when the Deadwood region was first opened, the people "stampeded," leaving Custer City for what was supposed to be a more attractive region. But in case the excitement in the Black Hills continues, this will become the leading post for supplies, and there seems no reason why it should not be as important a center to that district as Denver is to the Colorado mines. At Custer we enjoyed the privileges extended by a regular hotel, and did ample justice to what was termed a "square meal." Late in the afternoon we started again on our road, and soon reached the head-waters of Spring Creek, having crossed it thirty-one times. The origin of the name "Deadwood" was soon apparent. On all hands the hills rose rocky and blank excepting at points where they were sparsely covered by dead timber. The high ground was devoid of any sign of life, but the valleys were covered with a heavy growth of buffalo-grass. Our party camped that night about twelve miles north of Custer City on Spring Creek. Early the next morning we passed through Hill City,—a collection of about 200 partly built houses which were deserted at the time of the Deadwood excitement, not a single person remaining in the place,—and at noon reached the Rapid Creek district, where mining was going on extensively. Twenty-seven hours later, our teams, by this time utterly worn out, reached the brow of a steep hill, down the side of which the road wound its way into the lower end of Deadwood Gulch. The gulch is about ten miles long, and very winding in its course. Through its bottom stretches a long line of shanties and tents, forming, in all, four towns. At the lower end is

Montana City, then come Elizabeth Town, Deadwood City, and Gayeville (or Gaye City). Our train finally halted in Deadwood City, and we were immediately surrounded by a crowd of miners, gamblers and other citizens, all anxious to hear from the outer world. It was Sunday afternoon, and all the miners in the surrounding neighborhoods were spending the day in town. The long street was crowded with men in every conceivable garb. Taken as a whole, I never in my life saw so many hardened and brutal-looking men together, although of course there were a few better faces among them. Every alternate house was a gambling saloon, and each of them was carrying on a brisk business. In the middle of the street a little knot of men had gathered, and were holding a prayer-meeting, which showed in sharp contrast to the bustling activity of wickedness surrounding it.

I had been in town only a few moments when I met Charley Utter, better known in the West as "Colorado Charley," to whom I had a letter of introduction, and who at once invited me to share his camp while I remained in the region. On our way over to his tent, we met J. B. Hickock, "Wild Bill," the hero of a hundred battles. Bill was Utter's "pardner," and I was introduced at once. Of course I had heard of him, the greatest scout in the West, but I was not prepared to find such a man as he proved to be. Most of the Western scouts do not amount to much. They do a great deal in the personal reminiscence way, but otherwise they are generally of the class described as "frauds." In "Wild Bill," I found a man who talked little and had done a great deal. He was about six feet two inches in height, and very powerfully built; his face was intelligent, his hair blonde, and falling in long ringlets upon his broad shoulders; his eyes, blue and pleasant, looked one straight in the face when he talked; and his lips, thin and compressed, were only partly hidden by a straw-colored mustache. His costume was a curiously blended union of the habiliments of the borderman and the drapery of the fashionable dandy. Beneath the skirts of his elaborately embroidered buckskin coat gleamed the handles of two silver-mounted revolvers, which were his constant companions. His voice was low and musical, but through its hesitation I could catch a ring of self-reliance and consciousness of strength. Yet he was the most courteous

man I had met on the plains. On the following day I asked to see him use a pistol, and he assented. At his request I tossed a tomato-can about 15 feet into the air, both his pistols being in his belt when it left my hand. He drew one of them, and fired two bullets through the tin can before it struck the ground. Then he followed it along, firing as he went, until both weapons were empty. You have heard the expression "quick as lightning?" Well, that will describe "Wild Bill." He was noted all over the country for rapidity of motion, courage, and certainty of aim. Wherever he went he controlled the people around him, and many a quarrel has been ended by his simple announcement, "This has gone far enough." Early in the forenoon of my third day in Deadwood, word was brought over to camp that he had been killed. We went immediately to the scene, and found that the report was true. He had been sitting at a table playing cards, when a dastardly assassin came up behind, put a revolver to his head and fired, killing his victim instantly. That night a miner's meeting was called, the prisoner was brought before it, his statement was heard, and he was discharged, put on a fleet horse, supplied with arms, and guarded out of town.\* The next day, "Colorado Charley" took charge of the remains of the great scout, and announced that the funeral would occur at his camp. The body was clothed in a full suit of broad-cloth, the hair brushed back from the broad forehead, and the blood washed from the pallid cheek. Beside the dead hero lay his rifle, which was buried with him. The funeral ceremony was brief and touching, hundreds of rough miners standing around the bier with bowed heads and tear-dimmed eyes,—for with the better class "Wild Bill" had been a great favorite. At the close of the ceremony the coffin was lowered into a new-made grave on the hill-side,—the first in Deadwood. And so ended the life of "Wild Bill,"—a man whose supreme physical courage had endeared him to nearly all

\* As I write the closing lines of this brief sketch, word reaches me that the slayer of Wild Bill has been re-arrested by the United States authorities, and after trial has been sentenced to death for willful murder. He is now at Yankton, D. T., awaiting execution. At the trial it was proved that the murderer was hired to do his work by gamblers who feared the time when better citizens should appoint Bill the champion of law and order,—a post which he formerly sustained in Kansas border life, with credit to his manhood and his courage.

with whom he came in contact, and made his name a terror to every Indian west of the Missouri.

My stay in the Deadwood region was of five days' duration. The mines now in operation are all gulch, or sluice mines, although prospecting for quartz mining is constantly going on. Five or six, possibly ten, mines in the whole region pay from \$200 to \$2,000 per day. The largest amount I saw taken from any one excavation in a single day was \$1,085, which was the result of the work of seven men employed by the owner. The average Deadwood gulch mine will just about pay "grub," and those that pay good living wages are rare. Seven out of every ten men in the whole region have no money and no means of getting any. The Deadwood ground is all taken up, and men do not dare to go out prospecting away from the main body, on account of the Indians. Summed up briefly, the condition of mining affairs is this: placer mines all taken up; quartz mines the only resource left. In order to work these, capital, machinery and mills for the crushing of ore must be introduced. Men of wealth will hesitate about sending capital into a country so far from railroad communication, and about which so little is definitely known. Most of the men now in the Black Hills are laboring men, inexperienced as miners. Their chances for employment in the mines, then, are small, and their prospects in quartz mining are even poorer. The mineral riches of the Black Hills cannot be developed for fully twenty-five years to come. So far no great success has followed the best efforts; what future work will bring forth is a matter of uncertainty,

of course, but there seems little reason for prophesying anything remarkable. Farming there is out of the question. Throughout a greater part of the district heavy frosts begin in September; snow-storms did not cease last spring until the eleventh day of June. Every farmer will see that a country where winter reigns from September to June cannot support its inhabitants upon its agricultural products. It follows, then, that the necessities of life must always be imported at immense cost. There is to be considered the collateral fact that during a greater part of this long season of ice and snow, placer-miners cannot work. Men can earn enough money in two months of labor to subsist with profit through ten months of idleness? It is asserted by miners and engineers, grown gray in experience, that a region where mining cannot be carried on at least seven months out of every twelve, can never be of any permanent value to its operators.

The facts I have used in regard to the rigor of the seasons in the Black Hills, I have gathered from people who were in that region from the autumn of 1875 until late last summer. Some of these persons had traveled extensively through the country before, and are thoroughly conversant with its different phases. I have no hesitation in saying that I think the Black Hills will eventually prove a failure. The trip thence would be a severe trial for most men, even if the danger of being murdered were removed. At present the journey is exceedingly dangerous, and if by good fortune the gold-hunter succeeds in surviving its hardships and getting through alive, his chances for success are few and his expenses necessarily will be large.

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#### FARM-VILLAGES.

"God made the country and man made the town."

COWPER's view of the charm of country life as compared with life in the town is a very natural one. The same view suggests itself to every cultivated denizen of the city who finds himself in the country on a beautiful June morning, or under a warm September sun, or during the time of brilliant autumn foliage, or when the sun sets with a warm glow, gilding the clean, bare boughs of November trees, or when the whole country side is covered with spotless snow, or when grass and leaves and buds and

birds first feel the awakening warmth of spring. The scene is full of a charm and a novelty which appeal to him most strongly, and he believes, for the moment at least, that nothing could make him so entirely happy as to spend his life away from the noise and confusion of the town, and amid such scenes of rural peace and beauty. Filled with this enthusiasm, one builds with reference to a magnificent view, and without regard to the practical inconveniences of the site, fancying that true happiness re-

quires only a continuance of the novel charms which have enraptured him.

The cultivated countryman, too,—one who has learned to use his eyes and to see what nature has to offer him,—appreciates even more thoroughly, if not so keenly, the never-ending and ever-changing interest by which he is surrounded. His admiration and enthusiasm, however, are tempered by familiarity with some disadvantages of country life,—just as the romantic house-builder finds on closer acquaintance that, magnificent though a hill-top view may be, a hill-top residence is not without its grave drawbacks, nor free from annoyances and practical objections which too often throw a veil over the most majestic outlook.

A blue-sided, white-capped mountain, reflected in a broad, placid, shimmering lake, and framed between fleeting clouds, graceful trees and verdant lawn, is beyond compare the strongest inducement and the best reward one can offer to a visiting friend; but vile roads, distant neighbors, discontented and transitory servants, and all the thousand and one obstructions to the machinery of domestic life, soon blind the eye of the unhappy householder to the beauty which lies ever before him; until, at last, the one great good thing which commands his constant thought is that romantic and pecunious friend who shall come some happy day to purchase his estate.

There is another class, and a very large one, whose opinion concerning the god-like character of the country, it is our especial purpose to consider here. The farmer and the farmer's family may or may not be cultivated persons. Cultivation does not come by nature; and the incessant and increasing duties of farm life leave one, however well-disposed, but little time, and but scant strength, for aesthetic study. The farmhouse is the center of the home life and of the homely thought and feeling of its inmates. The farm on which one has been born and bred is the center and standpoint from which he regards the world without. All those more tender emotions which are common to our nature, and which attach themselves to the home, find their development on the farm as well as in the town. Sentimentally considered, it matters little whether the object of these emotions be on the farm, in the wilderness, in the village, or in the city. Fortunately, man is by no means a creature of emotion alone, and the satisfaction and good of living

are less a matter of feeling than of activity, industry and intelligence. The place in which one lives is more or less satisfactory in proportion as it facilitates and encourages the better and more useful living.

Just as the citizen feels the attractions of the country, which are so novel to his town-bred taste, so the countryman finds a charm in the novelty of the town. As one is led toward the quiet and solitude of the fields and woods, so the other is drawn by the life and interest of the community.

As a rule, at least in America, where the facilities for pleasant country living are far less than in England, the countryman who goes to town is less likely to wish himself back on the farm than is the town-bred farmer to long for the comforts and conveniences of his former condition.

"Man is a social animal,"—and the aphorism is especially true of his wife and daughter. As the lives of the wife and daughter are much more confined to the immediate surroundings of the domicile than is that of the man himself, so the question as between town and country should be considered more especially with reference to them.

There is a certain amount of truth on both sides of every question, and the one which we are now considering is not to be answered by a decision in favor of the heart of a great city, or of the entire solitude of an out-lying farm. As is so often the case, its solution lies between the two extremes; and if one may be permitted to imagine the conditions best suited to the perfect physical, intellectual and social development of the human being, one would naturally think of a small town or a large village where society is sufficient, where the facilities for instruction are good, where communication with the large centers is easy, where the conveniences and facilities for household economy are complete, and where the country with its beauty and quiet and freshness is close at hand,—where one feels on this side the influence of a complete social organization, and on that the sweet breath of mother earth.

Unfortunately, these imaginings can never be freed from the practical bearing of the bread-winning and money-making interests. Men must live, not where they prefer to live, but where their interests compel them to live. The town and the country have their mutual economic duties by which their life must be controlled. All that we can hope to do is, on one hand, to ameliorate the hardness and solitude of country living, and

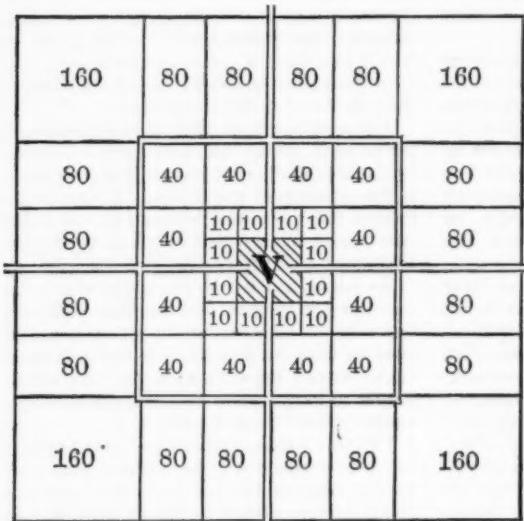


FIG. I. DIVISION OF FOUR SQUARE MILES WITH CENTRAL VILLAGE.

on the other, to bring the citizen into nearer relation with the invigorating fields and woods and boundless air of the country.

Devising no modern Sybaris, where all possible good of life may follow from the unaided operation of a perfect social and industrial organization, I propose to confine myself to the simple question of the best practical development of village life for farmers. The village or its immediate vicinity seems to me to offer to the urbanist the nearest approach to the country that is available for his purposes; and in like manner village life, so far as it can be made to fit his conditions, offers to the farmer as much of the benefit of town life as the needs of his work will allow him to obtain. If those who now seek the pleasures of retirement in costly and soul-wearing country-seats would congregate into spacious and well-kept villages, and if those who now live in the solitary retirement of the mud-bound farm-house would congregate into villages, we should secure far more relief from the confinement of the town and a wider-reaching attractiveness in agricultural life: this latter leading to the improvement of our farming by a solution of that long mooted problem:—"How to keep the boys on the farm."

Nearly everywhere on the continent of Europe those who are engaged in the cultivation of the land live in villages. An observation of the modes of life and industry

of these villagers has led me to consider whether some similar system might not tend to the improvement of the conditions of our own farmers, and to the amelioration of some hardships to which their families are subjected.

In Europe, as here, the methods of living have grown from natural causes. There, it was a necessary condition of agricultural industry that those who tilled the soil should be protected by the military power of their lord or chief, and their houses were clustered under the shadow of his castle wall. The castles have crumbled away, and the protecting arm of the old baron has been replaced by the protecting arm of the nation.

The community of living, which grew from necessity, having proved its fitness by long trial, is still maintained; but there seems to have been no general tendency toward the formation of such little communities here. Save in a few exceptional cases,—as in the old villages of the Connecticut Valley, where protection against Indians, or safety from inundation, compelled the original settlers to gather into communities,—the pioneer built his cabin in his new clearing, and, as his circumstances improved, changed his cabin for a house, and his small house for a larger one, and finally established his comfortable home in connection with his fertile fields. This method has been adopted throughout the whole country, and the peculiarly American system of isolated farm-life has become almost universal throughout the length and breadth of the land.

I am not so enthusiastic as to believe that a radical change from this universal system is to be hoped for at any early day, but I believe that it is worth while for farmers to consider how far they may, without permanent harm to the interests for which they are working, secure for themselves, and especially for their families, the benefits of village life.

To this end are adduced the following examples, both of which are of course purely imaginary. The first has reference to a new settlement of wild land, where, by the Government's system of division, the boundaries are rectangular, and where the political sub-

divisions are of uniform measurement. The second relates to the necessary change of conditions now existing in the longer settled parts of the country.

For this latter, the illustration is taken from an actual accurate survey\* of a purely agricultural district in Rhode Island, showing the roads, houses, and field boundaries as they now exist,—followed by a suggestion as to the manner in which the same divisions of estates might be made to conform to the assembling of their owners into a village.

The Government division is into townships, six miles square. It is proposed to divide each township into nine settlements, giving to each a square of two miles, or 2,560 acres. Each of these settlements should have its whole population concentrated in a village at its center. A suitable method of division would be that indicated in figure 1, where a public road crosses the middle of the tract north and south, and east and west. The outside of the tract, for the width of half a mile all around, is laid off in farms of 80 acres and 160 acres. These are bounded on the inner sides by a road. Inside of this road again is a series of smaller farms (40 acres), and inside of these a tier of still smaller places (10 acres), separated from the central village by a narrow road. The village itself occupies 40 acres.

The division of the agricultural land is as follows:

4 farms of 160 acres.....	640
16 " 80 "	1,280
12 " 40 "	480
12 " 10 "	120

—in all, 44 tracts, aggregating 5,220 acres, and averaging nearly 60 acres each, the most distant being less than a mile from the village green. This division is arbitrary; in practice, the more industrious members of the community would buy land from their less industrious neighbors, and the size and arrangement of the farms would vary. Often, too, the division would be into farms, averaging more than sixty acres. In such cases there would usually be about the same population, as the larger holders would employ more workmen.

What is attempted is chiefly to show how

four square miles of land may be so divided that its occupiers may be conveniently gathered into a village, and it may fairly be assumed that, except in the more remote grazing and grain-growing regions, the population (including laborers) would generally be about one household for each sixty acres. In the more thickly settled regions, this limit is exceeded now, and as population increases, this condition will extend. In any case, the principle advanced remains the same whether there be thirty households or sixty.

A suitable division of the village is shown in figure 2. Its center is occupied by a public square at the intersection of the main roads. The road surrounds a piece of ornamental ground, containing about one acre. North and south of the square are the sites of two churches, a school-house and a store and public-house. This is again arbitrary; the purpose is to have these spaces occupied by somewhat important buildings, which it will not be necessary to inclose by fences, so that an appearance of more size may be given to the central feature of the village.

The spaces set apart for these buildings, as well as the village green, should be surrounded by regularly planted trees, such as

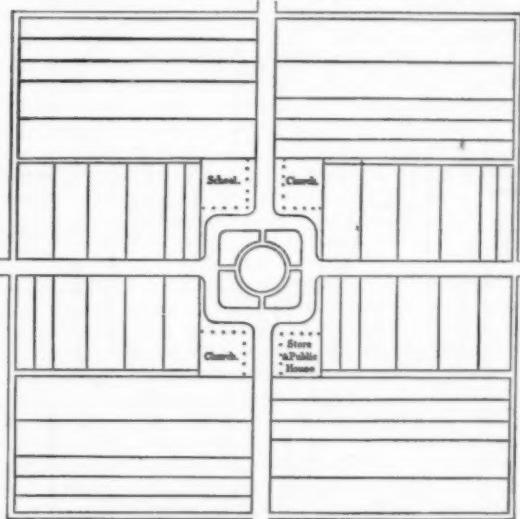


FIG. 2. DIVISION OF THE CENTRAL VILLAGE.

will grow to a large size, like the American elm. But the whole open space should remain otherwise free from planting. Smooth, well-kept grass, and large trees planted in

\* A map of United States Coast Survey.

formal lines, with an entire absence of fences, posts, chains, bushes, and all decorations, will give a dignity and character which an excess of ornamentation would spoil. A certain amount of judicious bedding would be permissible, but it would be best that even this should be confined to private places. Any fund available for embellishing the village green will be best used in keeping its grass cut and its walks clean,—entire neatness and simplicity being its most effective characteristics.

On the streets leading east and west from the green there are shown sixteen lots  $100 \times 250$  (one-half acre), eight  $50 \times 250$  (one-quarter acre). These lots all open on narrow lanes at the rear. On the streets leading north and south there are twelve lots  $50 \times 650$  (three-quarters acre), and eight lots  $100 \times 650$  (one and one-half acres). These are the vil-

lage lots proper, but the twelve ten-acre tracts which front on its surrounding street would be the residences of their owners, and these semi-detached houses—the most distant not a quarter of a mile from the green—would form a part of the village, and come within the operation of its rules of association. Probably the blacksmith, the wheelwright, and the builder would occupy these outlying places, with an “annex” of farming to supplement their trades.

The village lots proper are all large enough for a kitchen-garden, barn, barn-yard, etc., and all have means of access from the rear, so that their street fronts may be kept for ornamental purposes.

It would be a good rule that no house should stand nearer to the street line than thirty feet, and that no fence should be made nearer to the street than sixty feet.

This would add very much to the largeness of appearance of the whole village; would decorate every street with the ornamental fronts of the houses, and with their plants and shrubbery, and would, at the same time, shut off from the ornamental parts everything belonging to the working department of the village life. Even the baker and the shoe-maker should conform to this rule, and their shops should be made to help the neatness of appearance of the village.

The larger farmers, having the most cattle, would occupy the largest lots, which would readily accommodate their larger needs. The more ambitious of them would probably buy land, for night pasture or for cultivation, from a tenant neighbor opposite their rear line.

The village population would be somewhat as follows: 2 clergymen, 1 doctor, 1 teacher, 1 baker, 1 shoe-maker, 1 tailor, 2 store-keepers, 1 carpenter, 1 wheelwright, 1 blacksmith, 1 dressmaker, 1 inn-keeper, 44 farmers;—total, 58 heads of families. Probably, including hired laborers and servants, the average would be six persons to each household. This would make the population

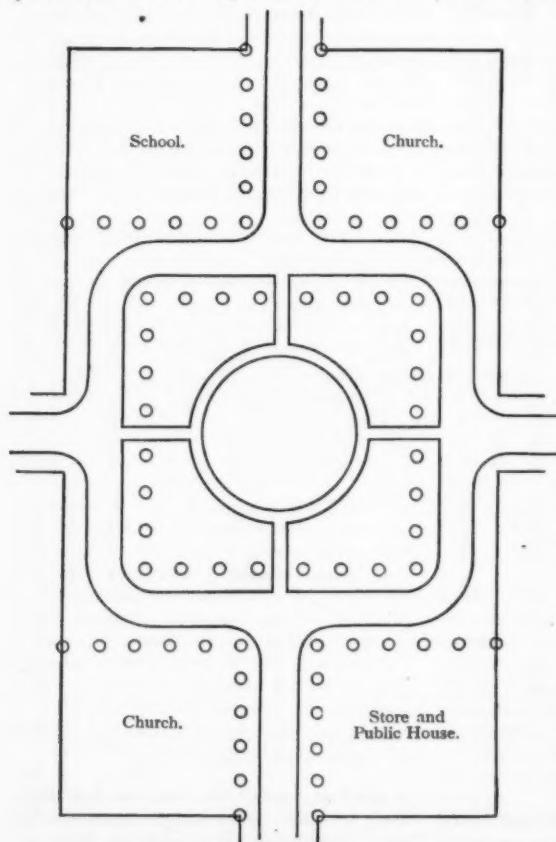


FIG. 3. DIVISION OF THE CENTRAL OPEN SPACE OF THE VILLAGE.

of the village about 350. No part of the whole scheme is more arbitrary than this arrangement of its human element; and no part of it would be more modified in different cases by the element of human nature. Still, this sketch of the industrial division of the community would probably be approximated in any purely agricultural village of this size,—with such changes in the detail as would come from individual enterprise or indolence.

Taking the whole area at 2,560 acres, and the population at 350 persons, we have an area of about  $7\frac{1}{3}$  acres to furnish the support and home of each member of the community,—an amount ample for the purpose.

Figure 3 suggests the arrangement of the central open space of the village,—all of which should be in well-kept grass, except where roads and paths are needed. Paths should be reduced to the least amount that will furnish the necessary accommodation, and they should be kept in neat condition. If no provision can be made for this, it will be better to leave the people to beat their own tracks across the grass as their needs direct. These beaten foot-paths are never unsightly (in small villages), for the reason that they are never large, and that they are only of such width as their regular use will keep clean,—the grass maintains its effort to spread, and grows always close up to the necessary foot-way. Even in Hyde Park (London), where the people have made short cuts across the broad lawns, the paths thus marked out, and receiving no attention, are not only unobjectionable, but are a charming feature of that beautiful pleasure-ground.

The foot-path indicated for the village green will be demanded by the more ambitious village improvers; but were I making an ideal village for moderate and tasteful people, the road surrounding the green should inclose only a level close-cropped lawn, neatly trimmed at its edges, surrounded by fine and simple trees, and traced here and there with the foot-paths that honest use had marked out and made, and by the suggestive diamond-shaped track and bases of the village base-ball club. It should be perfect in grade, in outline, in regularity of plant-

ing, and in mowing; but it should be a perfect lawn, *plus* the wear of constant use and frequent pleasure.

The second example is taken from existing conditions in my own neighborhood. The United States Coast Survey has furnished all the necessary details save the farm boundaries. The field boundaries and roads are exact.

The tract is of the same size with the one just considered,—two miles square. Its center is in one direction about two miles from a small village, and in the other about seven miles from a large town,—which furnishes the chief market for its agricultural products, and is the source of all (or nearly all) of its supplies.

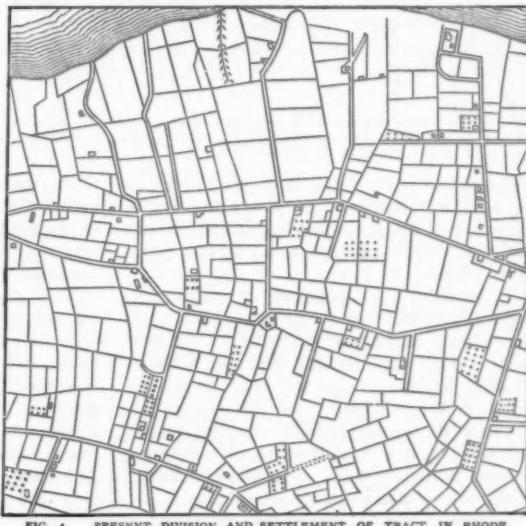


FIG. 4. PRESENT DIVISION AND SETTLEMENT OF TRACT IN RHODE ISLAND, TWO MILES SQUARE.

Figure 4 shows the present settlement of this area, the houses—about sixty in number—being scattered over the whole tract, with no near approach to a “neighborhood” at any point. These are practically all farmers’ houses,—some trade being carried on here and there in connection with the farm-work. A few of the houses belong to farms which lie mainly outside of my lines. Deducting a fair proportion for this and others for the wheelwright, blacksmith, etc., we shall have about the same number of farmers as in the former instance (say forty-four), and taking the same area for the village, we shall have the same amount of farm and village property for their support.

Figure 5 shows a suitable division of

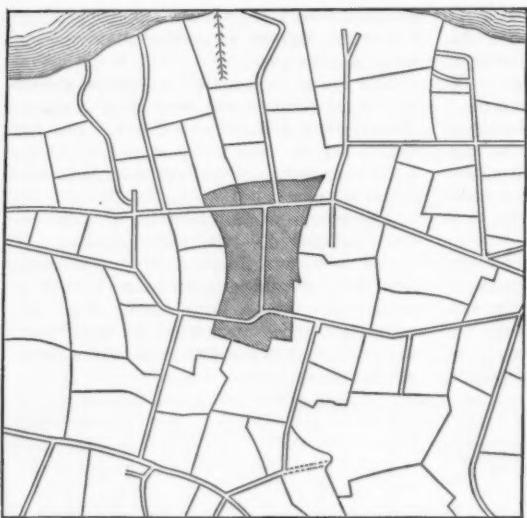


FIG. 5. THE RHODE ISLAND TRACT, WITH ITS BUILDINGS GATHERED INTO A COMPACT VILLAGE.

property and the location of the village,—on a short cross street running from one to the other of the main north and south roads, and extending a short distance up and down these roads.

It would be a necessary condition precedent, that the whole property taken for the village should be set apart for the purpose. This requirement and the cost of moving buildings from the farms to the village would doubtless be an insuperable obstacle to the immediate carrying out of the plan. And thus the theory must long remain a theory only. No sudden change of the sort could be made in practice.

It would not be impossible, however, to bring about the end in time, if a few of the larger proprietors could secure possession of the village tract by exchange, and would dedicate it to the purpose, agreeing at any future time to sell small lots for building at a fixed low rate. In the instance under consideration, the village tract is thinly settled, and so situated as to be available at moderate cost. If a church, a school-house, and a store could be established as a nucleus of the village, the young couples of the neighborhood might incline to settle there, and in time the settlement could be made so attractive—as compared with the outlying farm-houses—as to lead to the concentration of the whole population.

This part of the subject is, however, foreign to the present purpose. If the *desira-*

*bility* of village life for farmers can be established, the ways and means may safely be left to those interested in securing it. The influences now at work to make the farmers' children seek a better social condition, together with the necessity which confines them to some form of agricultural work, must be depended on to secure the relief suggested unless some better relief can be found.

In this case, as in every other of village construction, the original plan should include some quality or feature that, while appropriate to the modest end in view, will give character to the place.

Every village has in its situation, its uses, or its origin, some characteristic which may be developed into a leading and an attractive feature. Especially

when the work is to be begun from the foundation, and when there are no buildings to be torn down or removed, a consistent and dignified result may be planned for at the outset.

The characteristic feature of the village we are now considering is that it is to consist of a single long, straight street cut off at each end by other roads. After removing one unimportant house, there remains no obstacle to the laying out of one straight street 200 feet wide, with either two or four rows of spreading elms. This street, 2,000 feet long, mainly in well-kept grass, with only the necessary width of road and the requisite paths,—having perhaps a well-kept and home-like private place opposite each of its ends,—would stamp the village at once with an attraction which would have a constant civilizing effect on those living under its influence.

Such a village street, entirely without costly ornamentation, and requiring only the simplest care, would soon take on a look of appropriate neatness and freshness, and as the trees grew, it would acquire a dignity and beauty which could in no other way be so well secured.

The church and the school-house, being placed in broad recesses opposite the central point of the street, would gain importance from their position; and these main features being attended to, the *character* of the village would be fixed, and it would be difficult

to make any arrangement of its private places which would spoil its beauty. Neatness and a reasonable care in the matter of house-gardening, the planting of flower-beds, vines, etc., are all that would be needed.

With so wide a street, it would be as well to bring all house-fronts to the street line, completing this line with simple fences, and paying some attention to the ornamentation of the inclosed yards.

In this village as in the other, all meretricious ornamentation should be avoided, whether public or private. All money available for such improvement should be spent in securing perfect neatness. In fact, the two radical requirements of good taste in all such cases are an absence of obvious money-spending and the evidence of constant care and attention. "Showiness" is common in every trumpery village in the land. What we should seek in our farm-villages is the most modest simplicity, shining with the polish of an affectionate care. Every spot should breathe of homely influences and moral peacefulness.

Figure 6 shows the general plan of the village. If other public buildings are needed, they might very well be placed opposite the ends of the main street.

It is not possible, in remodeling an old farming district, where boundaries and roads are irregular, to apportion the division of land among the population with especial reference to its distance from the village; so, for example, that the small farmers, who have little team force, shall not have so far to go as the larger ones who are better equipped; but even in this case, the most distant farm will be rarely a mile from the village, where all the farmers, their families, and their work-people, and their flocks and herds, would be gathered together, under the best circumstances for getting out of their lives as much good as the need for earning a living by arduous work will allow them to get anywhere,—

more than they could hope to get in the isolation of the distant farm-house.

Having now considered the methods by which farmers may congregate their homes and their farm-buildings, and live in villages, let us take up the more important question of policy.

Which would be better for a young man, just starting in life with a young wife,—to go to a distant farm-house to found his home, or to settle in a well-ordered farm-village, under substantially the conditions described above?

There is much more to be said, on both sides, than there is room to say here, but certain points are worthy of consideration.

There is no doubt that in a strictly money-making aspect there is an advantage in having the animals on the land from which they are fed, and the men on the farm which they are to work. It is certain, also, that the men and the women must be near

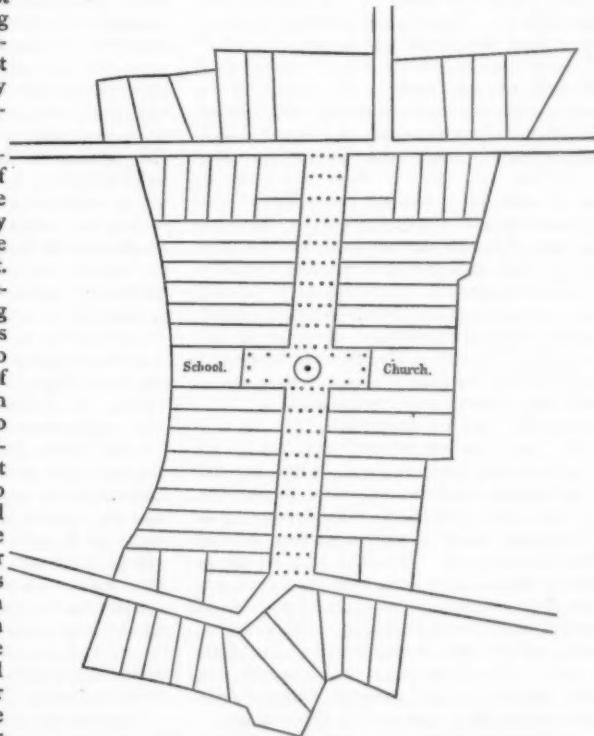


FIG. 6. PROPOSED ARRANGEMENT OF THE RHODE ISLAND FARM-VILLAGE.

the stables, that the early and late work of feeding and milking may be promptly and regularly performed. If the family is to

live in the village, the cattle must live in the village too. This involves the hauling home of all the hay and grain, and the hauling out again of all manure,—no slight task. If the work is all concentrated on the farm, under the immediate supervision of the farmer, there will be a certain convenience and economy of time.

The same principle holds true in all other relations. The merchant would find a certain advantage in living at his warehouse; the engine-builder at his factory; the cotton-spinner at his mill; the carpenter at his shop; and the grocer at his store. All of these have found that, so far as may be, they get certain other, and greater, advantages in living away from their business. One and all carry to their homes, at least occasionally, books, papers, and plans for work that needs attention out of the regular business hours.

The farmer alone—and in this country especially—disregards the benefits of living away from his shop, and passes his whole life—day and night—in close contact with his field of operations. He might, if he chose, make his home nearer to other homes, taking with him so much of his work as is not necessarily confined to the farm.

For his own sake, it does not make so much difference, but for the sakes of his wife and children it makes all the difference between life and stagnation. The business needs which call him to town, and the habit he has of passing his evenings at “the store,” give him a certain amount—and a certain kind—of social intercourse which keeps him from absolute rust. The amount of society available for his family is not usually great, and the dullness and confinement of farmhouse life need no description.

The main reason for preferring village life is principally because it is better for the women and children, but there are reasons, in the same direction, why better social conditions would give the farmer himself decided benefits. The life, too, would be more attractive, for both boys and girls, and would be divested of that naked and dismal gloom and dryness which now drive so much of the best farmer blood of the whole country to work-benches and counters,—to any position, in fact, which promises relief from the stifling isolation of the country.

While conceding that, just as a cabinet-maker would make more money if he lived in his back shop and had little thought from early dawn until late evening except for his work, so the farmer may make more

money if he lives on his farm than if he lives at a distance, still it must be said that the difference in profit is by no means so great as would be supposed.

It may be fairly assumed that, at least in the more thickly settled farming regions at the East, the average distance at which farmers live from the nearest center of population that supplies their “shopping,” and from church, is not less than three miles. The visiting acquaintance of the family is nearly or quite as remote, and there is, altogether, so much driving to be done, as to make it necessary to keep a decent carriage and horses, and to supply a certain amount of extra horse service. Indeed, among those who are tolerably well off it would be moderate to set down the total services of one good horse as needed to supply the family’s demand for transportation.

Then too, the need of the farmer himself to go to town to sell and to buy, to get repairs and information, and—a much more generally gratified taste than he would always care to confess to his wife—to satisfy his craving after intercourse with his kind: who shall estimate the aggregate of all this travel,—or even of that part of it which, under the pretext of business, is really only an habitual going for gossip. All of this driving is confined to no season; it is perennial,—in good weather and in bad,—and it costs an amount of time and money that few farmers would like to put down in black and white and charge to their expense accounts. It would form one of the most serious items of their budget.

Did the farmer live in a pleasant and attractive village, among neighbors and friends, nearly all of this driving would be saved. The appliances for the family’s pleasure-driving might be entirely done away with, for the wife and daughters would gladly exchange the means for occasional visiting and for distant shopping—for an agreeable circle of friends near at hand and a good village store and post-office within five minutes’ walk. In such a settlement as is contemplated, most of the business needs of the farmer would be amply supplied, and he would find the companionship at hand even more satisfactory, because more familiar, than that which he now finds in the town.

It is not worth while to calculate the cash saving that would come of this reduction of road-work. It is enough to consider it as an important offset to the cost of carrying men and manure to the field and of bringing crops to the village.

Under the present system, the women have the worst of it. They have the confinement and seclusion and dullness. Under the village system the men would have the discomfort,—and this is why it will be less easy to secure its adoption, for the men control, and prefer *not* to have the heavy end of life's log to carry.

Under either of the plans given herewith, the greatest—not the average—distance from the house to the farm would be less than one mile, and it would have to be traveled only during the working weather of the warmer months, and during the good wheeling of winter. In summer all hands would have to set off early and come home late, often carrying their dinner with them, as mechanics do; but when field-work did not call them out, as during rains, or when the ground is too wet to be disturbed, their barn-work and shop-work would be at home,—and all the winter through, the only road-work to be done would be to send the teams to haul out the manure and to bring home the hay, which would be best stored under "Dutch hay-barracks" in the fields when it was made. This work would be systematic and simple, and it may fairly be questioned whether it would not, in many cases, amount to *less* than the cost of the "driving" that is now done, and which, in the village might be foregone. Especially would this be the case when all the heavy farm-work is done by oxen,—which, when idle, instead of eating their heads off like horses, are accumulating valuable flesh. With sufficient ox-power to do the work easily, the whole transportation of tools and men, and all the hay-tedding and hay-raking would be easily done by one horse,—with leeway enough to allow for a fair amount of business or pleasure travel.

So far as the presence of the farmer himself is concerned, it is to be considered that if his farm and cattle are near his house in the village, he will be within easy reach of them very often at times when his visits to the distant town would take him away from them if they were on the farm. In the village, during the whole winter, and in bad weather at other seasons, he would have little necessity or temptation to absent himself from home. Indeed, those who have had an opportunity to watch the life of the exceptional farmers, whose houses and barns and stables are in a village, cannot have failed to notice how much more home-like and engaging is the whole farm establishment than it usually is in the country. It

is hardly too much to say that the few instances that we have, as in the farm-villages of New England, show that these village-living farmers are apparently more attentive to their home duties than are their isolated brethren, at least in the matter of tidiness.

To complete the comparison with the merchant or manufacturer who takes his papers or plans home with him for work out of regular hours, one might say that the farmer who lives at a distance from his land, with his flocks and herds gathered about his homestead, has such of his work as needs early and late attention close at hand, while his regular workshop, the farm, calls him away for certain regular hours and regular duties.

It is not worth while here to enter into the details of the question. They are of serious moment, and involve among other things the driving of animals to and from pasture *versus* the raising of soiling crops to be fed in the stall or yard. All of these questions have been satisfactorily solved in the experience of many exceptional cases in this country, and of the almost universal conditions obtaining in Europe. They present no practical difficulty, and need constitute no serious objection to the general plan.

The items of economical working and money-making being fully weighed, the more serious considerations of the mode of life and the good to be got from it demand even greater attention. It may seem a strange doctrine to be advanced by a somewhat enthusiastic farmer, but it is a doctrine that has been slowly accepted after many years' observation,—a conviction that has taken possession of an unwilling mind,—that the young man who takes his young wife to an isolated farm-house dooms her and himself and their children to an unwholesome, unsatisfactory and vacant existence,—an existence marked by the absence of those more satisfying and more cultivating influences which the best development of character and intelligence demand. It is a common experience of farmer's wives to pass week after week without exchanging a word or a look with a single person outside of their own family circles.

The young couple start bravely, and with a determination to struggle against the habit of isolation which marks their class; but this habit has grown from the necessity of the situation; and the necessities of their own situation bring them sooner or later within its bonds. During the first few years

they adhere to their resolution and go regularly to church, to the lecture, and to the social gatherings of their friends; but home duties increase with time, and the eagerness for society grows dull with neglect, and those who have started out with the firmest determination to avoid the rock on which their fathers have split, give up the struggle at last and settle down to a humdrum, uninteresting and uninterested performance of daily tasks.

In saying all this—and I speak from experience, for I have led the dismal life myself—it is hardly necessary to disclaim the least want of appreciation of the sterling qualities which have been developed in the American farm household. But it may safely be insisted that these qualities have been developed, not because of the American mode of farm life, but in spite of it; and as I think over the long list of admirable men and women whose acquaintance I have formed on distant and solitary farms, I am more and more impressed with certain short-comings which would have been avoided under better social conditions. If any of these is disposed to question the justice of this conclusion, I am satisfied to leave the final decision with his own judgment, formed after a fair consideration of what is herein suggested.

If American agriculture has an unsatisfied need, it is surely the need for more intelligence and more enterprising interest on the part of its working men and women. From one end of the land to the other, its crying defect—recognized by all—is that its best blood—or, in other words, its best brains and its best energy—is leaving it to seek other fields of labor. The influences which lead these best of the farmers' sons to other occupations is not so much the desire to make more money, or to find a less laborious occupation, as it is the desire to lead a more satisfactory life,—a life where that part of us which has been developed by the better education and better civilization for which in this century we have worked so hard and so well, may find responsive companionship and encouraging intercourse with others.

It so happens that the few farm villages to which we can refer—such as Farmington, South Hadley, and Deerfield—have become so attractive by means of their full-grown beauty, or have been so encroached upon by the wealth that has come over the district to which they belong, that they are no longer to be taken as types of pure country

villages; nor do I recall a single village in the land which is precisely what I have now in mind.

Assuming that a farming neighborhood—two miles, or, at the utmost, three miles, square—had been so arranged as to have all of its buildings (with the exception of hay-barracks in the fields, and cattle-shelters in the pastures) in a village, let us consider what would be the advantages in the manner of living which it would have to offer.

The social benefits and the facilities for frequent, neighborly, and informal intercourse are obvious. To say nothing of the companionships and intimacies among the young people, their fathers and mothers would be kept from growing old and glum by the constant friction of their kind; and in so far as a more satisfactory social relation with one's fellow-men gives cheerfulness and the richness of a wider human interest, in that proportion would the village life have a wholesome, mellowing effect that is not to be found in the remote farm-house, nor even in the sort of neighborhood we sometimes find in the country, where several farm-houses are within a quarter of a mile of each other. The habit of "running in" for a moment's chat with a neighbor is a good one, and it gets but scant development among American farmers. This view of the case will suggest itself quite naturally in the first consideration of the subject.

If the first need of the rising generation—the men and women of the future—is education, then the village beats the farm by long odds. The country school district, sparsely settled and chary of its taxes, is apt to obey the law in the scantiest way possible. Three months' school in winter, and three months more in summer, under the supervision—it can hardly be called the instruction—of a young Miss who is by no means well educated herself, and who is entirely without training as a teacher, gathers together all of the school-going children of a wide neighborhood. Big and little, boys and girls, are huddled together in a sort of mental jumble, where the best that the most skillful manager can hope for is to regulate the instruction and the discipline to suit the average of the scholars. The best result attainable is to secure a certain amount of *schooling*; the word education would be quite misapplied here.

In the village, the number of scholars would be sufficiently large to warrant the establishment and to bear the maintenance of one good school, with one, if not more,

teachers, regularly employed and worthy to be called teachers rather than "school-marms." Pupils would be graded according to their ages and acquirements, and a due use could be made of the stimulus of competition. A real school—real instrument of education—would take the place of the noisy congregation of uncontrolled boys and girls who, in the country district-school, are apt to acquire less of valuable learning than of the minor viciousness that prevails among country children.

In this connection, I was forcibly struck with the announcement of a German farmer once in my employ, whose reason for leaving me, after his children had reached the ages of seven and eleven, to return to his little village in Germany, was that it was impossible in this country—and this, be it remembered, was in New England—to secure satisfactory instruction for them. He thought that in their experience at school here they had gained little beyond a familiarity with English, and with a large admixture of "bad words" at that. At home they would have, within the elementary range of a primary school education, a thorough training and a severe drilling which he could not hope for here, and without which he was unwilling that they should grow up. I have seen his village school in Germany and the cloud of tow-headed children who fill it, and I am prepared to believe that his preference was not without foundation. Of course we have all the material for as good, or better, schools in this country. What we need is longer terms, better trained and educated teachers, graded classes, and better books and appliances. These cannot be afforded in the small country school-district. They can be had in their perfection in even a small village, and this consideration alone, even if this were all, should be a controlling argument in favor of village life.

But this is by no means all. Another great benefit is to be found in the post-office near at hand, with its daily mail as an encouragement to correspondence and to interest in the affairs of the outside world. A village, such as is here pictured, could afford its weekly or semi-monthly public lecture, furnishing a means for instruction and entertainment, and for frequent gather-

ings. The church, too, would probably be conducted in a more satisfactory way than is usual in the country; and the conditions would be the best suited for fostering that interest in the collateral branches of the church, the Bible-class, the Sunday-school, and the Dorcas society, by which the women of the community get, aside from the other good that they receive and do, advantages of a character somewhat corresponding to those which men get from their clubs.

I should hope further, as an outgrowth from the community of living, for a modest village library and reading-room. Indeed, if I could have my own way, I should not confine the attraction and entertainment of the village to strictly "moral" appliances. It would probably be wiser to recognize the fact that young men find an attraction in amusements which our sterner ancestors regarded as dangerous, and I would not eschew billiards, nor even, "by rigorous enactment," the milder vice of social tobacco. Better have a little *harmless* wickedness near home and under the eye of parents than encounter the risk that boys, after a certain age, would seek a pretext for more uncontrolled indulgences in the neighboring town.

One might go on through the long range of incidental arguments—such as lighted streets, well-kept side-walks, winter snow-plows, and good drainage, and a wholesome pride in a tidy, cozy village, until even the most close-fisted of all our class would confess that the extra cost would bring full value in return, and until he would recognize the fact that the attractions of such a home as the village would make possible would be likely to insure his being succeeded in his wholesome trade by the brightest and best of his sons,—a result that would surely be worth more than all it would cost.

But my purpose has been only to suggest a scheme which seems to me entirely, even though remotely, practicable, and in which I hope for the sympathy and help of the country-bound farmers' wives and daughters,—a scheme which promises what seems the easiest, if not the only, relief for the dullness and desolation of living which make American farming loathsome to so many who ought to glory in its pursuit, but who now are only bound to it by commanding necessity.

## SOME AMERICAN SPORTING DOGS.

To WRITE of sporting dogs, or, in other parlance, of dogs used for field-work, without mentioning the fox-hound, would be like representing the play of "Hamlet" with the melancholy Dane himself omitted. Yet I am fain to confess that this noble dog is the one with which I am least familiar. Certainly, I have heard his deep-toned voice while following the trail of a deer in northern woods, but he was only a degenerate scion of a noble race. I have followed another, still more degenerate, when the light snow showed the tracks of poor bunny

where she wandered through the swamp in search of bud or berry for her morning meal. But the true fox-hound, without a cross, and bred with care, is a

*rara canis*, at least in the northern states. And yet the fox-hound—certainly if we judge by the proclivities of the original settlers of different regions—was probably the first dog introduced into this country. It is not likely that the Pilgrim Fathers were given to the sports of the field; and yet what glorious shooting there must have been in the old commonwealth when the "Mayflower" first dropped her anchor. How the ruffed grouse must have bred in the deep pine-woods! How the snipe must have swarmed in the meadows! and the woodcock in the swamps! And the deer, undisturbed by the sound of fire-arms or the bay of hound, how they must have increased and multiplied!

But whatever the Roundheads did, the Cavaliers who went to Virginia certainly carried their amusements with them, though tradition says not whether John Smith had dogs with him, or if the gentle Sir Walter discovered the nicotian weed through the medium of a sharp-nosed hound. Still, the fox-hound was introduced into Virginia at a very early day, and in that state, and perhaps in one or two others, he is to be found, and is still bred in comparative purity,—not that I would infer that pure-bred hounds are not to be seen elsewhere. Individuals are occasionally to be met with, and in the pack of Mr. Joe Donahue, who hunts near Hackensack, are to be found some fine specimens. Nor is it of any use for the most ardent fox-hunter of to-day to import

dogs from England. It was not until the latter part of the seventeenth century that fox-hunting and the breeding of fox-hounds were pursued systematically in Great Britain, and it was probably in the middle of the succeeding century that the sport was brought across the water. It is a well-known fact that fox-hunting was a fashionable amusement in Virginia long prior to the Revolution, and it is not improbable that the old style of Spanish pointer, then fashionable in England, shortly followed the fox-hound. To fox-hunting, however, we must give the first place as a sport followed with the aid of a dog, and in spite of vicissitudes and tribulations of every kind, the Southern gentleman still follows his pack, and enjoys the chase with the same zest as his forefathers. The fox-hound of to-day in America, however, is a very different animal from the hound now fashionable in England, and the choicest draft from the Quorn or the Pytchley would be found almost useless in a country so thickly timbered and with such high rail-fences as ours. In the earlier days of the colonies, the hounds then imported were much better suited to the needs of the sportsmen. A slow dog, such as was fashionable in the days of Squire Western, before hunting came to more closely resemble steeple-chasing (as it does now), was the dog which found favor with our Virginia gentlemen, and whose characteristics have been since adhered to. Not but that speed is desirable in a hound, but in our country it would be difficult, if not impossible, to follow him; and the introduction into the pack of one dog, such as is now used in England, would most probably result in spoiling the sport.

Whatever may have been the quality of the first hounds imported, some of the bluest blood of the English kennels was subsequently crossed with it. In 1825, Robert Olive, the merchant prince of Baltimore, imported some celebrated black, white and tan hounds from Ireland, whose descendants are still highly prized. Subsequently, Commodore Stockton was presented by Sir Harry Goodricke, master of the Quorn,



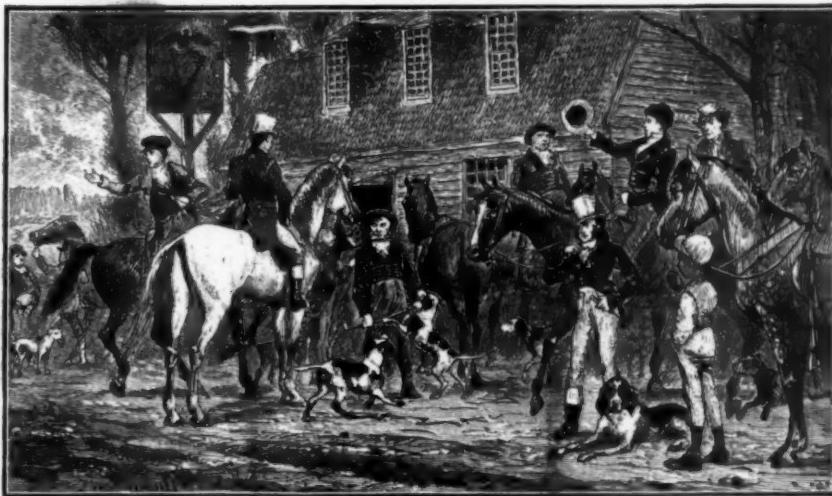
HEAD OF GREYHOUND.



HEAD OF DEER-HOUND.

with several couples from that pack, some of whom were given to the late Mr. John S. Skinner of Baltimore, who sent them to Wade Hampton, Esq.,—father of the gentleman at present bearing that name,—who used them for hunting deer in the neighborhood of the

to follow his dogs, but takes his station by some run-way or pond where the deer is almost sure to pass. Great strength is also a capital quality, as a buck at bay is no mean antagonist, and a first-class deer-hound should not only possess the intelligence but



THE MEET AT "THE HARP AND EAGLE," NEAR PHILADELPHIA, 1823.

White Sulphur Springs, Va. Afterward they went to his estate in South Carolina, where their blood has been mixed with that of the older strains until probably none of it remains in its purity. Fox-hunting, however, was not entirely confined to the Southern States, as will be seen by the following notice which appeared in the "United States Gazette," published in Philadelphia, on October 29th, 1823:

**TO GENTLEMEN SPORTSMEN.—A FINE red fox (lately caught) to be started from the house of Mr. James Greenham, sign of the Harp and Eagle, near the Upper Ferry Schuylkill Bridge, on Friday, the 31st instant, at half-past one o'clock P. M. Gentlemen sportsmen desirous of attending said chase will be thankfully received, and are particularly requested to bring their dogs, as this is for no benefit, any more than hoping said sportsmen will put their mites toward paying the cost of this advertisement.**

The fox appears to have been only a "bag-man," and the hounds a scrub pack selected for the occasion. I have been writing now only of the hound as he is used in fox-hunting; in almost every section of the country where deer are found the fox-hound is used for hunting them. Here speed is most desirable, as the hunter does not expect

the ability to catch a deer by the hind leg and throw him.

Fox-hounds, generally mongrels, are also used for hunting rabbits (hares) in this country; but a much more valuable dog for this purpose, and one which is fast coming in demand, is the little beagle, a miniature fox-hound, being from ten to twelve inches only in height at the shoulder. Merry workers they are, and to see a pack of them working on the scent of a hare (for we have no true rabbits, wild, in this country) is worth going miles to see. I am astonished that some gentlemen do not get together a pack of beagles. They can be followed on foot, and there are numbers of places within an hour or two's ride of New York where hares can be found in ample quantities for sport. Somewhat similar to the beagle, in size at least, although they differ in having crooked fore-legs, is the dachshund, a dog of German extraction. (John Phenix said of some one bred in a like manner, that his father was a Dutchman and his mother a duchess.) Dr. Twaddell, of Philadelphia, has some of pure breed, the finest in this country.

As a rule, however, nowadays, when one

speaks of a sporting dog, he is generally supposed to refer to a dog used in connection with a gun; and it is more particularly with those varieties that I feel at home, and regarding which I proposed to write; promising that I am addressing the general reader as well as those young sportsmen



EDWARD LAVERACK, ESQ., THE OLDEST BREEDER OF SETTERS IN ENGLAND.

who for lack of time and opportunity have yet to learn their A, B, C's in dog matters. The interest in dogs, particularly those used in shooting, has of late so increased that scores of would-be critics and authorities have sprung up. Without pretending to the erudition of those professors in canine lore, my object is to impart to the class first mentioned such information, the result of my own experience, as will aid them, not only in deciding what description of dog may best suit their purposes, but also in keeping their dogs in health and right condition. To further assist my endeavors, I have selected for illustration such dogs as are types of their various classes, and who have attained celebrity on the show-bench and in the field. Those who are not in the habit of reading the sporting literature of

the day—and I mean by this the literature provided for the sportsman, not the sporting man—would be surprised were they made aware of the amount of paper spoiled and ink spilled in the wordy warfare which has been carried on for two or three years past, relative to the merits and demerits of various strains. Nor is the discussion confined to strains alone. I find myself at the outset called upon to decide, or at least so to describe that the reader can decide for himself, upon the relative merits of the two principal varieties of the dogs over which we shoot our game: namely, the setters and the pointers.

If our country were more circumscribed in its limits; were our shooting confined, say, to the states of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the question would be one easily solved; for, if we except snipe-shooting on the meadows, most of our gunning is done in coverts; filled, perhaps, with low growing underbrush or thick and tangled vines and briars. It is true that quails feed in the stubble, and the bevvies are usually first flushed in the open, but they immediately seek the recesses of swamp or wood, where they must be followed and routed singly if the bag is to be filled. The woodcock, the king of our game birds, haunts, in summer particularly, only the densest cover, where by some little stream or marshy thicket he finds in the yielding ooze and soft earth the worms and larvæ which form his diet. It therefore stands to reason that the dog for our purpose would be one like the setter, whose thick coat of hair would enable him to withstand the attacks of briars and brush, and all the effects of wet and cold; whose feet, provided by nature with tufts of hair between the toes, carry him without injury over the sharp flints of the mountain-side where the ruffed grouse (partridge) loves to bask among the old logs and dead trees.

But our country is not all briery thicket



RABBIT-HUNTING WITH BEAGLES.

or rough mountain-side. At the West there is the "boundless prairie," the home of the pinnated grouse, or "chicken;" where "cat" or "bull" briars are not found, and where wading is comparatively unknown. Here the sleek-coated pointer is in his element; for "chicken"-shooting in most states begins in August, and the heavy-coated setter suffers from the heat and want of water, while the pointer with his close hair hunts on, asking only for an occasional lap of water, until the day's work is done.

him an object of compassion to a considerate master, and militate against the pleasures of the hunt. But the question is by no means, as yet, decided against the pointer. There is another thing in his favor which is well worthy of consideration before we arrive at a conclusion, and that is the comparative ease with which he is broken, and his excellent quality of retaining his education when once it has been fully perfected. Indeed, so much am I impressed with the value of that quality, that I should



POINTERS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO—FROM AN OLD PRINT.

In many places also the Canada thistle abounds, the burrs of which become so entangled in the coat of the setter as to cause him perfect misery. I have quite recently known of several instances of dogs positively refusing to work until the burrs were removed. In all such places the pointer is undoubtedly the best dog to shoot over. But all sportsmen do not go to the prairies in August, nor is the pinnated grouse the only game bird to be found there. In the latter part of September the ducks and snipe begin to arrive on their annual southern migration; and then we have not only the cold weather which makes the setter comfortable in his thicker jacket, but we must go into the wet lands to find snipe, and the ponds or lakes for ducks. Here the setter undeniably has the advantage; for although the pointer will go into the water if ordered, or, if highly bred, into the most tangled thicket, his shivering and shaking discomfort in the one instance, and his lacerated and bleeding skin in the other, make

almost be tempted in spite of a strong *penchant* for the setter, to suggest to a friend who would shoot but occasionally, and desired to break his own dogs, to choose a pointer in preference. But to those who are skillful in handling dogs, and who are so situated as to be able to keep their dogs in work during the shooting season, there can scarcely be a doubt that the setter is the better dog. Certainly he is the choice of the larger number of sportsmen, although it must be admitted that fashion prevails here as everywhere, and the setter is the fashionable dog of the day. Of course in both setters and pointers there are exceptions to the general rules I have given, and individuals of either variety are to be found possessing the best qualities attributed to both.

Leaving the question of superiority, let us look at the different breeds and strains of both setters and pointers to which the choice must be narrowed down. There are now in this country two public tests for sporting

dogs at which their qualities may be decided,—bench-shows and field trials. At bench-shows dogs are exhibited in raised pens or

trial will be a satisfactory test of the qualities of a dog for the purposes required.

Setters are divided into three classes,

English, Irish and Gordon; these being usually divided again, at bench-shows, into native and imported classes. It is principally over the English setters—and the term is supposed to include those of every color but red, which would indicate Irish blood, and black and tan which is the color of the Gordons—that the fight has been carried on, one side claiming that the native dog, that is, one whose pedigree could not be traced directly to some imported celebrity, was a mongrel; and the other maintaining with equal persistency that the "blue blood," or imported dogs, were utterly unfit for our work, and that the careful but in many instances "in and in" breeding had resulted in deterioration. Of course both sides were, to a certain extent, right; but, as is usual in violent

boxes, and being taken before a duly appointed and presumably competent person, are judged by a certain standard for each variety, which I shall presently mention. This test, of course, is similar to one which a race-horse would pass in his box, and although it might be an indication, through form, of speed, endurance and intelligence, it would be no index of the possession of those two great requisites, "nose," or scenting power, and "stanchness," without the former of which the most highly bred dog would be as valueless as the most worthless cur. At field trials dogs are pitted against each other on their game, and judgment given through a certain scale of merits and demerits: they are awarded points for pointing their birds, for stanchness, pace, style, backing and retrieving; or deprived of them for flushing birds, for backing, or for refusing to drop to shot or wing. It is obvious, however, that in the limited time allowed for a "trial," that the best dog might not always have the same opportunities to show his qualities as one his inferior. Still, when the rules shall have been perfected, the field

partisanship, overeagerness had carried the matter beyond solid argument, and the outsider was left as much as ever in the dark. It must be admitted that, until the inauguration of bench-shows, breeding in this country, as a rule, was conducted in a most careless and slipshod manner, yet I believe we had strains of dogs, as well as individuals, which, even allowing each the benefit of its own ground and training, were fully equal, certainly as field performers, to any across the water. That we would have *continued* to possess them I very much doubt. Careless breeding, with no regard to the selection of the fittest, and no attention to pedigrees, combined with the fact that there are ten men today who shoot over dogs to where there was one twenty-five years ago, would soon have worn out the stock, had it not been renewed and regenerated with imported blood. There is no comparison between the amount of work demanded of our dogs and that required in England. Here, the average sportsman owns but one dog, and that one is expected to work from morning until night, day in and day out; while across the



RETRIEVING.

water no one thinks of going to the moors without at least half a dozen dogs, which are worked alternately in braces. Nor are their dogs taught or allowed to retrieve. A curly-coated retriever follows at the keeper's heels and brings in the dead,—British sportsmen having a theory that fetching dead birds injures the dog's scenting powers. The crossing of these "blue bloods" with the best of our natives is the true theory of breeding by which we will perpetuate the best qualities of both. Unfortunately, however, if a dog comes with a long pedigree from a widely advertised English kennel he is bred to indiscriminately without regard to his qualifications for begetting good offspring, and much disappointment is the result. "Imported" is the magic word which covers a multitude of imperfections. Fortunately, very many dogs of well-known excellence have come to this country, and now that the matter has been fully discussed and a proper impetus given, our breeds are rapidly improving, and I believe it is an admitted fact that we have field dogs whose superiors are not to be found. As a specimen of the high-bred dog from imported stock, I have chosen "Guy Mannering," bred by Charles H. Raymond, Esq., of Morris Plains, N. J. This dog is the produce of "Pride of the Border" and "Fairy,"—

and who has bred them in purity for more than fifty years.

The setters known as the native English (a misnomer, as native American would be more proper) are generally in color, orange



BLACK AND WHITE SETTER "GUY MANNERING."  
Winner of the Scott special prize for best "native English" setter at the Centennial Bench-Show. (Owned by Dudley Olcott, Esq., of Albany, N. Y.)

and white, lemon and white, black and white, red and white, liver-colored and white, or all black; although they are to be found of a liver and tan, or in fact of almost any known combinations of the colors mentioned except those of orange and lemon and black. The points by which they are judged in this country—perfection in these points is supposed to make the acme of a dog—are as follows:

"Head long, and somewhat narrow, with a fair distance from the eye to the end of the nose, which should not be snipy or ant-eater-like; skull a little prominent; ears set on low and flat, not thrown back; the least stop just above or across the eyes; jaws level, with a little fullness of lip just at the back of the mouth; eye large but not protruding, with a quick appearance; neck thin and deep at setting-in on chest, moderately long and slightly arched, with no appearance of throatiness; shoulder-blades long and well receding at the points, with a flatness at shoulder-sides not noticed in any other dog; narrow at shoulder-point, but great muscular development in the shoulder-blades and fore-arms; chest very deep, not over narrow between the fore-legs. Fore-legs strong and muscular in the forearm; leg straight, with a slight, elastic-like appearance; foot moderately round, but often flat; back wide, deeply ribbed, lowering slightly from the shoulder to the hip; loins wide and very muscular; stifles full and well developed; hock well bent; stern [tail] carried almost level with the back, a moderate length, well flagged from the root, wearing off to nothing at tip of stern; coat wavy or



RED IRISH SETTER "DICK."  
(Owned by Wm. Jarvis, Esq., Claremont, N. H.)

a pair of celebrated Laveracks, imported by Mr. Raymond from the kennels of the gentleman whose name is given to the strain

lar; stifles full and well developed; hock well bent; stern [tail] carried almost level with the back, a moderate length, well flagged from the root, wearing off to nothing at tip of stern; coat wavy or

straight, fine and silky, free from curl, especially on hind-quarters."

The Irish setter is a dog now fast coming into fashion with us. He is wiry and enduring, but headstrong, requiring a deal of



GORDON SETTER "LOU."  
(Owned by William M. Tileston, Esq., New York City.)

work to keep him in command. When well bred they are remarkably handsome dogs, as will be seen from the portrait of Mr. Jarvis's "Dick." His bench-show points are as follows:

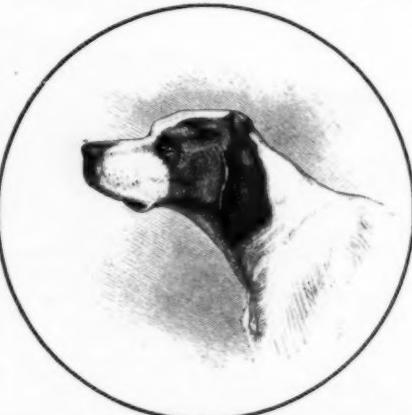
"Head narrow, widening a little in the forehead, skull slightly arched; ears a fair length, slightly folded, hanging straight, set well back in the head, and moderately feathered; eye hazel or brownish, with a sensible and loving look, not prominent; nose dark flesh-color, or black; chest but moderately wide, with great depth; back straight, but slightly receding to the hip, with good loins and well-bent stifles; stern carried slightly up, not much flagged, but slightly; coat inclined to be harsh, not soft and silky, smooth or wavy, and thick, but not too long; color a deep mahogany-red, but not any black; white, however, is allowable in some Irish breeds on chest and legs and neck."

The Gordon setter, in spite of a well-known English authority, from whom indeed we have received our points for judging, *does* possess the "go-ahead qualities now required." How any one who has shot over well-bred Gordons can make such an assertion, I am at a loss to imagine. Those that I have seen in the field have been dogs of remarkable endurance, and the rich beauty of their silky black and tan coats, and their affectionate dispositions, are unsurpassed by any other breed. "Idstone" says he has seen better setters of the black and tan than of any other breed. Their heads are a little heavier than the English setters, they have more flew, are

deeper in chest and body, with more bone; otherwise their points vary but little. Much, however, depends upon their coats, which must be a glossy black with a slight wave allowed, but no suspicion of a curl, and the tan with which they are marked should be of the richest red. Before leaving the setters, a word as to their origin may not be out of place. Most authorities claim that the setter was known in England long before the pointer was introduced, he being a direct descendant of the spaniel. In fact they are spoken of as "setting spaniels," being used before the introduction of fowling-pieces, to aid in securing game by first finding the birds and then "setting" or pointing in that position while the net was passed over dog and birds together. In time, after

the introduction of the pointer, they came to point their game in the same manner, although even now we occasionally find a setter that drops or crouches to the ground immediately upon scentsing his birds.

Although the colors of pointers at the present day are quite as varied as those of setters, there is but little doubt that the color of the old Spanish pointers from whom they are all descended was a liver and white. Color is quite a matter of fancy, but I confess to a preference for orange and

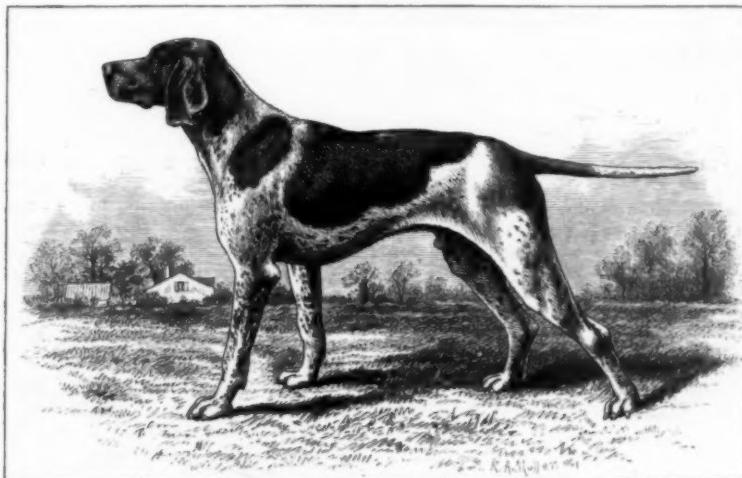


HEAD OF POINTER "SENSATION."  
(Owned by Westminster Kennel Club, New York City.)

white in the setter, and lemon and white in the pointer. But whatever the color, the good points of this dog are to be seen almost at a glance, from his build and the shortness of his coat. The fashionable pointer of the present day is a very different animal from his heavy, lumbering ancestor. Many years ago, a cross of fox-hound was introduced, and to that we are indebted for the lighter framed, more elegant animal we now possess, and probably also for the variations in color from the old orthodox liver, or liver and white. "Idstone" says that the pointer should be modeled to a great extent after the fox-hound, but that his head should be finer, his nose square, the upper lip slightly in excess of the lower, the corners of the

narrow at the meeting of the blade-bones, with a great amount of muscle, long in the blades, set slanting, with arm of the leg strong and coming away straight; and elbow neither out nor in; the legs not great, heavy-boned, but with a great amount of muscle; leg pressed straight to the foot, well rounded and symmetrical, with foot well rounded, that is, the fore-legs and feet; chest moderately deep, not over-wide, but sufficiently wide and deep to give plenty of breathing room; back level, wide in loins; deeply ribbed, and with ribs carried well back; hips wide and full of muscle, not straight in the hock, but moderately bent; stifles full and well developed; the stern nearly straight, going off tapering to the point, set in level with the back, carried straight, not above the level of back; symmetry and general appearance racy; and much beauty of form appears to the eye of a real pointer breeder and fancier."

At our bench-shows, pointers are divided into two classes, those weighing under, and

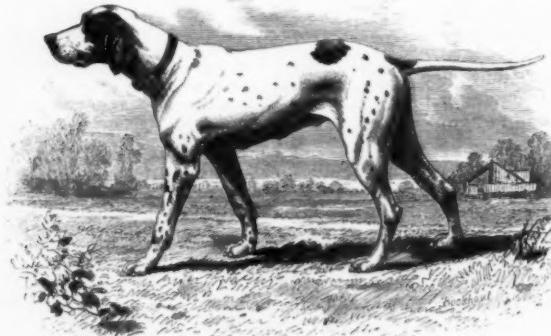


LIVER AND WHITE POINTER "RANGER."  
(Owned by S. B. Dilly, Esq., Lake City, Minn.)

mouth well flewed. The forehead should be raised but not round; it should be depressed in the center, almost forming a ridge. There should be a well-pronounced "stop" between the eyes; the ears should be thin, flexible and silky, of moderate size, set rather far back, but lying close to the head. The nasal bone should be depressed in the center and should turn upward slightly. The head of "Sensation," in the cut, conforms more closely to these conditions than that of any other dog I have seen. The other proportions by which the pointer is judged in this country are as follows:

"Body rather inclined to be long, but not much so, thickening from the head to the set-in of the shoulders, no looseness of the throat-skin, shoulders

those over, fifty pounds. It is difficult to name the period when pointers were first brought to this country. I have traced some as far back as 1810, when a gentleman from Sheffield, England, brought a brace to Bucks County, Pennsylvania, where the "bird dogs" were objects of great curiosity. I know of no one at the present day who has bred them more carefully or for a longer time than Mr. Frederick Schuchard, of this city. For high courage, keen nose and most perfect stanchness, I know of no pointer the superior of Mr. Dilly's "Ranger"—a dog who is worked on the prairies almost every day of the season, and of whom it is said by his admirers, "he never flushed a bird."



BLACK AND WHITE POINTER "WHISKY."  
(Owned by Westminster Kennel Club, New York City.)

There is a dog which is destined to become a great favorite in this country, and I doubt not that we have a much larger sphere for his usefulness than they have in England. This is the little cocker spaniel. He is a merry, active worker, not pointing his birds, but giving tongue when he strikes the scent, which he follows until the bird is flushed. In our thick, almost impenetrable covers, particularly where woodcock are shot in summer, the cocker is especially valuable, as he can make his way under briers and into places where a larger dog could not penetrate. In such shooting the dog is almost always out of sight of his master, and a stanch setter or pointer might be lost on his point, whereas, the cocker, by giving tongue, apprises the gunner, not only of his own whereabouts, but also of the presence of game. Could I countenance such an unsportsman-like proceeding as shooting a bird while sitting, I might say that they would be useful for treeing ruffed grouse instead of the mongrels now used; but their real value is in woodcock shooting. The illustration of Mr. Bestor's fine imported dogs sufficiently describes their general appearance. There is another variety of spaniel, the Clumber, which is deservedly popular in England, as possessing all the advantages in cover shooting of the cocker, but hunts mute. They are rare even on the other side, and the only pure specimens I have seen in this country are those imported by Mr. Jonathan Thorne, Jr., of Dutchess County, in this state. As spaniels are not expected to point their game, they should be broken to range close, never more than twenty or thirty yards away from the gun,

and always to "come to heel" or "down charge" at the report.

The dogs to which I have hitherto referred are those used almost exclusively for upland shooting, for although setters or even pointers, if taught, will retrieve from water, yet when one is to follow duck-shooting to any great extent, whether on Western lakes or on the waters of Chesapeake Bay or Currituck Sound, it is much better to be provided with a dog particularly adapted for the purpose. In fact, I once almost ruined several good setters in California by allowing them to retrieve constantly from water, the result being that all were afflicted with cancer of the ear. At the present writing my Gordon, "Lou," is displaying symptoms of the same complaint,—the result, I believe, of unlimited swimming and diving last summer in the waters of the Great South Bay.\* The pure



COCKER SPANIELS "SNIP" AND "JULIET."  
(Owned by S. J. Bestor, Esq., Hartford, Conn.)

\* As cancer of the ear is a very common disease, always indicated by the dog shaking his head and scratching at his ears, I would mention here that it can be easily cured by the following lotion:—Gouillard's extract and wine of opium, of each one-half ounce, sulphate of zinc, one-half dram, water, seven ounces, mix. The ear should first be cleansed thoroughly with soap and warm water, and a little of the lotion injected twice a day.

N. B.—Since the foregoing was written, "Lou" has been entirely cured by this remedy.

Irish water-spaniel is rarely met with in this country. Mr. J. H. Whitman, of Chicago, a portrait of whose "Sinbad" is given (page 778), probably has the finest kennel of them. At the West, where much of the duck and goose shooting is done where the mud is deep and the wild rice is heavy, a dog of great strength and determination is required to bring in, not only the dead, but the many wounded birds which otherwise would be

had in their possession for many generations what each claims to be the genuine Chesapeake Bay dog, and at the late bench-show in Baltimore a compromise was made, and a classification agreed upon, by which each of the types is hereafter to be recognized. These are to be, first, the otter dog, of a tawny sedge in color, with very short hair; second, the curly-haired dog, red-brown in color, and third, the straight-



A FOX-HUNT IN THE SOUTH.

lost. The water-spaniel does all this, and withal is as docile, obedient and intelligent as a French poodle. The head should be crowned with a well-defined top-knot, coming down in a peak on the forehead; the body should be covered with small crisp curls; the tail should be round and without feather, and the whole dog a dark liver-color.

The Chesapeake Bay dog, of which there are now three accepted types, is a dog of which even more is expected. He must have strength to breast the heaviest seas and bring in a goose; he must fight his way through broken ice, and if he meets a piece too large to scramble over he must dive under it. Several families in Maryland have

haired dog of the same color. The dogs at two years old should weigh not less than eighty pounds.

Now that I have described to the best of my ability and within the space allotted to me, the different varieties of our sporting dogs, the reader must decide upon their merits for himself. Nor can I go into the subject of training dogs for field-work, for I believe, in the first place, that good dog-breakers are born, and not made; and secondly, not only would it be taking up too much space, but instructions, if they are of any value, are to be found in the works of recognized and much better authorities. I believe, moreover, that to a great



IRISH WATER-SPANIEL "SINBAD."  
(Owned by J. H. Whitman, Esq., Chicago, Ill.)

extent, those sportsmen who are even capable of properly handling their dogs in the field after they are broken, are in the possession of a gift, I might almost call it genius, the secrets of which are patience and self-control. No one who has made his dogs his constant companions can have failed to be struck with the almost human intelligence they sometimes display, and a man who wishes to control his dogs must first control himself. I have known an old, stanch dog to be loaned by his owner to some friends for a day's shooting. After working faithfully and finding bird after bird which

they failed to kill, the old fellow dropped his tail in disgust and started for home, abandoning his share of the sport rather than witness their want of skill. The most successful men in the field are those who possess the greatest command over themselves; not abusing their dogs for the slightest fault, although using the whip judiciously; for dog nature is very like human nature,—some will do wrong from mere willfulness, and are only to be controlled by a strong hand. That dogs, when regularly shot over, enjoy the sport, is beyond question, and sometimes the mere putting

on of a shooting-coat will drive them wild with excitement. And what sight is there more beautiful than that of a well-broken dog at work in the field—the instinct which teaches the wolf or the fox to hunt for his prey, toned down, or rather developed, by education to be subservient to the will of man and accessory to his sport! You approach a fence, and, having crossed, call to your dog to do the same, for a dog should never, in theory at least, be allowed to enter a field or leave one before you. It is in the autumn, and in the woods the frost-painted leaves are carpeting the ground, while in the open

the golden stubble is being burned by the early frosts. Perhaps it is a buckwheat or rye field where the quail as active gleaners still find enough of the scattered grain to afford them subsistence without going to the swamps for buds or skunk-cabbage seeds. Here they have been feeding in the early morning, and have gone to the hedge or that strip of dried grass for their noonday siesta. At the command "hie on," or "hold up," your dog starts on a gallop,—up wind if possible,—head up, to catch the scent which may be drifting across the stubble-tops,



MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

his stern—as his tail is technically called—whipping his sides. He crosses and recrosses the field, and presently comes to where the birds have been feeding. In an instant he stops, perhaps half turning to where the faint scent still lingers; but

thick and briery patch, or perhaps one has been only wing-tipped and is running Give your dog time. Even if you fancy you have marked the spot where the bird fell to an inch, he may be many yards away The dog knows how to look for him, and



"I tell yer wot it is, Sam, if this fool of a dog is a-goin' to stand still like this 'ere in hevver field he comes to, we may as well shut up shop, for we sha'n't find no partridges!"—*After sketch by Leech in London "Punch."*

only for an instant, for the scent is cold; but with head to the ground and stern excitedly whipping his flanks, he either "roads" the birds, or, taking another cast, the wind brings him the hot scent of the bevy. Half crouching, he advances until his instinct and the strong scent from the birds tell him he can go no closer, when he stops, with tail extended stiffly, perhaps one fore-foot lifted as though ready for another step, with head rigid in the direction of the birds, and a few flecks of foam dotting his quivering nostrils. Look at him! Was ever a more perfect statue carved? Take your time; he'll stand perhaps for hours if the birds do not move. Now walk up to him; touch him if you will, and still the iron-like rigidity. Now step forward. Never let your dog flush the birds if you can help it. As you pass him, the bevy rise with that sharp, quick "whir-r-r-r" which so thrills the sportsman as frequently to cause him to shoot too quick and wildly. Be cool. Select two of the outside birds,—never shoot at the bunch,—and, covering them carefully, fire. Your dog drops to the ground or the "down charge" as the birds rise, and remains so until you have reloaded and ordered him first to "hold up" and then to "seek dead." Perhaps the birds at which you shot have fallen in some

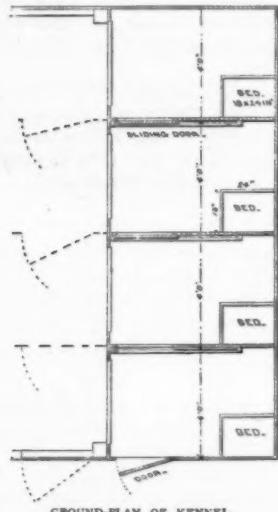
will cast around until he catches the scent, and will road him until the wounded bird stops, when he will point him again. Many sportsmen make the mistake of insisting upon their dog working on the very spot where they think the bird fell. The dog knows better.

I have said that your dog dropped when the birds rose. No young dog can be considered properly broken unless he drops "to wing" and "to shot;" that is, when a bird rises, and when the gun is fired, and with young dogs the latter at least should always be insisted upon. As they grow older and stacher, I should be satisfied if they came to heel when I fired. There are times when it is positive cruelty to compel a dog to drop to shot, particularly in the case of pointers on wet snipe meadows. It is the English custom not to break dogs until they are a year old. We begin much earlier, and a puppy is generally sent to the breaker at six months. I think much should depend upon the disposition of the dog. If possible, you should house or yard break your dogs; that is, teach them to drop or "charge" at command, to come in, to obey the whistle, to stop, and, if possible, to retrieve, before sending them to the breaker. You will find them working much better for you



## BREAKING YOUNG DOGS.

afterward. Many prefer puppies born in the fall, as in the spring they can be broken on snipe, and some shooting can be had over them in the fall. I believe, however,

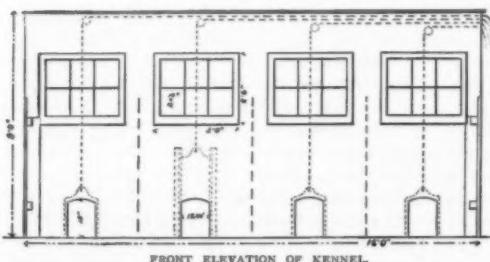


GROUND-PLAN OF KENNEL-

that fall puppies are much more difficult to rear from the fact of their being likely to be exposed to cold and wet, which are the great

causes of distemper,—that scourge among high-bred dogs; in winter, too, they can get no grass, the corrective provided by nature for all canine ills, and one which should always be within their reach.

The puppy should also be accustomed to the report of fire-arms, as nothing is more discouraging to a sportsman than to find himself in possession of a "gun-shy" dog. This is to be done by taking him to the field, perhaps with an old dog, and by using at first small charges of powder, fired only when he is at a little distance, and perhaps killing some small birds,—the great point being to associate the noise in his mind with some pleasure. Or it is not a bad idea to fire a lightly charged gun near the kennel just before feeding; but these extra precautions need only be taken where timidity is anticipated. Gun-shyness is supposed to be hereditary, but I am inclined to think that where puppies are handled judiciously at first, and not startled by an unexpected report, perhaps directly over them, but little trouble is to be apprehended. Too little attention is paid to the care and diet of dogs. They are left chained to their kennels for days at a time without exercise and without change of bedding until they become afflicted with mange or covered with vermin. Mange is also the result of



FRONT ELEVATION OF KENNEL

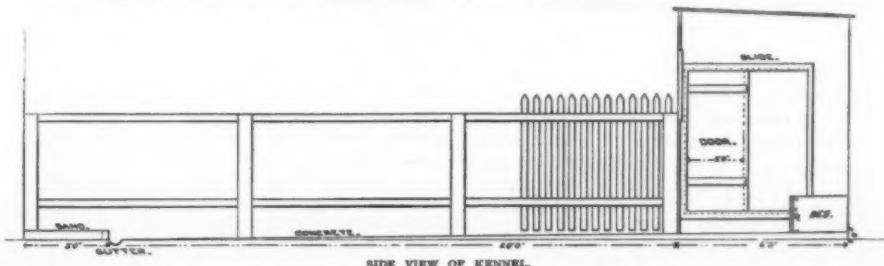
overfeeding, and many ladies wonder why their pampered and carefully tended pets should lose their hair in spots and be constantly scratching, never dreaming that their too careful attention is the cause. A simple and efficacious remedy for mange is prepared as follows: Take two ounces basilicon ointment, half ounce flour of sulphur, and sufficient spirits of turpentine to make of the proper consistency. Wash the dog thoroughly with carbolic soap, and rub the ointment into the skin. A few drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic is of service in extreme cases. Where but one dog is kept, the scraps from the table should be ample for him; but where food must be prepared, there is nothing better than oat or corn meal thoroughly boiled in water, in which some coarse meat—such as a neck of beef or shin bone—has been cooked almost to shreds, the meat being chopped fine and mixed with the mush. The dogs should never be fed more than twice a day. But the great cause of death among dogs is distemper, and the more finely and carefully they are bred, the more susceptible they appear to be to its effects. A large proportion of the puppies whelped each year fall victims to this disease. Nor is it confined to puppies alone; dogs of almost any age are liable to be attacked, and if they escape with life, may be left with chorea or St. Vitus's dance. In fact, in this respect distemper is not unlike measles, which often leaves a patient with some other disorder. Frequent post-mortems have revealed the

fact that distemper in some of its forms very much resembles pneumonia, and, as in that disease, a certain amount of stimulation is necessary. The symptoms are, a thick, matter discharge from the eyes and nose, with a dry, husky cough and a straining, as though a bone were lodged in the throat; a hot, dry nose, and general listlessness, with, later, a weakness of the hind-quarters. Fits, in puppies particularly, are frequently present, but the symptoms vary somewhat, although the above are unmistakable. There are many remedies advocated for distemper, but



DOWN CHARGE.

I believe there is none more generally successful than that suggested by Dr. Webb, which consists of a course of calomel and quinine, commencing with a dose of the for-



SIDE VIEW OF KENNEL

mer, varying from ten to twenty grains, according to the size of the dog, and followed by doses of five to ten grains of quinine daily, reducing the dose as the dog improves. When taken promptly in hand, and the dog is kept in a warm, dry place, the disease generally yields to this vigorous treatment. Cleanliness is the great source of health, and when more than one dog is kept, a regular kennel and yard should be prepared. A capital idea of their arrangement can be had from the plans on pages 780 and 781, which are copied from those of Mr. Jesse Starr, Jr., of Camden, N. J.

Further instruction on the subjects here

treated of will be found in such exhaustive works as Dinks, Mayhew, and Hutchinson, or "Stonehenge," or "Idstone;" or in our own country, Mr. Arnold Burges's "American Kennel and Sporting Field." Mr. Edward Laverack, the oldest breeder in England, has written a work devoted to the discussion of the setter alone, in which are many valuable hints to the breeder and breaker.

No dogs possess greater intelligence or more excellent dispositions than those used by sportsmen, and where careful education has developed them to a high degree, they are fitted in every respect to be the trusted and beloved companions of man.



#### OLD EYES AND SPECTACLES.

NUMEROUS errors respecting the condition of eyes that have become affected with age, and concerning the use of spectacles, are prevalent, not only among the laity, but also among the mass of medical practitioners themselves. This, however, is not to be wondered at, since the more precise physiological knowledge of the parts of the visual apparatus involved has come to us within comparatively recent years, and only those who have been working in that particular line have kept pace with the advance of that knowledge. Eyes that have become affected through age were formerly, and are now by a large number, incorrectly regarded as being in the same condition as far-sighted eyes. Persons of all ages may be far-sighted, but presbyopia—or old eyes—is limited to those who have reached the meridian of life and are traveling the downward slope. Far-sightedness, or hypermetropia, is dependent upon a faulty construction of the eye-ball—in general it is an eye that is too short: while presbyopia is simply the result of the decline of the vital powers from age.

Presbyopia consists essentially in an inability to see distinctly small objects close at hand. Our ability to distinguish fine objects within a few inches of the eyes is due to the fact that we have the power to increase the curvature of the crystalline lens, and thus to unite the rays, which come in a divergent manner from those objects, upon the retina. Two factors enter into the production of this; first, the plasticity of the lens, and second, the contraction of a muscle acting upon it. Both of these factors undergo modification with age; the lens becomes firmer and less plastic, and the muscle gets stiff and less active.

Now, while these changes have in reality been going forward since childhood, they do not, under ordinary circumstances, make themselves appreciably felt until about the fortieth year. (We speak now of eyes that are in other respects healthy.) At about that age—or between that and the fiftieth year—most individuals experience difficulty in recognizing small objects, especially under bad illumination. In the evening the book

or newspaper is laid aside earlier than formerly and casual remarks are made not complimentary to the printers of this generation. The page is instinctively held at a greater distance from the eyes and turned so as to have the light fall upon it most advantageously. This sort of thing growing from bad to worse, you happen incidentally to mention it to an elder friend, who astonishes you perhaps by saying: "My dear fellow, you need glasses." The fact is now forced upon you, for the first time it may be, that you are growing old! But it is the course of Nature, and you must accept the fiat. She now declares that she is no longer able of herself to do her work properly, and that art must lend its aid.

And just here comes in a very generally accepted error. It is currently believed that the use of glasses should be put off as long as possible; that a too early use of them is injurious, and that when once begun it becomes, earlier than it should be, a necessity. As the office of the glass is to supply the refracting power which the eye, through age, can no longer furnish, it is evident that so soon as a need of this artificial power is felt we should resort to it. By failing to do so, we deprive ourselves of much useful work of the organ, while the work it does is done under a disadvantage and with greater or less risk.

"But how shall I know when I need them?" you may ask. When you can no longer read, with ease, the finest print of your newspaper, at a distance of 30 centimeters (12 inches).

Inconvenience will first be felt in the use of the eyes in the evening, and for a year or more you may confine the use of your glasses to work at that time. But soon they will become necessary during the day, especially if you have work requiring close and accurate attention, and the light is not good.

Under ordinary circumstances, and when the eyes are in other respects healthy, the first glasses should be weak—say about No. 60, according to the numbering in this country. Such a number, however, should be selected as will enable you to read the finest print at 30 centimeters (12 inches). After the lapse of a year or two you will find it necessary to increase the number of your glasses to about 48, and you will find that these will serve both for evening and day work. As regards the frequency with which the glasses have to be changed, it differs in different individuals. As a general rule, however, they

should be increased as much as the individual case may demand every five or seven years—always keeping the "near point" of good, clear vision at about 12 inches. The general health will influence this largely, the weak, nervous woman feeling the need of an increase in the strength of her glasses much sooner than a robust, healthy man. Those who use their eyes much, especially if at trying work, will also experience a demand for a more frequent change.

These rules apply, as previously mentioned, to eyes in a perfectly normal condition. Short-sightedness and far-sightedness influence the necessity for glasses to a great degree. Short-sighted persons can dispense with glasses for near work for a much longer time than those having normal eyes, and if their short-sightedness is of even a moderate degree, they may live to a good old age without ever having occasion to use them. On the other hand, far-sighted persons feel the need of assistance very early—often as early as the 25th or 30th year.

A few words now as to the glasses themselves. In the first place, bear in mind that "pebble" glasses are a humbug. Even if they are what they are represented to be, and are made of pure crystal, they can serve no better purpose than if made of good clear glass. They are harder than ordinary glass, and thus less liable to be scratched, but that virtue is hardly an equivalent for the ten or fifteen dollars extra which the optician demands for his "superior pebbles" which, among other recommendations, are "warranted to strengthen the eyes by use." A pair of spectacles of clear glass, free from defects and accurately ground, which in a neat steel frame cost about three dollars or less, will do as much as the pebbles, for which twenty-five dollars, and even more, is asked.

When in use, the glasses should sit square in front of the eyes and at a distance of about one inch, and the centers of the lenses should correspond to the centers of the pupils when the eyes are looking straight forward.

The cases in which the glasses are held when not in use ought to open along the side so that they can be laid in, and not open at one end, which necessitates their being pushed in and pulled out. The rubbing of the lenses against the sides of the case soon causes a depolishing of their most permanent part (the center), and of course materially mars their transparency.

For cleansing the lenses, use a piece of old soft cotton cloth. Silk, linen and paper are all liable to scratch the glass.

## NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



"THIS IS THE DOCKYMENT."

## CHAPTER XI.

THE finest lawn is sometimes deformed by a rock so huge in bulk and harsh in outline, that it is beyond the gardener's skill to make it beautiful, either by climbing turf or fringing shrubbery. Mrs. Coates had her trials, among which was Mr. Coates, to whom a dress-coat was an abomination, and a white cravat a thing of ugliness and a torment forever. It was in vain that she represented to him the responsibilities and requirements of a forehanded man who had given the best advantages to his offspring. She respected his talent for making money; she had a dim idea that he was her superior in mental gifts, and she knew, as well as a woman of her nature could know, that he held her in a sort of good-humored contempt; but she felt that he did not take as kindly as he should to polite life, and that in this respect, at least, she was his superior.

There was another matter which had always been a source of mortification to her,—Mr. Coates was a stammerer. He never said much, but what he did say was broken into so many pieces that she was always afraid that his auditors could not put them together and make words and sentences of them. He had the habit of his daughter—perhaps he had bestowed the habit upon her—of accumulating material while conversation was in progress, and then coming out with it at unexpected times, and in surprising ways. Unfurnished with her nimble tongue, he aimed at laconic condensation, and made the most of his brief efforts. He hung in the social sun like an icicle, now and then thawing to the extent of a drop, which spattered about in sparkling fragments as it fell, and froze upon the memory. His vocal efforts were periodical, like the performances of the skeleton and the twelve apostles operated by

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the tower-clock at Prague. They not only told the time of day with great precision, but they told it with jerks; and the jerks added an element of humor to what might otherwise have been a tame proceeding.

But Mr. Coates and Mrs. Coates got along together pretty well, considering how conscious each was of the imperfections of the other. She could do nothing with him, and he could do nothing with her; so, in a sort of despair of each other, they came to a tacit agreement to let each other alone, and permit their acquaintances to come to their own conclusions with regard to the respective merits and demerits of the pair. And their acquaintances did come to the conclusion that Mrs. Coates was good-natured, pretentious, insensitive, and amusing as a bore, and that Mr. Coates was a man of common sense, modesty, and a concentrated wagging that lost nothing of its humor by the impediments to its expression. In short, Mr. Coates, very much to the surprise of Mrs. Coates, was a popular man, who stood in the community for just what he was worth, and was very much beloved and respected.

When Nicholas and Glezen set off for the dinner party to which they had been invited, the former was in a good deal of nervous trepidation. He sympathized so profoundly with Miss Coates, and had so thorough a respect for her, that he dreaded the developments of the occasion on her account. He felt, too, that he could not quite trust his friend Glezen, for he knew that the temptation to chaff the old lady would be well-nigh irresistible. Still, he believed in the power of the young woman to hold him to propriety. She had certainly exercised that power upon himself, and he felt measurably sure of the same influence upon his friend. As for Glezen, he had heard so much about Miss Coates that he had determined to put himself upon his best behavior at whatever pain of self-denial.

When the two young men entered Mrs. Coates's drawing-room, they discovered that the dinner was to be strictly *en famille*. It would have been impossible for Mrs. Coates to deprive Jenny of the chances offered by the possession for an evening of two eligible young men. As she took the hands of one after the other, she said:

"I thought it would be so nice to have you all to ourselves this evening! Not that I am selfish, for I'm not. Jenny has often said to me, 'Mother,' says she, 'whatever may be your short-comings, selfishness isn't

one of them, no matter what appearances may be.' Says I, 'Jenny, there are joys with which the stranger intermeddleth not, unless it's against my consent, and one of 'em is dining with dear friends for the first time in my own house. There, Jenny, is where I draw my line,' says I. But Jenny says, says she, 'I think it would be nice to have Mrs. Ilmansee and her sister, and Mrs. Morgan and Miss Morgan.' But says I to Jenny, 'Jenny,' says I, 'Mrs. Ilmansee would just as soon think of inviting the Old Scratch as inviting me, though why she should feel so,' says I, 'passes my comprehension, and I'm going to draw my line just there. I've got the first chance, and I'm going to keep it,' says I."

While this introduction to the social entertainment was in progress, Nicholas and Miss Coates gradually retired, and found themselves very agreeably entertained with each other. Glezen, with his closed mouth, was left with Mrs. Coates, and was somewhat embarrassed by the situation. It was, therefore, with a great sense of relief that he heard a latch-key at work at the door, and saw Jenny fly to meet her father. He caught a glimpse of her sparkling eyes and her lithe and tastefully dressed figure as she disappeared, and recognized at once the sympathy that existed between the old merchant and his daughter. He heard her lively brush upon his dusty clothes, and a hurried colloquy, and then the daughter led the old man in and presented him to the two guests.

"H-how d' do? P-pretty well?"

"H-how d' do? P-pretty well?"

These questions were accompanied by two bows, directed to the two young men, and then he advanced and took each by the hand. His clothes were none of the nicest, either in quality or fit; his cravat was crazily tied, in such a knot as he would have made in doing up hurriedly a package of goods; his head was bald, but his eyes and mouth were shrewd and good-natured, and Glezen, particularly, was attracted to him at once. The attraction was mutual, and Mr. Coates seemed conscious that Nicholas—less used to men—found it hard to reconcile his host's appearance with his surroundings.

Then Mrs. Coates excused herself to look after her dinner, as she had not arrived at the point where she could surrender her housekeeping cares to her servants. Housekeeping had always been her strong point. Miss Coates hung about her father, brought him an easy-chair, and by all considerate

acts of deference and affection, seemed to endeavor to excite Glezen's respect for him, unmindful of the fact that she was accomplishing more for herself than for her father. Her arts, however, were unnecessary, for the men understood each other.

It has been said that Mr. Coates and Mrs. Coates had learned to let each other alone. This was strictly true, however, only when visitors were not present. It seemed to be necessary, in the presence of strangers, to vindicate their own sense of propriety by either exposing, or apologizing for, each other's faults.

When Miss Coates had comfortably seated her father, and seen Glezen draw a chair to his side, she resumed her conversation with Nicholas. Then the old man turned to Glezen and quietly inquired:

"H-how long have you b-been here?"

"Oh, ten minutes, perhaps," Glezen replied.

"T-tired of it?"

"Of course not; why should I be?"

There was a queer working of the old man's lips, as he responded:

"M-Mrs. C-Coates is a f-funny old w-watch. She b-broke her chain a g-good while ago, and has been r-unning down ever since. She must have a m-mainspring a m-mile long."

No power could have restrained Glezen's laughter over this, and he laughed so heartily and so long that Nicholas and Jenny both rose from their seats, and approached them. But Mr. Coates was entirely unmoved. Not a sympathetic ripple betrayed itself upon his face, while he completed for Glezen's ear the remainder of his statement and the rounding out of his figure.

"I used to w-wind her up too t-tight, I suppose."

Nothing but the protestations of Jenny could have hindered her mother from preparing the young men for what she was pleased to call the "impederment" of her husband. He had calculated upon this preparation, and, in his remark to Glezen, had intended to pay off his little debt, so that he and his wife might start even with the evening's guests.

When, with a highly self-satisfied air, Mrs. Coates returned with the announcement that dinner was ready, she found them all in a lively frame of mind, and Nicholas and Jenny just where she would have had them—together. She took Glezen's arm, gave a significant nod to Nicholas, who rose and gave his arm to Miss Coates, and then all

proceeded to the dining-room, Mr. Coates shambling along in the rear. The table-linen was rich and immaculate, and the porcelain and silver all that was desirable.

"Silent grace!" said Mrs. Coates, in a low tone, bending over her plate—a motion that was imitated by all but the head of the house.

Mrs. Coates, unfortunately, did not share the feeling of her daughter with regard to fashionable churches. She had nibbled about in her own homely pasture, among the thistles and mulleins that had been kept unclipped from the fear of formalism, and pretended to herself and her neighbors that she was content; but she had looked over what was a homely fence on her side, and a flowery hedge on the other, into a pasture which, in her eyes, was a field of enchantment. The fold was so tastefully built, the paths were so bordered with green, the hills were so smooth, the valleys so verdant, the rills of water glistened so brightly and tinkled so sweetly, that in her heart of hearts she would have been glad of a chance to enter it and go no more out forever. To be a sheep with a silken fleece in such a flock, led from hill to valley and from valley to plain by a tall shepherd in white, with a golden crook in his hand, was a picture of felicity often presented to her imagination. Only in her imagination, however, could it be entertained. Mr. Coates would not consent to any change that would serve her wishes, and Jenny was bound to her unfashionable church by a love and enthusiasm that would make no compromise.

There was, therefore, but one way left open for Mrs. Coates, which was to pretend to like what she despised, and to hate what she loved above all things.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Coates, as she raised her eyes from her plate at the completion of her grace, "that the Fiskerpalian form of grace is the most fashionable, but"—glowing behind her tureen and lifting her ladle—"Mr. Coates proverbially has an impederment, and we have adopted the silent form as more convenient in our family. But I must say that I don't understand why people pray three times a day that the Lord will make them thankful for what they are about to receive. Why don't they be thankful, and out with it? It seems to me that it's just what our good old Dr. Hemenway used to call formalism, and I've said to Mr. Coates, often and often, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'whatever sin is laid to our door, don't let it be formalism!'"

Glezen caught Mr. Coates's eye, and saw his mouth begin to work.

"W-what year was that?" Mr. Coates inquired.

Mrs. Coates deemed it best not to pay any attention to this skeptical question, and went on, sipping her soup between sentences:

"The prettiest thing I know of is having grace said by an innocent child. This is quite the thing, I'm told, and it must be very melting. I know a little four-year-old girl who says grace so beautifully that everybody cries. I never dared to try it in my own family, for fear of consequences, you know, but it does seem as if it would be the greatest comfort if I could. A lamb of the flock is such an interesting thing!"

"You m-might t-train a p-parrot," suggested Mr. Coates.

Poor Miss Coates was red in the face. She saw that her father and mother had pitted themselves against each other, and that Glezen was exceedingly amused. Mrs. Coates saw this too, and in her own mind drew a comparison between the staid self-restraint of Nicholas and the irreverence of Glezen, much to the disadvantage of the latter.

"Jenny tells me," said Mrs. Coates to Nicholas, "that you are to be in the city during the winter."

"Yes, I hope to be here," he replied.

Then, moved by the same curiosity which had exercised Miss Pelton's mind the day before, she said :

"What flock do you expect to jne? We should be delighted to welcome you to our fold, although we are at present without a shepherd, and I grieve to say that there is a great deal of straying. I do so long to have a shepherd once more, for I think the pictor of a shepherd with a crook, keeping his sheep together on the hills, is one of the sweetest I ever see, and it will take a pretty strong crook to get our flock together again, and I long to have a man settled, and done with it."

"These sh-ephers with c-crooks in their hands d-don't amount to much," said Mr. Coates. "I p-prefer one with a c-crook in his head."

Mrs. Coates, of course, didn't see the point, and wondered what Glezen could find to laugh at. She was painfully impressed with the frivolous character of this friend of her friend, and determined to warn the latter against such associations at the first opportunity.

Then, forgetting that Nicholas had not answered her question, she went on :

"A vacant pulpit seems to me to be an awful thing. It looks as if it was the very yawning of the pit of destruction, but"—recurring to her effort upon the future course of Nicholas—"don't, I beg of you, go over to the Piskerpaliens. It's all very nice when you meet 'em on the streets, with their carriages and their silks and satins, and see their ministers in spick and span white gowns in the churches, and their little boys tuning up their amens, and their getting down and getting up. I know it's lovely, but it is very deceptive to the young. I own up that I have felt drawn to 'em, and there was one time when, if Mr. Coates had said the word, I should have went (Nora, pass Mr. Minturn the bread); but I was mercifully spared from embracing a dead formalism. It took a good deal of grace to stand by the vacant pulpit at one time. (Mr. Coates, I'm sure Mr. Minturn will have a little more of the beef.)"

And then Mrs. Coates fell back in her chair, to rest herself from the contemplation of her old struggles with the temptation to subside into a dead formalism.

Mr. Coates had been gradually filling up to the point of expression and here broke in with :

"I'd r-ather have a v-vacant pulpit than a v-vacant m-minister any time."

Mrs. Coates knew that this was intended to be a reflection upon the retired old Dr. Hemenway, and sighed.

"Whatever Dr. Hemenway was," said Mrs. Coates, "it couldn't be laid to his door that he was a dead formalist."

"If I was g-going to be d-dead, I would as-soon be a d-dead f-formalist as a d-dead goose," said Mr. Coates.

"Mother," said Jenny, wishing to change the line of conversation, "Mr. Minturn is going to see what he can do for the poor. I'm sure you'll like that."

"Yes," said Mrs. Coates, "the poor ye have always among you; and I think we have 'em with a vengeance. It's nothing but give, give, give, from morning to night, till I get sick and tired of it. Here's Jenny going to mission-schools, and visiting round in the awfulest places, where no respectable girl ought to go, and I'm so afraid she'll catch something that it worries my life out of me. There is Miss Larkin, laid up for life with a fever she took doing the same thing."

Here was a bit of news for Nicholas, who understood better than he did before its utterance, the welcome which his purpose had received at her hands.

"Do you labor for the poor?" inquired Mrs. Coates of Glezen, morally sure that he did nothing of the kind, and that she was about to display her daughter's superiority.

"Yes, madam, I do nothing else."

"Is it possible! I thought you were a lawyer."

"Yes, I suppose I am. That is what I am trying to make the New York people believe, any way; but, so far, I have confined my attention to a single pauper, and it's all I can do to feed and clothe him."

"This is very interesting," said Mrs. Coates. "Jenny, do you hear this?"

"Yes, mother. The pauper's name is Glezen."

Mr. Coates was shaking in his chair, but without a smile.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Coates, "you mean that you are taking care of yourself?"

"That's what I am trying to do, with very indifferent success," said Glezen.

"Well, that's what we all have to do before we get to be forehanded," said Mrs. Coates, in a benevolent effort to soften Glezen's sense of poverty.

"You are interested, of course, in the poor," she added suggestively.

"Very much so," Glezen responded, "especially in my own particular pauper."

"But you believe we owe duties to the paupers?" insisted Mrs. Coates.

"Yes," said Glezen; "duties which nobody performs. Half of them ought to be tied to a whipping-post and whipped. The rest of them ought to be in jail, with the exception of the children, who should be taken out of their hands and reared to something better."

Mrs. Coates's breath was nearly taken out of her by this most inhuman declaration.

"What can you mean?" she inquired.

"Well," said Glezen, looking smilingly around upon the group, and seeing Jenny's eyes fixed very earnestly upon him, "I mean exactly what I say. Half of them ought to be tied to a whipping-post and whipped. The city is full of dead-beats who would not work if they could. They are as utterly demoralized as if they were thieves. I never saw a willing beggar yet who wasn't a liar. I never saw even a child who had begged, and succeeded in his begging ten times, who would tell the truth, when the truth would serve his purpose just as well as a lie. There are poor and worthy people I do not doubt, God help them! but the moment they become paupers they become liars—I mean paupers who are not only

willing to live on charity, but anxious to be fed without effort. I haven't a doubt that the city would be better off if there wasn't a cent given in charity. In our benevolence and pity, we are manufacturing paupers all the time, and doing the poor and ourselves, too, the cruellest wrong we can do."

"You are making out a very pleasant prospect for me," said Nicholas, laughing.

"I shouldn't have said a word," Glezen responded, "if I had supposed you would believe me. Every man has his opinions and his theory, and every benevolent man is bent on trying his experiment. I want to see you try yours."

"But," said Nicholas, growing earnest and excited, "there must be some cure for every evil under the sun. The good Lord hasn't left us face to face with the devil without a weapon in our hands. It cannot be so."

"I agree with you," said Glezen, "and I tell you the weapon is a horsewhip. There is nothing that moves a dead-beat but hunger and pain. He can always get cold victuals, so he is safe from starvation; but there is absolutely no argument that will induce him to work but pain. There is nothing but a whipping-post, established in every town, and faithfully used, that will set him at work, and keep him at it. You may preach to him until the day of doom; you may dress him, you may coddle him; you may appeal to what you are pleased to call his manhood, and he'll just let you bore him for what he can get out of you. There isn't so much manhood in one of them as there is in a horse."

"But even Mr. Coates believes in giving meat to the hungry," said Mrs. Coates, in a tone that indicated that up to the present moment, he was the most inhuman person she had met.

"Y—yes," Mr. Coates responded, "g—give 'em the h—hide of the animal, r—raw!"

Glezen saw that he had, somehow, horrified both the old woman and her pretty daughter, and so attempted to justify himself.

"When I came to the city," he said, "I was full of a sort of chicken-hearted benevolence. A woman or a child could not extend a hand to me on the street, without taking out of my pocket whatever I might happen to have there. I comforted myself over the loss of many a good cigar, with the thought that I had helped somebody to bread, when I only helped them to beer, and did my share toward making them worse and more incurable beggars than they were before.

They soon found me out in my office, where they managed, by the most ingenuous lying, to cheat me out of my hard-earned dollars. I became at last sore with my sense of imposition, and sore with my sacrifices, and I've not recovered yet. I can look a beggar in the face now without winking, and when a dead-beat presents himself in my office, I have only to glance at my boot and point to the door, and he understands me, and retires without a word."

"But you can't afford to become distrustful and hard-hearted like that, you know," said Nicholas in a tone of expostulation. "A man can't afford to shut himself up like that, and look upon every needy fellow as a scamp."

"You can't afford it, perhaps; I can; and there, by the way, lies the trouble in the case. Rich people, surrounded with their comforts, try to make themselves more comfortable in their minds by sharing a portion of their wealth with the poor. Their dinners taste better after having fed a beggar. Their nice clothes feel better after they have given an old garment to a dead-beat, who straightway pawns it for rum. Society cannot afford to have the vice of pauperism nourished for the small compensation of gratifying the benevolent impulses of the rich. Does pauperism grow less with their giving? Is it not becoming, with every benevolent effort, a great, overshadowing curse? Pauperism grows by what it feeds on, and it feeds on the benevolence of the rich, and on benevolence which, like some of our Christianity, is fashionable."

An aggressive person like Glezen was the only power that could close the mouth of Mrs. Coates. She was so thrown out of her accustomed line of thought, which ran among commonplaces and conventionalities and popular currents of opinion that, to be met by a decided and persistent protest, from one who seemed, at least, to know what he was talking about, was equivalent to being cut off from her supplies and finding an abattis in her pathway. Like a good many "old women of both sexes," theological and otherwise, she could not quite comprehend how a man could oppose the orthodox opinion upon any subject, unless there was a screw loose in his moralities.

Mr. Coates was happy, too happy, even, to attempt to talk. The study of the faces before him—the horror of Mrs. Coates, the perplexity of Nicholas, and the half comical, half doubtful expression upon his

daughter's features, afforded him a sort of grim entertainment, for he sympathized wholly in Glezen's opinions, and could have hugged him for saying so well what he had felt to be the truth for many years.

Miss Coates had a burden upon her heart, and it would have been most unlike her to conceal it. Her eyes were half filled with tears (for she had been a patient and enthusiastic worker among the poor) as she turned to Glezen and said:

"Notwithstanding all, Mr. Glezen, there are worthy and truthful poor people who need our help, and have a Christian claim upon our Christian benevolence. There are little children who cannot help themselves, even if they would, who are to be educated and clothed and fed. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' Sometimes, when I have been discouraged with my work, I have thought of this; and I wonder now whether you and the Master would quite agree on this matter of charity. Almost every year I hear of some poor mother who, with her little ones, has starved to death for the lack of the bread which it would have been so easy for us to give, and it seems terrible."

Glezen was touched. "I don't think you and I disagree on this matter," he said. "God forbid that I should deny the bread that keeps body and soul together, to even an unworthy woman. I would give her work to do, however, and try to foster and not kill her sense of womanly independence. If she is sick, I would send her to a hospital. As for the children, I would educate them and put them to work. I never hear, however, of a woman who starves with her children, rather than to descend into pauperism, without feeling as if I would like to fall down and worship the poor emaciated body she leaves behind her. She has realized what pauperism is, and has preferred death for herself and her little ones. Such a woman is a true heroine, who deserves a monument. All that I insist on is this, that there is no cure for a genuine able-bodied pauper but pain. It is the only motive that will make him earn his living. Beyond that, there is no cure for pauperism but to stop raising and nursing paupers. The law ought to take every child of a pauper, and put him where he will be in no danger of becoming a pauper. It is a matter that ought not to be left to competing schemes of benevolence. I tell you the whole thing is rotten to the bottom."

"I shall have to take you around with me next winter, and convert you," said Miss Coates, with a smile.

"I'll go with you," said Glezen, extending his hand in token of his willingness to confirm the bargain; and the bargain was confirmed.

The dinner ended, all retired to the drawing-room. There stood the open piano, and the temptation presented to Glezen was irresistible. He sat down and played, in his magnificent way, whatever came into his mind. Miss Coates, who had studied him during his talk at the table, and been in no little perplexity about him, found in music a point of sympathy which, in a moment, made her wholly at home with him. She drew a chair to the piano, and they talked of music together, while his hands, as if they needed neither direction nor attention, swept the keys through changing themes of harmony. Both forgot at once that, besides themselves, there was another human being in the house. Glezen saw a piece of music behind the rack, and took it out. It was a song, and as he finished the introduction, Miss Coates rose to her feet, and sang. When the song was concluded, Glezen shouted "Bravo!" It was wonderful how quickly these two persons had become intimate friends. Music was a language which both understood, and about which they had no differences.

Mrs. Coates, meantime, had arrived at a new apprehension of Glezen's value. He could help to show off Jenny to Nicholas. For that all-important purpose, she could tolerate him; and as he and Jenny went on, from one triumph to another, she even thought that if he were not poor, and Nicholas were hopelessly tied to a victim of the numb palsy, she might consent to an arrangement which—but this was only a suggestion.

She drew her chair to the side of Nicholas, with the benevolent purpose of assisting him to a proper appreciation of her daughter's gifts and accomplishments. She did this in a low tone of voice, so as not to embarrass the performances, but she was not entirely beyond the hearing of her husband.

"Jenny has had the best advantages," said Mrs. Coates. "A hundred dollars a quarter—quarter after quarter—with the best of teachers, and such troubles as I've had with them fellows! They was always getting attached, and making fools of themselves over Jenny, and bothering her life out of

her. I knew it was the loaves and fishes that they were after, but I give 'em to understand that there wasn't any loaves and fishes for 'em in these parts! What do you think I saw in this very room one morning, as plain as I see you now? I heard the piano stop, and so I just walked in,—for I was always on the lookout for dangers,—and found a man on his knees by Jenny's side, a pretending that he couldn't see the notes so high up. 'Get up,' says I to him. Says he, 'Mrs. Coates, I can't see the notes when I'm standing.' Says I to him, 'I understand the kind of notes you are trying to see. Get up,' says I, 'and resume the position which your Maker intended you to occupy.' Says I, 'You are paid by the quarter, and a hundred dollars a quarter is all you'll get in this house.' Oh, you never see a man so cut up as he was."

Mr. Coates had heard it all, and gave signs of a characteristic explosion.

"M—Mrs. C—Coates," said he, "b—buys everything by the q—quarter, and c—cuts it up to suit herself."

"Well, I cut him up to suit myself, anyway," said Mrs. Coates, with a decided and triumphant air.

"Y—yes," said Mr. Coates, "she was afraid he'd d—damage the sh—in bone."

Nicholas, who had kept himself under the severest restraint during the evening, was obliged to yield to this, and could not withhold his laughter; but he was compelled to sit for an hour and hear the easy-going tongue of his hostess ring the changes upon Jenny's perfections, and the costly sacrifices which had been made in the long process of their acquisition.

At last, he went to Glezen and tapped him on the shoulder, by way of hinting that it was time for them to make their adieus.

On the whole, they had had a pleasant evening, and matters had taken exactly the turn that Nicholas would have desired. His friend Glezen had been drawn into serious talk, and though the opinions he advanced were not in harmony with his own, he had impressed himself upon the family as one who not only had opinions, but possessed as well both the boldness and the ability to express them. Above all, he had seen a point of delightful sympathy established between him and Miss Coates, which could not fail to bring them together again.

Glezen was delighted—particularly so with the old man and his daughter. Scenes that to Nicholas were full of embarrassment were to Glezen as good as a play.

"Do you know," he said to Nicholas, "I wouldn't have one of those people changed by so much as the shading of a hair. The old man is a dry old wag that I should never tire of; the old woman is an inexhaustible mine of the most uncommon foolishness, and ——"

"And what of the daughter?"

"Well, I wont talk about her, I guess. But doesn't she sing well? And isn't the combination the most remarkable you ever dreamed of? I believe I should like to live in that family. Every meal would be a comedy."

"And to me," said Nicholas, "it would be a torture."

"Yes, there's the difference."

They were walking arm in arm, Glezen accompanying Nicholas to his hotel.

"Do you know you have given me a tremendous set-back to-night?" said Nicholas.

"I did not intend to do it. You know that if anybody in the world has reason to sympathize with the poor, it is I. But I have come to my own conclusions, and I hope you'll take nothing on trust, and come to yours. There's an admirable field for study here, and you have the means to indulge in it. Come and try it, and I'll help you all I can."

The next morning Nicholas devoted to business and to calls, the last of which was given to Miss Larkin, to whom he imparted his impressions of the dinner at the Coates', with the hopes he had built upon the introduction of his friend Glezen to Miss Coates. They talked of this and of his plans for the autumn and winter, and then he went home to dream of a season of labors and companionships the most delightful that anticipation had ever presented to him.

"I must say that I can't make anything out of that Glezen," said Mrs. Coates, shaking her head after his departure. "A lawyer who can play the piano seems to me like a—like a—contradiction of terms. I don't believe he'll ever be worth a red cent. I should never feel as if I could consent ——"

"Mother!" exclaimed Jenny, who had a presentiment of what was coming next.

Father and daughter exchanged pleasant and significant glances.

"Oh, you may look at each other, but that is the way I feel now," said Mrs. Coates; "and it's what mothers have to consider sooner or later"—as if she had considered anything else for the previous five years.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE remainder of the summer passed swiftly away, and the autumn found Nicholas in the city, installed in apartments not far from the lodgings of his friend. The house at Ottercliff was closed, or only occupied for protection. Mrs. Fleming went to her friends for the season, and Pont was with his master. Among the young people with whom our story has made the reader acquainted, there were consultations at various times and places, about a winter campaign of benevolence, which was to be entered upon with the onset of cold weather. Nicholas came and went at liberty, in his calls upon Miss Larkin, and always found himself treated by the servants with almost an obsequious consideration. Glezen, for the first time, was full of business. He found a valuable friend in Mr. Coates, who, having taken a fancy to him, threw a large amount of professional work in his way—work which, unhappily for the country, grew more abundant with every passing month, for it had entered upon a period of financial depression which was destined to shake every man's foundation to the lowest stone, and to level vast multitudes and vast fortunes in a common ruin.

Mr. Benson had seen the cloud arise. At first it was no bigger than a man's hand, but it was large enough to attract his eye, and he comprehended the nature of the menace that it bore, as it rose higher and spread itself more broadly in the public view. It was time for him, and for all men, to trim their sails and prepare for the approaching storm; but the reluctance to make sacrifices acted upon him as it did upon others, and he resorted to temporizing expedients. He had invested the money that had been confided to his hands in real estate, held at inflated values, and in bonds whose soundness was undoubted when they were purchased, but which began to shake in the market. The poor who had confided to him their little all would not only need the prompt payment of their interest, but would, in many instances, demand for their necessities the return of their principal.

Mr. Benson was the president of the Poor Man's Savings Bank. He had been chosen to this responsible trust because the poor men of the city had unbounded faith in him; and he had been proud of his distinction. Some of his most self-complacent and satisfactory hours he had spent every day in this institution, watching the

working men and women as they came in to deposit their savings, smiling upon them benignantly, and offering them kind and encouraging words. To see Mr. Benson, and get a kind word from him, almost paid them for their labors and self-denials; and they took away a memory of his presence and recognition as a guaranty of security.

But the time came when the savings banks began to be suspected. Runs were made upon one after another, some of which exhausted resources and shut doors, and bore faithless conductors down to infamy. But the Poor Man's Bank stood stanch and firm, for Mr. Benson was there.

An unexpected result to Mr. Benson of the disasters that had attended the savings banks, was an entirely fresh installment of private deposits. He found that poor women would trust him, even more readily than they would trust the bank over which he presided. They had ceased to have faith in institutions, and they were obliged to fasten it upon a man. Many would walk by the Poor Man's Savings Bank, and go directly to Mr. Benson's office or his house, and place their little fortunes in his hands as confidingly as if he were, at once, the incarnation of all financial wisdom and power, and all the diviner virtues. He was independent—at least that was his attitude—in the presence of his depositors. He would give no security except his note. If they were not content with this, they could take their money away. He was not anxious to extend his responsibilities at such a time; but the money was always left, and, as he would not purchase securities on a falling market, he found himself furnished with a fund of ready cash.

In his apprehensions concerning the future, and in a somewhat debased moral tone, of which even he had become dimly conscious, it did not occur to Mr. Benson that he ought to invest this money so that he himself might become secure on behalf of his depositors. He had given his notes for the money. He accounted himself, if not a rich, still, a sufficiently responsible man. So the money went into the aggregate of his available funds, to be used for any purpose that his necessity or convenience might require.

As the weeks went on, and values shrank apace, until, in real estate, they invaded the margin of his mortgages, and interest on loans and bonds was defaulted on every hand, Mr. Benson saw, with keen distress, that the fabric he had reared was tumbling about his ears. Still he was expected to

pay his interest. Not only this, but, as men ceased to earn money, they began to call for their little loans. He must either go to protest and confess himself beaten, or meet the demands as they came. He turned off some as he had already turned off Talking Tim, the pop-corn man, by telling them that their money was invested for a term of years; but many were needy and importunate, and were not to be denied. The money was in his hands. Indeed, it was accumulating day by day, and he was obliged to use it. Why should he not do so, as he was paying, or had agreed to pay, interest on it?

Of one thing he was certain; if there ever was a time when he should attend scrupulously to his duties, it was then. Perhaps he was conscious of the double motive that actuated him—perhaps not. He would do his duty by God and man, that God and man might make a fitting return. He would do his duty in the sight of men, that they might not suspect that Mr. Benson was in trouble; or, if he were, that he would employ any illegitimate or irregular means of getting out of it. He was invariably in his seat at church. His place in the weekly prayer-meeting was never vacant. He was active and influential in all the regular Christian charities. He doubled his benefactions. People spoke of him as very much "softened" by his experiences of danger and rescue, and looked upon him, howsoever "softened" he might be, as a sort of bulwark against the incoming tide of public adversity. His example was quoted as that of one who had neither lost his heart nor his head. One evening, when his affairs and prospects were looking the blackest, and he was morbidly contemplating them, and scheming for relief, his man-servant knocked at his door with the announcement that a gentleman had called, and wanted to see him.

"Do you say he is a gentleman?" inquired Mr. Benson.

"Not exactly," the servant replied with a puzzled smile. "He is a bad-looking sort of a man, but I shouldn't say he was downright poor. He has never been here before."

"You are sure of that?"

"Oh, yes, sir! I know I've never seen him before."

It was a time when Mr. Benson shrank from meeting either "gentlemen" or poor people whom he had seen before. Few of these had favors for him at this time. All

wanted something of him. This man, if a stranger, must be either a beggar or a depositor. If the former, he would make short work with him; if the latter, he had come opportunity.

"Show him up," said Mr. Benson.

He wheeled his chair around to meet the stranger, who soon appeared, hesitating to enter, and peering cautiously into the room, as if there might be others present whom he would not like to see.

"Come in, come in, sir!" said Mr. Benson in his quick, business tone.

The man entered and made a bow.

"Hope I see you well, sir," he said, and stood waiting for an invitation to sit down.

Mr. Benson looked him up and down and all over. A huge, hulking fellow he was, comfortably dressed enough, but carrying a pair of restless, suspicious eyes in a villainous, grizzly face. There was a hang-dog expression in his whole personality which no amount of the easy bravado that he endeavored to assume could dissemble. Mr. Benson, with his quick instinct and practiced eye, knew at once that the man was a dangerous and desperate rogue. He could not guess his business, but he was on his guard, and determined to let the fellow come to his errand at his leisure.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you? What brought you to me?"

"I'm a-comin' to it in my own way," replied the man, doggedly.

"Very well, I'll hear you."

"I'm a-comin' to it in my own way. 'He's a hard worker and a slow saver'—that's what the boys say about Captain Hank, which it is the name they call me. 'He's a hard worker and a slow saver, but what he saves he lays up, an' he knows where it is, and he asks no questions of nobody, an' he takes what comes of it'—that's what the boys say about Captain Hank."

"Well?"

"An' he asks no questions," said the man. "There's a rule for you. Eh? Pretty good rule, aint it? Eh?"

"That depends ——" said Mr. Benson.

"No, it don't depend," said the man huskily, bringing his fist down upon his knee. "You're all right; I'm all right. Eh? How's that? Ef a feller should come in here, as we're a-sittin' and attendin' to our business in a reg'lar way, and should say, 'Captain Hank, you aint all right, and the General aint all right,' I should tell 'im to git ready to swaller 'is teeth. Eh? I should tell 'im that I'm a hard-workin' an'

a slow-savin' man, who don't take no odds of nobody. Eh?"

"Well, Captain Hank,—if that's your name,—this isn't business, you know," said Mr. Benson with a faint and deprecating smile.

"An' ef a feller should come in here where we're a-sittin' an' doin' our business in a reg'lar way an' tell me that my name wasn't Captain Hank, I should break 'is jaw for 'im. Eh?"

The harsh, brutal bully was a strange presence in Mr. Benson's library. Every word he uttered grated on the model man's sensibilities, but he preserved an appearance of good-nature, and determined to see the matter through, to whatever end it might lead.

"Captain Hank don't trust nobody," continued the man, "and when a feller mixes into his business, he jest follers 'im. Eh? That's right, aint it?"

"That depends ——" said Mr. Benson again.

"No, it don't depend. That's where you're wrong. It don't depend. Now, what do you s'pose a hard-workin' and a slow-savin' man like me would do with his money—a man as trusts nobody? What would he do with it, eh? What would he naturally do with it? There's a question, now—a man as works hard and saves slow, and trusts nobody. Eh?"

"I'm sure I don't know,—keep it in his pocket, perhaps," said Mr. Benson.

"There's where you're wrong. He wouldn't do it. You wouldn't do that yourself. You know you wouldn't. Eh?"

"Then perhaps you'll inform me," said Mr. Benson, beginning to fidget in his chair.

"A hard worker and a slow saver puts his money into a bond," said Captain Hank, in measured words—"into a bond as draws interest from cowpons. Then he knows where it is, and it's nobody's business and no questions asked."

"Well, you have a bond, I suppose," said Mr. Benson.

"Did I say I had a bond? Eh?" inquired Captain Hank.

"No, you didn't say so. I took it for granted."

"When I say I've got a bond, it will be time enough for you to say I've got a bond. If anybody should come to me, and say: 'Captain Hank, you've got a bond,' I should drop 'im, and tell 'im that I took no odds of nobody."

"Captain Hank," said Mr. Benson, with a measure of deference for the bully before him, "you must see, I'm sure, that you are wasting my time, and that I must insist on your making known your business, and leaving me to attend to my own."

Captain Hank distinctly saw this, and a little doubtful still whether he had sufficiently impressed his interlocutor with the danger of dealing doubtfully with a man who "took no odds of nobody," proceeded to say:

"General, I'm a man as asks no favors, but I'm hard up, an' I've got a bond. I don't want to part with it, but I want to raise the needful on it—jest enough to git me through the hard times, eh? It's a good bond, and its worth a thousand of 'em, in your money or any other feller's."

"I'm not buying bonds now," said Mr. Benson.

"And I'm not a-sellin' bonds," responded Captain Hank. "Ef any feller was to say to me, 'Captain Hank, you're a-sellin' bonds,' I'd maul 'im, eh? I'd stomp on 'im, eh?"

"I haven't said you were selling bonds. You've sold none to me; and you will sell none to me," said Mr. Benson.

"That's squar'," said Captain Hank, in a complimentary tone, and then he said: "What do you say to advancin' three hundred of 'em?"

"I haven't seen your bond yet."

"You can see it in my hands. I'm a hard-workin' and slow-savin' man, as trusts nobody. 'He slaves and he saves'—that's what the boys say about Captain Hank. Captain Hank is a man as asks no questions, and takes no odds, and slaves and saves—that's what they say, and let 'em say it. I don't care who says it. Anybody can say it, eh? It aint a bad character to have, is it? Eh?"

"I shall see your bond on my table if I see it at all," said Mr. Benson, decidedly.

Captain Hank hesitated a moment, then took his hat from the floor, carefully turned the lining inside out, and discovered a long, greasy paper. This he carefully unfolded, until he reached a large clean envelope. Opening this, he held the precious bond in his hand.

"This is the dockymen," he said, "and I aint going to be hard on ye, General, but you'll parding me if I stand by you when you're a lookin' at it."

He advanced and placed it on the table before Mr. Benson, who took it in his hand, while the fellow stood closely beside him.

"It's a genuine bond," said Mr. Benson, "and a valuable one."

"In course it is," said Captain Hank. "No hard-workin' and slow-savin' man would take up with a bad bond. Would he? Eh?"

"You want three hundred dollars on it? I shall charge you extra interest. Money is at a premium now," said Mr. Benson.

"Extra and be —," growled Captain Hank. "I don't stand on extras."

Then he took his bond, put it into its envelope, and resumed his seat.

"You shall have the money," said Mr. Benson. "Excuse me a moment."

Mr. Benson went out of the room and shut the door behind him. The rogue watched him closely, but he did not notice that Mr. Benson, on opening his door, pulled out the key and took it with him. He was absent perhaps two minutes, when he returned with a package of money in his hand, from which he quietly counted out the sum that Captain Hank wanted. Then he wrote a note for Captain Hank to sign, with a memorandum that the bond was taken as collateral security.

"It's all squar', General?" said the Captain.

"All square."

The note was clumsily signed, the bond was passed into Mr. Benson's hands, and the borrower received his money, which he stowed away carefully in the place from which he had taken the bond.

"Our business is not quite completed yet," said Mr. Benson. "Sit down a moment."

When the rogue had taken his seat, Mr. Benson moved a little box at his side, and disclosed a telegraphic instrument. The man began to look suspicious, and was about to rise to his feet, when Mr. Benson raised and cocked a pistol.

"Stir, sir, and you are a dead man! I have a few things to say to you, and I choose to say them with these precautions about me. This telegraph communicates with a police office not ten rods from here. The door behind you is locked from the outside, and there are two men there who wait my bidding. If you come nearer to me, I shall not only fire upon you, but I shall touch the telegraph at the same instant. You see my finger is on the knob. Your only chance of safety is in sitting perfectly still, answering my questions, and doing what I tell you to do."

The man glared upon him like a wild

beast, and tried to get his hand into his pocket.

"If you take a pistol from your pocket, you will be in the hands of the police in one minute, so take out your hand, and show me the inside of it."

The fellow slowly and reluctantly drew out and exposed his hand. He grew pale, and his whole frame trembled as if he were in a fit of the ague.

"What do you want of me?" he said, in a husky voice, as if the muscles of his throat had been snapped, and he were speaking through their loose ends.

"I have one of your bonds; now, I want the other twenty-four. I want them all. I want them before you leave the house."

"I haint got any twenty-four bonds. I'm a hard-workin' and slow-savin' man."

"I understand all that. I know just how you work, and how you save."

"I haint got them, 'pon honor."

"You know you lie, and now you may as well understand that I have you entirely in my power, and that I'm going to have the bonds. If you resist, or hesitate until I get tired, I'll touch this knob, and have you in the lock-up within five minutes."

"My God!" exclaimed the man, grinding his teeth together with such a noise as he might have made, had Mr. Benson's bones been between them.

"You're givin' me devilish hard papers, General," said he.

"Then give the hard papers to me," said Mr. Benson, with grim humor.

"What if I do?" inquired Captain Hank.

"I shall let you go," said Mr. Benson, "and if I ever want you, I shall find you. Such a man as you are cannot possibly be unknown to the police, and I can describe you to a hair. Your future will depend very much upon yourself."

"I reckon you might share 'em with me?" suggested Captain Hank, attempting an insinuating smile.

"Do I look and act like a man who shares plunder with thieves?"

"No!" said the rogue, with a bitter oath. "You take the whole of it."

"Very well! Out with the whole of it."

"Is this honor bright? Can I git out o' that door, and have a fair start?" inquired the man.

"Yes; toss the bundle here."

The man slowly drew from his coat pocket a large package. Mr. Benson dropped his pistol, but kept his finger on the tele-

graphic instrument. Captain Hank tossed him the package, which he caught, and tore open with his free hand. Then keeping his eye on his prisoner, he counted the bonds until they were all told.

"Open the door, there!" shouted Mr. Benson.

The door flew open.

"Show this man to the street," he said to the two servants, who waited upon the outside.

He still sat with one finger on the instrument, and with his pistol within instantaneous reach, and, thus sitting, saw his visitor disappear, and heard the street door close behind him. Then he rose, walked to the library door, withdrew the key from the outside, and locked himself in. He had been under an excitement that exhausted his nervous force. He felt as if his life had been drained out of him. He threw himself upon a lounge, where he rested for half an hour, thinking over the strange scene through which he had passed.

Then he rose, went to his table, and counted again the package of bonds which had so strangely come into his possession. Whose were they? Did he know?

No, he did not know. He was sure that they were stolen bonds, that they corresponded in amount with the package taken from Nicholas on the night of the Ottercliff robbery, that they were made by the same company, and were of the same denomination. Further than this he knew nothing. What should he do with them? What proof could Nicholas give that they were his? Would he be warranted in surrendering them to him without proof? Certainly he would not.

But why had he permitted the robber to escape? Why had he compromised with crime? He had been cognizant, all through the interview, of the feeble demands of conscience, but somehow he had heard its voice afar off—too far to take hold of his determination. He had been led, as by a blind, unreasoning impulse, to get the bonds into his hands; and now that he had them, and the robber was at large, and as much interested as himself in keeping the secret of their possession, he was surprised to learn that he could not give them up willingly.

Mr. Benson had been going through a process of demoralization for several weeks. The reception of money from widows and orphans at a time when he was threatened with bankruptcy, the taking of money from helpless and confiding people, and using it

for the maintenance of his position, and the payment of his rapidly accumulating liabilities, had deadened his moral sense. He intended to pay everything. He would have been in despair if he had not supposed that in some way everything would come out right; and this firm intention was one of the motives which actuated him in the use of desperate and immoral means. He had reconciled his conscience to this action, but the process had weakened his conscience.

He had the bonds; he had paid money for them. He therefore had a certain right to them—a certain amount of property in them, and he knew of no man in the world who had the proof in his hands that they were his. It would be his duty to hold them until that proof should be presented, or he should learn that it existed.

As he paced his library, or sat down, or dropped upon the lounge, for he was as uneasy in body as he was in mind, he went through all the possibilities of the case. What if the robber, or his companion, should in some way apprise Nicholas of the facts? They could do it by an anonymous letter. Then he could give up the package, and win credit from the operation. He could manage that. What if Nicholas should find the record of their numbers, and advertise it? He could manage that in the same way. What if he should use the bonds? But he would not sell them. That would be essential theft, and he was far from that, he thought, although he had been doing every day that which might turn out to be theft, and that which threatened to be theft. But he could use them in the right place, as collateral security for the money he should need. In that way, he could, at least, reimburse himself for the money he had expended, and still have the bonds where he could lay his hands on them at a moment's notice. On the whole, it seemed best to keep them in his hands for a while, and he felt justified in doing so.

So he carefully placed them in his safe. He had no thought of stealing them,—not he,—but they were his to hold for the present, and to use in any way which would not endanger their loss. Whenever the owner should come with his proofs of ownership, he should have them.

During all the evening—in its excitements as well as its silences—he had been conscious that there was company in Miss Larkin's parlor. The occurrence was not an unusual one, and he gave it little thought. She had many friends, and they came and went freely.

They were young people mainly, in whom he had no interest; but on that evening he wondered who they were, suspecting, doubtless, that there might be one among them who unconsciously had acquired a new interest in him.

In the silence of the library, he heard voices in the hall, and knew that these visitors were taking their leave. He rose from his chair quietly, walked to his door, opened it, and listened. Then he walked out and looked down the stair-way. At the moment his head appeared, Nicholas looked up, and bade him good evening. Glezen and Miss Coates were just going out.

"By the way, Mr. Benson," said Nicholas, from the foot of the staircase, "have you a few minutes to spare to me?"

"Certainly," Mr. Benson replied. "Come up."

After Mr. Benson, quite in his accustomed way, had led Nicholas to his library, and given him a chair, uttering some commonplace about the weather, he took a distant seat.

"Are you quite well, Mr. Benson?" said his caller.

"Quite so, I thank you."

"You seem paler to me than usual."

"Very likely. One may say that the times are not tributary to the highest health. I have many responsibilities, and, of course, many anxieties."

"I am sorry for you," said Nicholas, sincerely.

Mr. Benson gave a deprecating smile as he responded:

"I can hardly regard myself as an object of pity, yet I may become so. Nobody knows nowadays to what twenty-four hours may bring him."

"I didn't intend any offense," said Nicholas.

"You have given none, sir. A business man takes what comes, and makes the best of it."

Mr. Benson could not guess what Nicholas wanted of him, but he had a very definite idea of what he wanted of Nicholas.

"I have been thinking a good deal about you lately," said Mr. Benson,—"about that robbery, you know. I hope the loss of your bonds does not embarrass you?"

"Not materially."

"No clew yet to the robbers, or the bonds, I suppose?"

"Not the slightest."

"Are you doing anything?"

"There's nothing to be done. The police have the matter in hand, but they'll do

nothing. They only make a great show of effort, for the sake of getting money out of me."

" You have found nothing of the record, I suppose ? "

" No ; it seems to be hopelessly lost."

" Pity ! "

" Yes, but it can't be helped. I believe Mr. Gold feels worse about it than I do."

" I should think he would. Indeed, I should think he would," said Mr. Benson, with indignant and disgusted emphasis. " Now, it may seem strange to you, but I have a sort of presentiment that you are going to find those bonds. I've had a fellow in here to-night who is just as likely to have been the robber as anybody. A more villainous and truculent fellow I never met. But the trouble is, that you cannot swear to the bonds if you find them. There's your difficulty, and it seems insuperable."

What special pleasure Mr. Benson had in raising the hopes of the young man, and then dampening them ; why he should hover around the edges of his guilty secret ; why he should rejoice in knowledge which proved him to be a villain, it would be hard to tell ; but he had the strongest temptation to tantalize his victim, to glory in his own possession, and to play upon the young man's ignorance. He could make it all right, if occasion should ever come, and refer to his pleasantries with a laugh. It would be such a nice thing to laugh over !

" You wish to see me on business ? " he inquired.

" Yes," and Nicholas hesitated.

" You are not in trouble ? "

" No ; I have been trying to help a man out of trouble," said Nicholas. " You remember the man whom they call Talking Tim—the pop-corn man ? "

" Yes, and a troublesome fellow he is."

" Well, he has been in cruel straits. His family have been ill, and have kept him at home, so that he could not earn money, and he and his have really wanted bread. He would die, I verily believe, rather than beg. I happened to know of his troubles, and—well—I bought a note which he holds against you. He needed the money, and said that you would not pay him, excusing yourself on the ground that his money was invested for a term of years."

Mr. Benson was angry ; his face flushed, his lips trembled, and his voice was bitter, as he said :

" So you are buying up my notes in the street, are you ? "

Both these men, having had time to cool after the altercation which engaged them at their last meeting, had determined that in case they should meet again, they would treat each other well. Mr. Benson saw that he could make nothing out of Nicholas by losing his temper, or endeavoring imperiously to assert his will, and intended to let him alone. Nicholas, too, had been so well received at the house, and had enjoyed himself so freely there, that he wished to show Mr. Benson that he was not angry, and that he could ignore any differences that might exist between them. His first available opportunity came when Mr. Benson presented himself at the top of the staircase that evening, and he had followed him to his library, bent upon a pleasant interview.

So when Mr. Benson put his question in tones of angry irritation, both men were surprised and sorry. Mr. Benson learned that he had lost his old self-control, and Nicholas found his spirit rising to meet the insult. Mr. Benson was sensitive to the fact that he had not done his duty toward Talking Tim, and was angered to think that the young man had done it for him. It was a rebuke, and the note in question was in hands that could enforce payment.

" So you are buying up my notes in the street, are you ? "

The angry sneer that accompanied the question, more than the question itself, stirred the temper of the young man who responded with a flushing face :

" I am, sir. I have bought one of them, at least."

" Well sir, I take it as an insult."

" You are quite at liberty to take it for what you choose, and as you please. I don't propose to see a worthy man starve, because you refuse to do your duty."

" When do you expect to get your money on this note ? "

" Well, sir, I expect to get it to-night. I did not come to your library to make any demand upon you, I only came to tell you that I hold the note. You receive the news angrily, and with such courtesy that you compel me to demand the payment before I leave the room. I do not choose to take the risk of a second interview."

" Humph! Yes! I think I understand now what your business is in the city. You are beginning sharply. How heavy a shave did you charge our indigent friend, now? Perhaps you can teach me something."

" No, Mr. Benson," responded Nicholas,

"I can teach you nothing, except, perhaps, that unreasonable anger will be of no use to you in dealing with me. I have had none but good motives in this business toward the man I have tried to help, or toward you; and you have no right to take me up in this way."

Mr. Benson sat and thought. He knew that he was at fault, and that half of his irritability rose from that fact. But there was something else, and his tongue could not withhold it.

"And you didn't think," he said, "before you paid Talking Tim his money, that you had a certain power over Mr. Benson, and that you could get out of him what he could not? You didn't think of that, did you?"

Nicholas faltered, reddened, and then said, defiantly:

"Yes, I did!"

"I knew you did. I knew you did. And you talk to me about none but good motives! Faugh! Give me your note."

Nicholas handed it to him. He looked at its amount, then coolly tore it into pieces, which he tossed upon the floor.

"Now what will you do, sir?"

"I will prosecute you as a thief, and publish you as a rascal."

"You will have a pleasant time of it, Mr. Minturn. Prosecute if you wish to. You are without witnesses. Publish if you can. There is not a newspaper in New York that would risk the publication of your statement. Who are you?"

The instincts of Nicholas were keen enough to see that this was a bit of machinery for bringing him into subjection. He knew that Mr. Benson would not dare to do otherwise than pay the note, but he was not in the mood for being fooled with, or practiced upon. He left his chair quickly and advanced toward Mr. Benson, who rose as if to defend himself, but who let his hand fall, when he perceived that Nicholas had no intention to attack him.

Nicholas, as he neared the table, placed his feet upon the principal portions of the scattered note, then reached out quickly and touched the knob of the telegraphic instrument.

"My God! What have you done?" exclaimed Mr. Benson.

"You told me I had no witnesses. I thought I would summon one while the fragments of the note lie on the floor and my feet cover them."

"But I didn't intend ——"

"I know it. Now write the cheque.

You know the sum—with interest from last July. I'll stop the policeman at the door. Take your time, and I'll protect you from all harm."

Mr. Benson did not delay. He took down his cheque-book, cast his interest almost instantaneously, and Nicholas had the paper in his hand before the policeman rang. Then he bade Mr. Benson good-night, met and dismissed the officer in the hall, and followed him into the street.

Mr. Benson had sacrificed his discretion and his dignity in a childish attempt to scare Nicholas and get him where he could handle him. The end of it all, as with deep humiliation and conscious loss of manhood and prestige, he comprehended it, was, that he was more hopelessly in the hands of Nicholas than he had been hitherto.

"My God! my God! what have I done?" he exclaimed, as the door closed which shut Nicholas out for the night. "Who am I? What am I becoming? Where is all this to end? Am I so weak, so base, that I can be handled and controlled and spit upon by a boy?"

He was conscious of the voice within him; he was conscious of the eye above him. The former had been raised to a fierce, spasmodic utterance; the latter looked upon him with calm and pitying reproof.

Then he sank to his knees, and buried his face in the pillows of his lounge.

"O God! spare me from becoming untrue to myself and thee! I have not intended to be untrue. I will restore the bonds in good time. He has no proof that they are his. I cannot give them to him now, but if they are his, he shall have them. I have been tempted. I have been tried. Remember that I am dust!"

He talked to God and to his conscience alternately. He made his promises to one and then to the other. He struggled with his remorse. He fought impotently with what seemed to be a necessity. He could not even wish that the fatal package had not come into his hands. He could not wish to surrender it, although he believed himself firm in the intent to do so. In this intent he took his refuge. It was the only one that he found open to him. It was the only one in which his conscience could find peace, or his self-respect an asylum of safety.

The fatigues and excitements of the day assured him profound sleep, and on the following morning he awoke refreshed and self-possessed, but he found that his heart

was bitter toward Nicholas, who had handled him in his own house just as he had handled the thief. He found that he was pitying himself, and was cherishing a feeling of resentment against the young man. The bonds could lie where they

were for the present, at least. He could not afford to give their owner the joy of their restoration. Nicholas deserved punishment, and he should have it in some way that did not involve the guilt of Benjamin Benson.

(To be continued.)

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### APRIL.

APRIL, at its best, is the tenderest of tender salads. Its type is the first spear of grass. The senses—sight, hearing, smell—are as hungry for its delicate and almost spiritual tokens, as the cattle are for the first bite of its fields. How it touches one and makes him both glad and sad! The voices of the arriving birds, the migrating fowls, the clouds of pigeons sweeping across the sky or filling the woods, the elfin horn of the first honey-bee venturing abroad in the middle of the day, the clear piping of the little frogs in the marshes at sundown, the camp-fire in the sugar-bush, the smoke seen afar rising over the trees, the tinge of green that comes so suddenly on the sunny knolls and slopes, the full translucent streams, the waxing and warming sun,—how these things and others like them are noted by the eager eye and ear! April is my natal month, and I am born again into new delights and new surprises at each return of it. Its name has an indescribable charm to me. Its two syllables are like the calls of the first birds—like that of the Phoebe-bird, or of the meadow-lark. Its very snows are fertilizing, and are called the poor man's manure.

Then its odors! I am thrilled by its fresh and indescribable odors—the perfume of the bursting sod, of the quickened roots and rootlets, of the mold under the leaves, of the fresh furrows. No other month has odors like it. The west wind the other day came fraught with a perfume that was to the sense of smell what a wild and delicate strain of music is to the ear. It was almost transcendental. I walked across the hill with my nose in the air taking it in. It lasted for two days. I imagined it came from the willows of a distant swamp, whose catkins were affording the bees their first pollen,—or did it come from much farther—from beyond the horizon, the accumulated breath of innumerable farms and budding forests? The main characteristic of these April odors is

their uncloying freshness. They are not sweet, they are often bitter, they are penetrating and lyrical. I know well the odors of May and June, of the world of meadows and orchards bursting into bloom, but they are not so ineffable and immaterial and so stimulating to the sense as the incense of April.

The season of which I speak does not correspond with the April of the almanac in all sections of our vast geography. It answers to March in Virginia and Maryland, while in parts of New York and New England it laps well over into May. It begins when the partridge drums, when the hylas pipes, when the shad start up the rivers, when the grass greens in the spring runs, and it ends when the leaves are unfolding and the last snow-flake dissolves in mid-air. It is the first of May when the first swallow appears, when the whip-poor-will is heard, when the wood-thrush sings, but it is April as long as there is snow upon the mountains, no matter what the almanac may say. Our April is, in fact, a kind of Alpine summer, full of such contrasts and touches of wild, delicate beauty as no other season affords. The deluded citizen fancies there is nothing enjoyable in the country till June, and so misses the freshest, tenderest part. It is as if one should miss strawberries and begin his fruit eating with melons and peaches. These last are good—supremely so, they are melting and luscious, but nothing so thrills and penetrates the taste and wakes up and teases the papillæ of the tongue as the uncloying strawberry. What midsummer sweetness half so distracting as its brisk sub-acid flavor, and what splendor of full-leaved June can stir the blood like the best of leafless April?

One characteristic April feature, and one that delights me very much, is the perfect emerald of the spring runs while the fields are yet brown and sere,—strips and patches of the most vivid velvet green on the slopes and in the valleys. How the eye grazes there

and is filled and refreshed! I had forgotten what a marked feature this was until I recently rode in an open wagon for three days through a mountainous, pastoral country, remarkable for its fine springs. Those delicious green patches are yet in my eye. The fountains flowed with May. Where no springs occurred, there were hints and suggestions of springs about the fields and by the road-side in the freshened grass—sometimes overflowing a space in the form of an actual fountain. The water did not quite get to the surface in such places, but sent its influence.

The fields of wheat and rye, too, how they stand out of the April landscape—great green squares on a field of brown or gray!

Then is there anything like a perfect April morning? One hardly knows what the sentiment of it is, but it is something very delicious. It is youth and hope. It is a new earth and a new sky. How the air transmits sounds, and what an awakening, prophetic character all sounds have! The distant barking of a dog, or the lowing of a cow, or the crowing of a cock, seems from out the heart of nature and to be a call to come forth. The great sun appears to have been reburnished, and there is something in his first glance above the eastern hills and the way his eye-beams dart right and left and smite the rugged mountains into gold, that quickens the pulse and inspires the heart.

Across the fields in the early morning, I hear some of the rarer April birds—the cheewink and the brown thrasher. The robin, bluebird, song-sparrow, Pheebe-bird, etc., come in March; but these two ground birds are seldom heard till toward the last of April. The ground birds are all tree-singers, or air-singers; they must have an elevated stage to speak from. Our long-tailed thrush, or thrasher, like its congeners, the cat-bird and mocking-bird, delights in a high branch of some solitary tree whence it will pour out its rich and intricate warble for an hour together. This bird is the great American chipper. There is no other bird that I know of that can chip with such emphasis and military decision as this yellow-eyed songster. It is like the click of a giant gun-lock. Why is the thrasher so stealthy? It always seems to be going about on tiptoe. I never knew it to steal anything, and yet it skulks and hides like a fugitive from justice. One never sees it flying aloft in the air and traversing the world openly, like most birds, but it darts along fences and through bushes

as if pursued by a guilty conscience. Only when the musical fit is upon it does it come up into full view, and invite the world to hear and behold.

The cheewink is a shy bird also, but not stealthy. It is very inquisitive, and sets up a great scratching among the leaves, apparently to attract your attention. The male is perhaps the most conspicuously marked of all the ground birds except the bobolink, being black above, bay on the sides, and white beneath. The bay is in complement to the leaves he is forever scratching among,—they have rustled against his breast and sides so long that these parts have taken their color; but whence come the white and black? The bird seems to be aware that his color betrays him, for there are few birds in the woods so careful about keeping themselves screened from view. When in song, its favorite perch is the top of some high bush near to cover. On being disturbed at such times it pitches down into the brush and is instantly lost to view.

This is the bird that Thomas Jefferson wrote to Wilson about, greatly exciting the latter's curiosity. Wilson was just then upon the threshold of his career as an ornithologist, and had made a drawing of the Canada jay which he sent to the President. It was a new bird, and, in reply, Jefferson called his attention to a "curious bird" which was everywhere to be heard, but scarcely ever to be seen. He had for twenty years interested the young sportsmen of his neighborhood to shoot one for him, but without success. "It is in all the forests, from spring to fall;" he says, in his letter, "and never but on the tops of the tallest trees, from which it perpetually serenades us with some of the sweetest notes, and as clear as those of the nightingale. I have followed it for miles, without ever but once getting a good view of it. It is of the size and make of the mocking-bird, lightly thrush-colored on the back, and a grayish white on the breast and belly. Mr. Randolph, my son-in-law, was in possession of one which had been shot by a neighbor," etc. Randolph pronounced it a fly-catcher, which was a good way wide of the mark. Jefferson must have seen only the female, after all his tramp, from his description of the color, but he was doubtless following his own great thoughts more than the bird, else he would have had an earlier view. The bird was not a new one, but was well-known then as the ground-robin. The President put Wilson on the wrong scent by his erroneous descrip-

tion, and it was a long time before the latter got at the truth of the case. But Jefferson's letter is a good sample of those which specialists often receive from intelligent persons who have seen or heard something in their line, very curious, or entirely new, and who set the man of science agog by a description of the supposed novelty,—a description that generally fits the facts of the case about as well as your coat fits the chair-back. Strange and curious things in the air, and in the water, and in the earth beneath, are seen every day except by those who are looking for them, namely, the naturalists. When Wilson or Audubon gets his eye on the unknown bird, the illusion vanishes, and your phenomenon turns out to be one of the commonplaces of the fields or woods.

A prominent April bird that one does not have to go to the woods or away from his own door to see and hear, is the hardy and ever-welcome meadow-lark. What a twang there is about this bird, and what vigor! It smacks of the soil. It is the winged embodiment of the spirit of our spring meadows. What emphasis in its "z-d-t, z-d-t," and what character in its long, piercing note. Its straight, tapering, sharp beak is typical of its voice. Its note goes like a shaft from a cross-bow; it is a little too sharp and piercing when near at hand, but heard in the proper perspective, it is eminently melodious and pleasing. It is one of the major notes of the fields at this season. In fact, it easily dominates all others. "Spring o' the year! spring o' the year!" it says, with a long-drawn breath, a little plaintive, but not complaining, or melancholy. At times it indulges in something much more intricate and lark-like while hovering on the wing in mid-air, but a song is beyond the compass of its instrument, and the attempt usually ends in a break-down. A clear, sweet, strong, high-keyed note uttered from some knoll, or rock, or stake in the fence, is its proper vocal performance. It has the build, and walk, and flight of the quail and the grouse. It gets up before you in much the same manner, and falls an easy prey to the crack shot. Its yellow breast, surmounted by a black crescent, it need not be ashamed to turn to the morning sun, while its mottled gray back blends it perfectly with the stubble.

The two lateral white quills in its tail seem strictly in character. These quills spring from a dash of scorn and defiance in the bird's make-up. By the aid of these, it can almost emit a flash as it struts about the fields and jerks out its sharp notes. They

give a rayed, a definite and piquant expression to its movements. This bird is not properly a lark, but a starling, say the ornithologists, though it is lark-like in its habits, being a walker and entirely a ground-bird. Its color also allies it to the true lark. I believe there is no bird in the English or European fields that answers to this hardy pedestrian of our meadows. He is a true American, and his note one of our characteristic April sounds.

Another marked April note, proceeding sometimes from the meadows, but more frequently from the rough pastures and borders of the woods, is the call of the high-hole, or golden-shafted wood-pecker. It is quite as strong as that of the meadow-lark, but not so long-drawn and piercing. It is a succession of short notes rapidly uttered, as if the bird said, "if-if-if-if-if-if." The note of the ordinary downy, or hairy wood-pecker, suggests, in some way, the sound of a steel punch; but that of the high-hole is much softer, and strikes on the ear with real spring-time melody. The high-hole is not so much a wood-pecker as he is a ground-pecker. He subsists largely on ants and crickets, and does not appear till they are to be found.

In Solomon's description of spring, the voice of the turtle is prominent, but our turtle, or mourning dove, though it arrives in April, can hardly be said to contribute noticeably to the open-air sounds. Its call is so vague, and soft, and mournful,—in fact, so remote and diffused, that few persons ever hear it at all.

Such songsters as the cow blackbird are noticeable at this season, though they take a back seat a little later. It utters a peculiarly liquid April sound. Indeed, one would think its crop was full of water, its notes so bubble up and regurgitate, and are delivered with such an apparent stomachic contraction. This bird is the only feathered polygamist we have. The females are greatly in excess of the males, and the latter are usually attended by three or four of the former. As soon as the other birds begin to build, they are on the *qui vive*, prowling about like gypsies, not to steal the young of others, but to steal their eggs into other birds' nests, and so shirk the labor and responsibility of hatching and rearing their own young. As these birds do not mate, and as therefore there can be little or no rivalry or competition between the males, one wonders—in view of Darwin's sexual selection principle—why one sex should have brighter and

richer plumage than the other, which is the fact. The males are easily distinguished from dull and faded females by their deep, glossy, black coats.

The April of English literature corresponds nearly to our May. In Great Britain, the swallow and the cuckoo arrive in April; with us, their appearance is several weeks later. Our April, at its best, is a bright, laughing face under a hood of snow like the English March, but presenting sharper contrasts, a greater mixture of smiles and tears and icy looks than are known to our ancestral climate. Indeed, winter sometimes retraces his steps in this month, and unburdens himself of the snows that the previous cold has kept back; but we are always sure of a number of radiant, equable days—days that go before the bud, when the sun embraces the earth with fervor and determination. How his beams pour into the woods till the mold under the leaves is warm and emits an odor! The waters glint and sparkle, the birds gather in groups, and even those unwont to sing find a voice. On the streets of the cities, what a flutter, what bright looks and gay colors! I recall one pre-eminent day of this kind last April. I made a note of it in my note-book. The earth seemed suddenly to emerge from a wilderness of clouds and chilliness into one of these blue sunlit spaces. How the voyagers rejoiced! Invalids came forth, old men sauntered down the street, stocks went up, and the political outlook brightened.

Such days bring out the last of the hibernating animals. The woodchuck unrolls and creeps out of his den to see if his clover has started yet. The torpidity leaves the snakes and the turtles, and they come forth and bask in the sun. Nothing so small, nothing so great, that it does not respond to these celestial spring days, and give the pendulum of life a fresh start.

April is also the month of the new furrow. As soon as the frost is gone and the ground settled, the plow is started upon the hill, and at each bout I see its brightened mold-board flash in the sun. Where the last remnants of the snow-drift lingered yesterday the plow breaks the sod to-day. Where the drift was deepest the grass is pressed flat, and there is a deposit of sand and earth blown from the fields to windward. Line upon line the turf is reversed, until there stands out of the neutral landscape a ruddy square visible for miles, or until the breasts of the broad hills glow like the robins.

There is no month oftener on the tongues

of the poets than April. It is the initiative month; it opens the door of the seasons; the interest and expectations of the untried, the untasted lurk in it.

"From you have I been absent in the Spring," says Shakspere in one of his sonnets:

"When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim  
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,  
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him."

The following poem from Tennyson's "In Memoriam," might be headed "April," and serve as descriptive of parts of our season:

"Now fades the last long streak of snow,  
Now bourgeons every maze of quick  
About the flowering squares, and thick  
By ashen roots the violets blow.

"Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
And drowned in yonder living blue  
The lark becomes a sightless song.

"Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,  
The flocks are whiter down the vale,  
And milkier every milky sail  
On winding stream or distant sea;

"Where now the sea-mew pipes, or dives  
In yonder greening gleam, and fly  
The happy birds, that change their sky  
To build and brood; that live their lives

"From land to land; and in my breast  
Spring wakens too; and my regret  
Becomes an April violet,  
And buds and blossoms like the rest."

In the same poem the poet asks:

"Can trouble live with April days?"

yet they are not all jubilant chords that this season awakens. Occasionally there is an undertone of vague longing and sadness, akin to that which one experiences in the fall. Hope for a moment assumes the attitude of memory and stands with reverted look. The haze that in spring as well as in fall sometimes descends and envelops all things, has in it in some way the sentiment of music, of melody, and awakens pensive thoughts. Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen, in her "April," has recognized and fully expressed this feeling:

"The strange, sweet days are here again  
The happy-mourful days;  
The songs which trembled on our lips  
Are half complaint, half praise.

"Swing, robin, on the budded sprays,  
And sing your blithest tune;—  
Help us across these homesick days  
Into the joy of June!"

This poet has also given a touch of spring in her "March," which, however, should be written "May" in the New England climate.

"The brown buds thicken on the trees,  
Unbound, the free streams sing,  
As March leads forth across the leas  
The wild and windy spring."

"Where in the fields the melted snow  
Leaves hollows warm and wet,  
Ere many days will sweetly blow  
The first blue violet."

Then who would not have a garden in April?—to rake together the rubbish and burn it up, to turn over the renewed soil, to scatter the rich compost, to plant the first

seed, or bury the first tuber! It is not the seed that is planted, any more than it is I that is planted; it is not the dry stalks and weeds that are burned up, any more than it is my gloom and regrets that are consumed. An April smoke makes a clean harvest.

I think April is the best month to be born in. One is just in time, so to speak, to catch the first train which is made up in this month. My April chickens always turn out best. They get an early start; they have rugged constitutions. Late chickens cannot stand the heavy dews, or withstand the predaceous hawks. In April all nature starts with you. You have not come out your hibernaculum too early or too late; the time is ripe, and if you do not keep pace with the rest, why, the fault is not in the season.

## WEBSTER.

FIXED, like the pole,  
He stood, whatever moved,  
As if, though sole,  
The shock to take and break, it him behooved.

The shock he broke;  
The multitudinous main  
Its waves awoke,—  
Woke all its waves, and stormed the rock in vain.

To join the waves,  
The mustering winds went forth,  
From all their caves,  
Against him, west, and east, and south, and north.

The spinning void  
Of whirlwind, humming by  
In its cycloid,  
Paused, on that seated strength its strength to try.

And the floods came,—  
Deep called to deep aloud,  
Through the great frame  
Of nature, 'twixt the billow and the cloud.

And deluge rolled,  
From pole to pole one tide,  
Waste, as of old,  
And, weltering, shouldered huge against his side.

The thunderbolt,  
As when that Titan world  
Rose in revolt,  
Hot through the kindling air amain was hurled;

And, whence it slept,  
Like a swift sword unsheathed,  
The lightning leapt,  
And round him its fierce arms of flame enwreathed.

The rending throes  
Of earthquake, to and fro,  
From their repose,  
Rocked the perpetual hills, or laid them low.

And still he stood,—  
For the vexed planet still,  
Created good,  
Was whole, and held her course, and had her will.

Around him cloud,  
Pale specter of spent storm,  
Clung, like a shroud,  
And veiled awhile the inviolable form.

But umpire Time,  
Serenely wise and just,  
With slow, sublime,  
Unalterable decision, and august,

Cleansed this away,  
And, lo! the glorious front,  
In candid day,  
Resumed, with solemn joy, its ancient wont.

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#### INSECTIVOROUS PLANTS.

THE strong interest felt by the popular mind in scientific research is becoming every day more and more manifest. Since the publication of Darwin's last book on "Insectivorous Plants," one man, if no more (so the London newspapers tell us), has driven a thriving trade by selling on London Bridge the *Drosera rotundifolia*. So long as the sundew was a common sundew and nothing more, it had to submit to be treated as an insignificant weed; but when its merits as a carnivorous plant were made known, it acquired new dignity and interest.

When the millennium comes, perhaps we shall find that the powerful instinct which prompts us in these evil days to pry into our neighbors' affairs and so do incalculable mischief, has its legitimate satisfaction in exploring the wonders and mysteries of that humble life about us, which has no hidden anguish to cover with smiles,—no closeted skeleton to conceal.

The distinguishing feature which charac-

terizes modern science is not so much that she reaches out toward the new, the wonderful, the beautiful, and brings it within the ken of her few chosen votaries, as that she is penetrating downward into the popular heart and mind, unraveling the golden mysteries of truth for us who are not her high priests, but are only of those who stand humbly afar off and desire to know. There is a wonderful leveling power in the forces at work in modern society. The truth given to the world nearly twenty centuries ago has a secular as well as a religious side to it. Not only have the poor the gospel preached to them, but this same gospel has opened a way through the otherwise impenetrable darkness of human sin and degradation for other light to shine. The dawn of modern civilization which broke upon the Judean hills eighteen hundred years ago is "shining more and more unto the perfect day." Then the great wall of partition set up by man's pride and dogmatism received the

blow which shook it to its foundation, and it has ever since been crumbling quietly away.

Now that scientific truth is working its way downward and permeating all classes of society, some slight disturbance is naturally created ;—a little knowledge is truly a dangerous thing, not because it is knowledge, but because it is so little. And yet even this little has its use,—it is essential as an entering wedge for more. Darwin, whose name is the battle-cry of one of the opposing forces, is a man possessing such qualities of mind as might well be imitated by those who denounce him as the prince of atheists. He is an observer of facts, who is able to brush away from before his eyes the mists of traditional belief, who looks right into the heart of physical truth, and sees things as they are. There is frequently a judicial fairness about his statement of such facts as strongly militate against his own theory, which is beyond all praise. Where the issue should be made with him is in the magnitude of his inferences. However strongly we may and do dissent from his conclusions,—taken as a whole,—we cannot do less than make grateful acknowledgment of the treasures of fact which he has given to the world. The invectives hurled at his head by the "Christian world" are not arguments, and they have lost their power as mere anathemas. They look far more like the passionate protests of a subtle unbelief, trying to prop up its wavering faith by the violence of its expression, than the calm utterances of a truly Christian faith.

To Darwin, certainly, we owe much of our knowledge of those plants which may be called with perfect accuracy, insectivorous, and to him, therefore, we make acknowledgment.

The pitcher plants and the Utricularias, as we have seen, derive their nutriment from organized matter, by absorbing the results of its decomposition. The plants now to be considered are higher in the scale of being, they possess organs for a true digestion and assimilation, and exhibit, in addition to these peculiarities, other phenomena which have been supposed to be confined to the animal world.

The first of these plants which may be called truly insectivorous is a tiny aquatic plant found in Europe, Asia, and Australia; no mention is made in Darwin's book of any American variety. A search of many days through a number of botanical periodicals has brought to light no single fact in addition

to what Darwin has recorded. The botanists all seem to be on excellent terms with the Aldrovanda; they allude to it in their classifications, and use it as illustration with an



FIG. 3. *DROSERA ROTUNDIFOLIA*. [AFTER LINDLEY.]

easy and off-hand familiarity which is very tantalizing to one who is seeking information; but, with the exception of Cohn and Darwin, they tell us absolutely nothing about its life-history.

According to Darwin, then, and to Cohn, the Aldrovanda is a water-plant, destitute of roots and floating freely in its native element; the petioles, or leaf-stalks, grow out radially from the stem; these are broad, and terminate in from four to six slightly divergent spines, each tipped with a stiff bristle. The leaf grows in the midst of these projections; it is bilobed, and the two lobes stand apart about as far as the two valves of a living mussel-shell. The hinge of the two valves is the midrib, and this projects somewhat beyond the leaf itself, and is also armed with a bristle. When the two valves are opened and pressed flat, the impression to the eye is of two circles so

cutting each other that the circumference of each passes through the center of the other. The midrib forms the common chord which



FIG. 2. LEAF OF DROSERA ROTUNDIFOLIA (EIGHT DIAMS.) [FROM NATURE.]

subtends the four arcs. The overlapping portion of the circles is seen to be darker than the other, and between these two parts of each lobe there is a wide difference of structure and function. The darker segment of each lobe possesses the digestive and muscular apparatus of the higher species of insectivorous plants, while the lighter crescent-shaped portion is covered with absorbent quadrifid processes with which we have already become familiar in the Utricularias.

It is certainly very wonderful that we should find in an obscure and insignificant plant like the Aldrovanda, on one tiny leaf, a perfect representative of each of the two kinds of carnivorous plants, with the peculiar and delicate apparatus of each for the appropriation of organic matter. The Aldrovanda supplies the link between the two distinct modes of nutrition in this class of plants, as the class supplies the link between the two great kingdoms of organic nature. The absorption of decomposed matter, performed by the quadrifid processes on the outer portion of the leaf, has already been described in the case of the Utricularia. The digestive process of the glands upon the inner portion will appear as we study the Drosera and Dionaea, to which it bears a close resemblance, especially to the latter. Indeed, Darwin speaks of the Aldrovanda as a miniature aquatic Dionaea.

The *Drosera rotundifolia* [Fig. 1], or sundew, is a common weed, found in poor and peaty soil which can sustain only the sphagnum mosses, and such vegetation as derives little nutriment from the soil. It bears from two to six leaves, which generally spread out radially and horizontally from the base of the flower-bearing stem. The leaves, which are rounded and slightly concave, are covered on the whole upper surface with what appears to be glandular hairs, each of which bears upon its tip a drop of dew. The leaf itself and its pedicel are green; these hairs, or tentacles [*t*], as Darwin calls them, from their resemblance in function to the tentacles of polyps, are of a purple color. On the central portion of the leaf, or disk, the tentacles are short, and stand upright, and their pedicels are green; toward the edges they become longer, and they are more inclined outward, and their pedicels are purple. On the extreme margin they are still longer and bend backward. [See Fig. 2.] \*

The tentacles are not like ordinary trichomes or hairs, which, as we have seen, belong to the epidermal system, but they seem to be prolongations of the leaf itself. Bundles of fibro-vascular tissue extend from the leaf up into the tentacles, and in the glandular swellings at the end a bundle of spiral vessels may be very easily seen under moderate powers. The glands, except those borne by the marginal tentacles, are oval [see Fig. 3], about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch in length, and of about equal size. They are composed, as the drawing shows, of a bundle of spiral tissue surrounded by several layers of cells, the inner ones decidedly elongated. These spirals are not air-conducting passages, as is usual, but secretory vessels, it would seem, though not essential to the performance of this office, as they are wanting in the glands of some other genera of the Droseraceae. The marginal tentacles differ somewhat from the others in having elongated glands and in being less irritable, though they do not show any essential variation. The whole leaf, above and below, is covered with small trichomes having a cone-shaped pedicel surmounted by two, three, or four

\* Figs. 2, 3, 5 and 6 were drawn from preparations supplied to me by Dr. G. D. Beatty, and Figs. 7-10, by Mr. L. R. Peet, of Baltimore.—S. B. H.

rounded cells, containing much protoplasm. These papillæ [Fig. 2, *p*] do not secrete, but they absorb readily, and aid in the assimilative process of the plant.

If a small object be placed upon the center of a leaf, an impulse is transmitted radially to all the tentacles; the nearer ones are first reached, and begin slowly to bend toward the center, afterward those farther away are similarly affected, until, finally, every one of the hundred or more tentacles of the leaf closely clasps the object. This inflection takes from one to five hours or more for its completion; the difference in time depending upon many circumstances,—on the vigor and age of the leaf, on the size and nature of the object, on the temperature of the air, and upon the present condition of the leaf in consequence of a recent inflection.

If the glands be repeatedly touched, if drops of certain fluids are placed upon the disk, or if it be immersed in certain solutions, inflection is induced. In bending over to clasp an object, the marginal tentacles—which normally bend backward—sometimes sweep through an arc of  $180^\circ$ . The whole tentacle does not bend, but only a portion of the pedicel just above the base. When an object, which excites the leaf to become inflected is placed in the center of the disk, the short middle tentacles do not move; if, however, it be placed to either side of the medial line, they bend over toward it and clasp it. If a nutritious object be placed upon one of the marginal glands, or an insect alight there, that tentacle alone bends, till the captive is deposited in the center of the disk, and then a radial impulse is sent out which causes all the tentacles of the leaf to bend over and clasp it. The object, it will be understood, is held fast by the viscid secretion of the glands.

Not only do these tentacles themselves bend over, but when any strongly exciting liquid like milk is placed upon the middle of the disk the whole blade becomes incurved and forms a tiny cup. At times the edges curve inward and upward equally all around, but usually the apex and two sides turn upward forming a triangular vessel. The time during which a leaf remains incurved, or the tentacles remain inflected over an object, depends somewhat upon the vigor of the leaf, and the temperature of the weather. But by far the most influential force in determining this time, is the nature of the object causing inflection. If the captured prey is capable of yielding nutri-

ment to the plant, the leaf remains much longer inflected than when the object is in nutritive. After an interval of from one to seven days the tentacles re-expand and the leaf is again ready for action.

The natural prey of these leaves are, of course, insects, though they may be fed with meat, albumen, drops of various liquids, such as strong infusions of raw meat, cabbage, peas, etc., and they have been known to die of something akin to dyspepsia, from partaking of too much cheese. Every gland is surrounded by a drop of a viscous pellucid substance which it secretes; the heat of the sun, which dries the drops of genuine dew, has no effect upon this secretion unless it be to induce a freer flow. To this fact the plant owes its popular and poetic name of sundew. Any insect which chances to alight upon the gland-bearing leaf is caught and held fast by the viscid secretion, and its fate is sealed; as soon as it is fairly clasped by the incurved tentacles, the glands pour forth a new secretion, which closes the spiracles and the victim dies. This second secretion, as we shall see, differs very much from that which secured its prey, for it is a true digestive fluid.

Any minute particle of matter, which penetrates the viscid secretion, and comes into actual contact with the gland produces inflection, but unless it touches the gland itself, no effect is produced. If a gland be touched once or twice with considerable force, the pedicel does not bend; repeated touches, however, even when lightly made, produce inflection. Though the feet of the most delicate insect, after resting for a few moments on the gland, cause the tentacle to bend over, repeated drops of rain, it is found, induce no movement.

A very curious interior molecular movement so generally accompanies inflection that it will not be out of place to mention it here. When the motor impulse is communicated to the bending portion of the pedicel of a tentacle, and inflection begins to manifest itself, a change takes place in the cells—a change which is clearly manifest under a low power, and may even be detected by the naked eye. Previous to the excitement of the tentacle its cells seem filled with a homogeneous purple fluid; sometimes



FIG. 3. TENTACLE OF *D. ROTUNDIFOLIA*.  
( $100$  diams.) [From nature.]

not more than ten seconds after excitation, the cells of the gland become cloudy. Under a very high power, this change is seen to be due to the fact that small purple granules appear within each cell which aggregate into minute spheres, and these, in their turn, coalesce into larger masses of purple protoplasm, suspended in a colorless fluid. These protoplasmic masses are continually changing shape, dividing and coalescing, and spontaneously moving. If the excitation of the gland has been very great, the aggregation extends down through every cell of the tentacle; during this process the steady flow of a protoplasmic current, before described as cyclosis, goes on around the inner surface of every cell wall. The stimulants which produce inflection also induce aggregation;  $134.4_{100}$  of a grain of the carbonate of ammonia administered to a gland has been known to produce distinct movement and aggregation.

The effect is the same whether the gland be excited directly by repeated touches, or by the presence of an exciting body, or indirectly, by the transmitted impulse from other and distant glands. The exciting influence which produces inflection can not be identical with the direct cause of aggregation; because, even when the impulse comes from another part of the leaf, and the motor power must run up the tentacles to which it is transmitted, the aggregation invariably begins at the cells of the glands and runs down. As long as the tentacles remain closed aggregation is present; when they re-expand, the little masses of protoplasm dissolve, and the cells seem again filled with a homogeneous purple fluid. As this curious effect may be induced by the presence of bits of glass, etc., it is, of course, entirely independent of absorption. "Physiologists," says Darwin, "believe that when a nerve is touched, and it transmits an influence to other parts of the nervous system, a molecular change is induced in it, though not visible to us. Therefore it is a very interesting spectacle to watch the effects on the cells of a gland, of the pressure of a bit of hair, weighing only  $7.4_{100}$  of a grain, and largely supported by the dense secretions; for this excessively slight pressure soon causes a visible change in the protoplasm, which change is transmitted down the whole length of the tentacle, giving it at last a mottled appearance, distinguishable even by the naked eye." The leaves of *Drosera* detect with the utmost quickness and the most unfailing certainty the presence of nitrogen. At the

time when this power was discovered by Darwin, the delicacy of the test was unrivaled. Now he says with a little crest-fallen air: "The spectroscope has altogether beaten *Drosera*," for it can detect the presence of  $200.000.000$  of a grain of iodine,—while *Drosera* could do no more than announce the  $20.000.000$  of a grain of phosphate of ammonia.

When any substance yielding nitrogen is placed upon the *Drosera* disk, a liquid is secreted and poured out over it from the glands, which differ from the drops already formed upon its surface. This change in the quantity and quality of the secretion is effected in all the glands before the outermost ones have been fully inflected; it is, therefore, not the direct result of absorption, but of a transmitted influence. Physiologists tell us that when the stomach of an animal is mechanically irritated, it secretes an acid; but that it does not secrete its proper ferment, pepsin, till the absorption of certain nutritious substances has taken place. The experiments upon *Drosera* show a precisely analogous process. As soon as the glands are excited, an acid is secreted; but it is only after absorption that the true gastric fluid makes its appearance. That this secretion "contains a ferment which acts only in the presence of an acid, on solid animal matter," as animal pepsin does, has been clearly proved. While the process of digestion by the leaf, is going on, the addition of a minute portion of alkaline matter is found to arrest it at once; while the addition of acid sets it going again.

The identical substances are found to be acted upon, in the same way and to the same degree, by the gastric fluid of *Drosera*, as they are by animal pepsin. Cartilage, bone, even the enamel from teeth, were experimented upon, and it was found were dissolved by it, as well as certain vegetable substances, such as the stored-up matter of living seed, pollen-grains, and the fragments of seedlings. Various experiments were made by Mr. Darwin to ascertain the effects produced by different salts. He found that  $20.000.000$  of a grain of phosphate of ammonia caused a marginal tentacle to sweep through an arc of  $180^{\circ}$ . The sensitiveness, in this case, is greater than that found in the most sensitive organs of the human body. Many curious facts came to light under this close investigation. Camphor, it was found, is a violent stimulant; the poison of the cobra occasioned only slight protoplasmic changes, while liquid alcohol produced no

effect whatever. In small doses the fumes of camphor, alcohol, and chloroform, threw the plant into a stupor. Carbonic acid is also a narcotic, which fact offers a curious confirmation of the lately determined point that plants exhale, *as the result of true respiration*, the same gas as is given out by the breathing of animals.

The sensitiveness of the *Drosera* leaf appears to be wholly confined to the glands. Unless the gland which is excited is upon a marginal tentacle, the object, or touch, that induces its own inflection also causes a radial influence to be sent outward from its base as a center that affects, first, the nearest tentacles, and in succession, those which are farther and farther off. This impulse does not follow the fibro-vascular bundles, whose arrangement may be seen in Figure 2, *f*; but its course seems to be determined by the form and position of the parenchymal cells of the base of the tentacles themselves and the surrounding tissue. The cells are elongated in the pedicels of the glands; they are arranged radially about the bases of the tentacles, and are longer in the longitudinal direction of the leaf. Aggregation may be seen to be obstructed by every cross division of the cell wall; the motor impulse is probably hindered in the same way, for it always travels most quickly in the direction where there is the least obstruction in the form of cell walls.

When the bending portion of a pedicel receives the impulse from its own gland, it always becomes inflected toward the center of the leaf, and so all the glands, if immersed in any exciting fluid, turn toward the center. When, however, the exciting substance is placed on any other portion of the leaf, the motor impulse is so transmitted radially from the point touched that all the glands turn toward it as a center. The motor impulse, as it ascends the pedicels of adjacent tentacles, immediately acts upon the bending portion without first ascending to the glands, and then being transmitted downward. Some other impulse is, however, transmitted to the glands, for they begin secreting an acid substance, and the glands send back toward the bases of the pedicel that subtle force which induces aggregation. This is the only case of any-

thing analogous to the reflex action of the nerve centers of animals known in the vegetable world.

The mechanism of the movements is not well understood; while the tentacle is bent—and it has been made to curve around a complete circumference—no folds or wrinkles can be seen in the concave portion of the bending part. It is known that when inflection takes place, a portion of the fluids



FIG. 4. *DIONEA MUSCIPULA* [AFTER LINDLEY.]

belonging to the cells in the concave side goes over to the convex. It is supposed that the molecules of the cell walls on the concave side of the pedicel undergo a process not unlike that of the aggregation of the cell contents.

The many experiments made upon the *Drosera* lead to the conclusion that its tiny rootlets perform for it only the office of imbibing moisture, while its food is in part

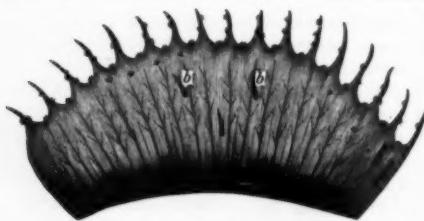


FIG. 5. LOBE OF DIONEA.

supplied by the atmosphere, and in part by the animal matter it truly digests.

There are a number of other varieties of the Droseraceæ. One, the *Drosera binata*, is an Australian plant, and has leaves which, with their footstalks, measure twenty-seven inches in length. True to its Australian traditions, it differs greatly from its foreign cousins. There are perfectly developed tentacles on the back of the leaf, which are capable of secretion, absorption, and aggregation, but not of inflection. On

trogenous substance. This variety forms the connecting link between *Drosera* and *Drosophyllum*, possessing the organs of both.

The *Drosophyllum* has been found, so far, only in Portugal and Morocco. The leaves are narrow, concave above, and several inches long. They are covered with stalked, mushroom-shaped tentacles, and quantities of small round, or oval, sessile glands. Internally the tentacles and glands are alike, but they are fitted to perform entirely different functions. The tentacles have no power of flexure; the substance which they secrete, unlike that of *Drosera*, is easily detached from the gland, and for that very reason is specially adapted to its peculiar mode of capture. The two secretions,—of the viscid acid and of the pepsin,—which in *Drosera* are performed successively by a single gland, are performed in *Drosophyllum* by two separate organs,—the mushroom-shaped tentacles secreting

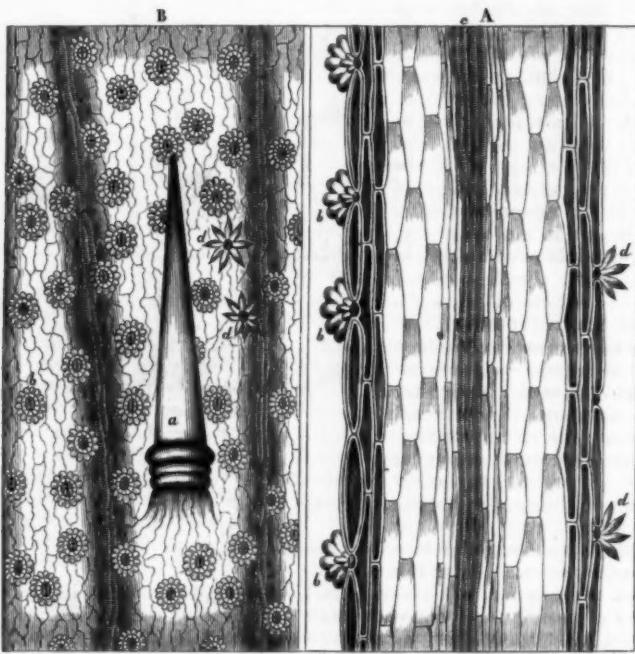


FIG. 6.  
A, Glandular texture of *Dionaea* leaf, seen in section; b, b, glands on upper surface; d, d, stellate hairs on lower surface. (About 120 diam.) B, Glandular surface of *Dionaea* leaf, seen from above; b, digestive glands; d, stellate hairs; a, sensitive filament. (200 diam.) (After nature.)

both surfaces of this variety are well-developed sessile (seated) glands, which secrete only after the absorption of some ni-

the first, and the sessile glands the second of these fluids. The latter glands secrete spontaneously their peculiar sub-

stance, which is sufficiently fluid to roll off their rounded tops at a touch. An insect alights, and rolls off, carrying with it the viscid drop which effectually clogs its wings and legs, so that it lies helpless upon the leaf below. The lower glands, now, being

curve upward and outward convexly, at an angle of less than  $90^{\circ}$  from each other; the lobes terminate on their outer edge in a row of sharp projecting points, into each of which a bundle of spiral vessels extends. On the upper surface of each there are

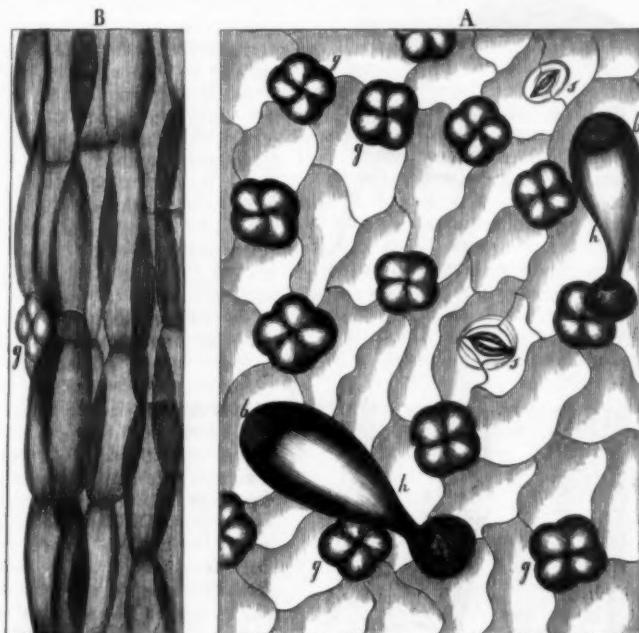


FIG. 8.  
A, *Pinguicula* glandular surface of leaf; g, glands; A, hairs; b, base of hairs; s, stomata. [From nature.]  
B, Section of *Pinguicula* leaf; g, glands. [From nature.]

excited by the presence of nitrogenous matter, begin to secrete their pepsin, and the food is finally digested. The gastric fluid secreted by all of the Droseraceæ, it may be mentioned here, is an antiseptic,—the substances submitted to its action always disappearing, as they do in animal pepsin, without showing any signs of decomposition.

The Dionaea, or Venus's fly-trap, is found in great quantities in parts of this country. It presents many points of similarity, and as many of difference, when compared with *Drosera*. [See Fig. 4.] It possesses, like the *Drosera*, very small roots. As the plant has been successfully grown in wet moss, they probably serve the same purpose, and are useful only for imbibing moisture. The footstalk broadens out into a leaf-shaped expansion of tissue, a, a, a, at the end of which a two-lobed leaf is found. The lobes

three delicate filaments, triangularly placed. [See Fig. 5, b, b; also Fig. 6, B, a.] Occasionally there are more or less; but the usual number is three. These filaments seem to be the only sensitive part of the lobes; through their sensitiveness they show, not by their own movements, but by that of the lobe on which they are placed. The upper surface is thickly covered with glands, sessile upon the leaf, with a convex



FIG. 7. GLANDS. [AFTER LINDLEY.]  
a, top view; b, side view; c, stellate hair.

upper surface. [See Fig. 7, a, b; Fig. 6, A, b, B, b.] These glands secrete, but only after having absorbed some nutritious substance.

Minute projections, having eight arms, stellate hairs, are found thickly studding the outer surface of the lobes. [Fig. 6, B, d.] The whole processes of movement and digestion are wonderfully and beautifully cor-

unless they touch the filaments, do not cause them to close; organic bodies when moistened and placed upon the leaf cause it, after absorption has taken place, to close slowly. The lobes may be made to close over either organic or inorganic matter, but with a difference. When an inorganic substance is placed upon the leaf and the filament touched, the leaf closes leaving a hollow chamber, the spines crossing and interlocking as in Fig. 4, b. When, however, an inorganic substance is placed upon the leaf, both lobes press against it and against each other, through their whole extent, with a force sufficient to perceptibly flatten a cube of the white of hard-boiled egg, upon which they have shut. A corresponding projection may be plainly seen on the outside of the lobes after they have fairly closed over their prey; no secretion takes place unless absorption begins. When a substance possessing no nutritious properties is inclosed, the glands are not excited to secretion, and the lobes soon re-open, disclosing the object perfectly dry. If they close over a very minute organic object, it is allowed to escape between the interlocking teeth,—the play, Dionaea thinking, not being worth the candle. When, however, the organic object is large enough to be worth their while, the lobes flatten themselves against it, the spines standing upright and parallel instead of interlocking. The glands touched by the nitrogenous substance begin to secrete as soon as absorption has taken place. The digestive fluid containing the nitrogenous matter is then forced by capillary attraction up between the flattened lobes so closely

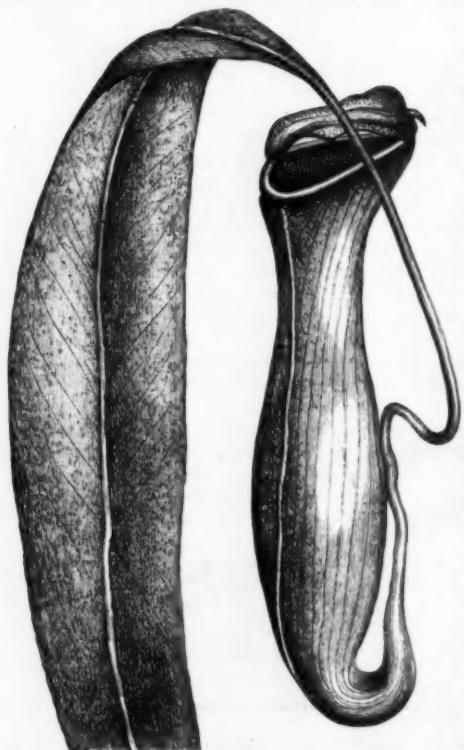
FIG. 9. *NEPENTHES DISTILLATORIA.*

Leaf and pitcher, natural size. [From nature.]

related. The continued pressure, however slight, which causes the slow inflection of the Drosera tentacles, after the first touch, has no effect upon Dionaea. The Drosera captures its prey by means of its viscid secretion, and the pressure caused by the struggles of the insect causes inflection, which it accomplishes quite at its leisure. Dionaea, having no secretion, secures its prey by instantly closing upon it. The filaments, therefore, which cause the lobes to close instantly at the lightest touch, are comparatively indifferent to prolonged pressure. These filaments have nothing whatever to do with the digestive process; they are merely the sentinels, on guard to signal at the approach of a victim.

Inorganic bodies placed upon the lobes,

are excited to secretion—and the prey is digested. The two movements induced by a touch upon the sensitive filaments and by secretion, are very wonderful in their entire adaptiveness to the purposes which they subserve. A touch from any useless substance, unless it chance to be upon one of the sensitive filaments, produces no effect, while the presence of a nutritious one on any portion of the leaf causes it to close. After a short interval, with no exhaustion of the gastric fluid, the leaves unclose, unless they have captured something which will help to maintain life, while they remain closed over nutritious matter, instead of twenty-four hours as Drosera, for fifteen, twenty-four, or even thirty-five days. The



power of secretion and absorption belongs to the sessile glands [Fig. 6, A, b, B, δ] which are an epidermal outgrowth, and whose appearance under the microscope as the focus is slowly changed is strongly suggestive of their being morphologically stomata, which have been modified to subserve another purpose.

In most cases when the *Dionaea* lobes reopen after their meal they are torpid, and no excitement of the glands or filaments is sufficient to induce movement. In this respect it differs greatly from *Drosera*, which is quite ready for another meal before its tentacles are fairly re-opened.

The transmission of the motor impulse in *Dionaea* is very rapid; a touch upon any one of the six filaments causes both lobes to close at once and simultaneously. The bending portion of the lobes is situated just above the midrib. Many beautiful and delicate experiments, made by Mr. Darwin, go to show that the curvature of the lobes is due to the contraction of the upper superficial layer of cells. The movement of these leaves is due to the same cause, at work in the contraction of the muscular tissue of animals. In both cases, a normal electrical current exists, which is disturbed upon any irritation of the organism. The *Aldrovanda*, of which mention has been made as a sort of aquatic *Dionaea*, has upon the inner digestive portion of its leaf, numerous sessile glands which assimilate food, and double-jointed, sensitive filaments which enable it to close upon its prey.

The *Pinguicula*, or common butterwort, offers one or two points of interest, as an insectivorous plant. A stem, bearing a cluster of purple flowers in general appearance very much like the sweet violet, springs from a rosette-like cluster of radical leaves. It bears about eight rather thick, oblong, light green foliage leaves, which when young are deeply concave. The margins of the leaves are much incurved, and their upper surfaces are studded with glands *g*, stomata *s*, and extraordinary vase-shaped hairs *h*. [Fig. 8.] As in the other insectivorous plants, the roots are short and few in number. The principal point of interest about this plant is that it appears to derive more nutriment from vegetable organisms,—from seed, spores, pollen grains, and even minute seedlings, which are found adhering to its

leaves,—than do the other members of the same family. In a paper published in 1847, by Planchon, in the "Annales des Sciences Naturelles," the writer brings together almost every recognized species of the insectivorous plants, mentioning them by name, noticing the fact of their secretions, and power of inflection, but never hinting at the fact that they appropriated the nutritious qualities of the insects they captured. It seems marvelous that an observer who could have noticed the obscure structural resemblances which bind these widely separated species together, should have overlooked the fact that they were insectivorous, especially when he himself supplies the clue to this discovery in the statement that the Lapps use the *Pinguicula* leaves to coagulate their milk, which causes it to set in a firm, sweet curd. This, it is very well known, is usually effected by rennet, a preparation made from the stomach of the calf, which of course contains animal pepsin.

The most beautiful of all the second class of this group of plants, is the superb *Nepenthes*, or pitcher plant of the East. [Fig. 9.] At the end of the true leaf there is a prolongation of its midrib, which sometimes grows to the length of a yard and bears

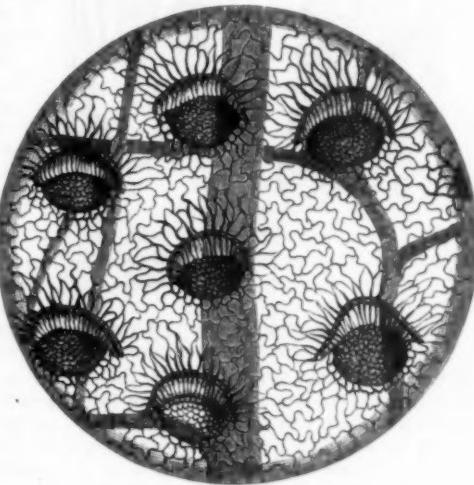


FIG. 10. *NEPENTHES DISTILLATORIA*.  
Glands in stomach part of pitcher. (80 diam.)

upon its termination a vase-shaped growth. This pitcher is, according to Hooker, an enormously developed gland, like those which in a less conspicuous form are formed upon the tips of many leaves. In *Nepenthes am-*

*pullaria* they attain to the height of eighteen inches—and the corrugated brim extends inside in the form of projecting incurved spines, which are strong enough to prevent the escape of any unwary bird which may thrust itself into the cavity in search of food. It would be hard to imagine anything more wonderful and beautiful than the shape, the marking, and the coloring of this graceful pitcher—the broad corrugated brim flares off in a brilliant shaded rose-colored rim, bordering its whole mouth. Down the

Fig. 9 is a much smaller variety than the gigantic *N. ampullaria* described above. It is the *Nepenthes distillatoria*, a native of China, and kindly sent to me by Mr. Smith, of the Botanic Gardens, Washington, D.C. The drawing is life size, and the magnified pictures, Figs. 10 and 11, were cut from this identical pitcher. An attempt was made to prepare one of the hundreds of ants which it was in the process of digesting, but the chitinous coats of even those which were most perfect had been made so tender by

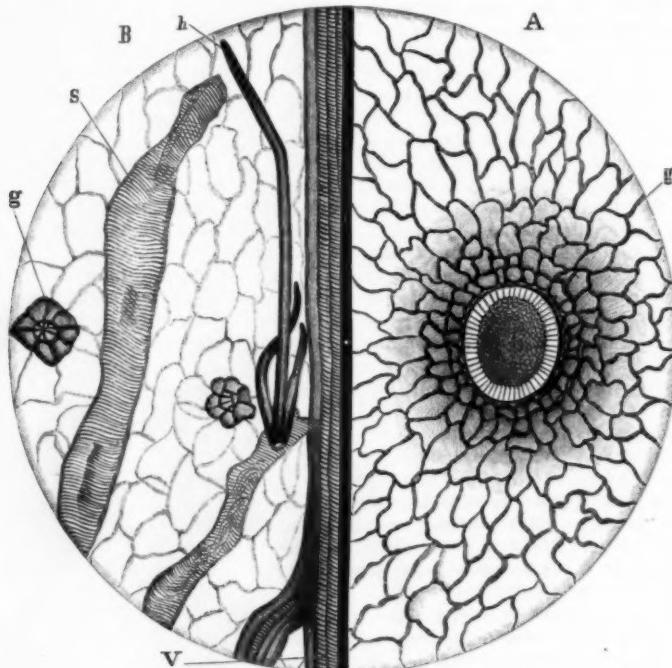


FIG. 11.  
A, Single large gland, on upper and inner surface of pitcher of *N. distillatoria*. (20 diam.) [From nature.] B, same surface; V, veins of leaf, with spirals; s, apparently spiral vessel; g, glands (honey glands); h, branching hair on external surface. (20 diam.) [From nature.]

front run two fringed longitudinal wings, and above it stands a graceful leaf of brilliant colors, which sets off jauntily from the opening as if it had accepted the position, but had no notion of doing the work, of a vulgar lid. The inner surface, as in the Sarcociniaceæ, is divided into several portions, the attractive [Fig. 11], containing the honey glands; the conductive, being, according to Hooker, smooth and glassy, and covered with minute reniform excrescences; and the secretive, which is studded with innumerable glands of a very curious shape. [Fig. 10.]

the gastric fluid as to drop to pieces with a touch. The enormous crater-like gland, Fig. 11 A, was the only one found on a number of pieces cut from the upper portion of the pitcher. The branching hairs B, h, glands g, g, and curious spirals, s, seen in the figure occur over the whole of the attractive surface. The secretive, or digestive glands, Fig. 10, are large enough to be seen by the naked eye, as tiny specks regularly dotting the internal, lower surface of the pitcher. They all looked fairly brown with the insect remains they had accumulated or digested.

In taking up the coloring matter, used in the preparation of vegetable tissues for the microscope, the iris part of these eye-shaped glands is of the most brilliant blue, while the lid part and remainder of the tissue is a deep crimson-purple. The whole of the tissue was subjected to a mingled dose of logwood and aniline, and the selective power, by which one portion appropriated one color, and the other another, marks a radical difference in the tissues themselves.

Though in some respects the pitcher of *Nepenthes* is so much like that of *Sarracenia*, it belongs to the higher class of insectivorous plants; for it truly digests the food

which it secures, and it also manifests the aggregation, which is found in *Drosera* and *Dionaea* during that process. Though in mere external form, we seem to have ended where we began, with a vegetable sac, which secures animal food and appropriates it. Yet this is far from true. The *Utricularia montana* has only modified roots; while one might almost say that *Nepenthes* has a modified stomach. This last and most beautiful of the insectivorous plants serves to lead us into the very vestibule of that strange and inexplicable life, which the highest of us—on his physical side—shares with the humblest of the animal creation.

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#### A ROSE SONG.

WHY are red roses red?  
For roses once were white.  
Because the loving nightingales  
Sang on their thorns all night,—  
Sang till the blood they shed  
Had dyed the roses red!

Why are white roses white?  
For roses once were red.  
Because the sorrowing nightingales  
Wept when the night was fled,—  
Wept till their tears of light  
Had washed the roses white!

Why are the roses sweet?  
For once they had no scent.  
Because one day the Queen of Love  
Who to Adonis went,  
Brushed them with heavenly feet—  
*That* made the roses sweet!

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## BEDS AND TABLES, STOOLS AND CANDLESTICKS. X.

## TALK HERE AND THERE.

THE difficulty of getting a dining-table that shall be both good-looking and serviceable has already been descanted on in these articles, but, I fear, to little purpose. I give this month a few illustrations that may help some of my readers to a solution. Cut No. 2 shows a table recently made by Cottier & Co., with its accompanying chairs. Cut No. 3, is a variation on the design for the end support of this same table. This particular table was made of ash, a wood I have already said I do not like, and the more I see of it the less reason I can find for giving up oak, walnut, and mahogany in favor of such a colorless, expressionless wood. Now, a dining-table, as a rule, is seen only when it is in use, and then only the top of it; so that it may be made of two kinds of wood, one less expensive than the other, as was done in the case of the table shown in Cut No. 6 in the SCRIBNER for May, 1876. As for costliness, the hard woods are all about the same, barring mahogany, which was dear before it came to be the fashion, and is dearer since, of course. But the pleasure that a good mahogany top to one's dining-table will give, as the years go by, is worth straining a point for; particularly as mahogany is a first-rate wood for wear, and literally, with good treatment, proves better and better as life wears away. The best combinations would be walnut and mahogany, or ash and oak; but the top ought, by rights, to be of one or the other of these two handsome hard woods,—oak or mahogany,—so that it may bear the taking the cloth off, at dessert. Then, the rest of the table might be of some cheap wood. In Cut No 2, the frame of the table is shown to be very heavy and strong; there is no need of this, unless the table is a large one; and meant to stretch out on occasion to a great length, as was the case with this one. In such a table, all the folding-rack that supports the additional leaves has to be accommodated by sliding back under the ends, and the table must be solidly built to bear the weight and strain. Cut No. 3 shows a lighter structure: in the drawing, the size of the balls turned on the legs is a trifle exaggerated; they are, besides, rather egg-shaped than round. The bottom rail will

be found a convenience, and not in the way. It will be noticed, too, that in both these tables the top projects well over the frame, so that there is no danger of knocking one's knees against the table-leg in sitting down. This should always be carefully looked out for in constructing a dining-table; to knock one's knees in sitting down to dinner is one of the minor miseries of life.

I have already spoken of the desirability of introducing the fashion of decorating furniture with painting. I have recalled to my readers the commonness of painted decoration in early Italian times, when cabinets, sideboards, wardrobes, and trays were painted with figure subjects,—religious, historical, mythological,—often by artists who afterward became famous. The peasant-furniture of Europe, particularly in Germany, Switzerland, the Tyrol, and Holland, is decorated, and often with pretty effect, with a mixture of a primitive arabesque design and flowers; and now and then one sees at Castle Garden an emigrant's wooden chest that, with its bright colors, shines among the shabby trunks and boxes of the rest of the company, like a peacock among the barn-door fowl. In the Exhibition, too, we had an opportunity of seeing some of the coarsely painted but effective furniture from Tunis,—among the rest, some of the hanging shelves like the one in SCRIBNER for February, 1876, Cut No. 9. All these shelves were bespoke from the day they were first opened, and late in the Exhibition it was impossible to buy one, for people who couldn't think such coarse carpentry and rough painting good enough for their parlors and living-rooms, saw that they would look very well in the half-light of their entries; and certainly few hat-racks and hall-mirrors at the fashionable shops are half so pretty as these rude articles.

But it is not easy to get decorative painting done. If it be done by first-rate hands, it is expensive; and there is seldom any talent for this kind of work among our house-painters,—even among those of them who add "decorator" to their other titles. A good substitute for original decoration, and under the circumstances a legitimate one, is to be found in the picture-books of

Walter Crane, published in London and New York, by Routledge & Co. These books are the most beautiful children's books that were ever made; and, indeed, they are altogether too good to be shut up to the delighting of children, even though these were the bonniest ever raised on porridge. Those who know the Walter Crane books,—the last one, "Baby's Opera," is perhaps the prettiest of all,—buy them for

quaintance of the writer had a wardrobe made of pine, in which the panels of the doors were made expressly to be filled up with these pictures—each picture having a panel to itself—and then the rest of the wood-work painted to harmonize with the general color-effect. Staining pine a good black, or, with a strong decoction of tobacco (which gives a good brown and brings out the grain of the wood) and then shellacking,

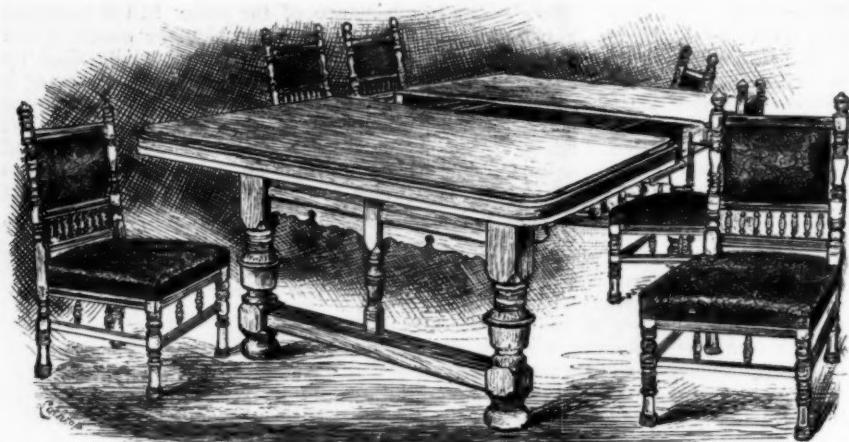


No. 2. "WHY, THIS IS SPODE!" (FROM A PAINTING BY E. L. HENRY.)

themselves, and then can't resist the desire to give them to the children, and then have to buy more for themselves; they are, indeed, many times better than the general run of pictures that one sees by modern masters. They are better, because the artist evidently enjoys his art, and puts into it life, richness of color, much delicate and ingenious fancy, and a power of story-telling that hardly needs the help of the text.

Now, a way to use these pictures so that all could enjoy them would be to paste them upon a folding screen, or in the panels of the nursery and bedroom doors, or in the panels of a wardrobe, or cabinet. An ac-

not varnishing—NEVER USE VARNISH ON FURNITURE—either of these methods will make a good background for these pictures. A useful plan for a wardrobe is to have one half closed by a door the full height of the piece, and the other half divided between say three drawers below, and, above, a cupboard, closed by a door. In the larger closet one hangs clothes that must be hung, the drawers hold body linen and the cupboard above is useful to the owner, if he be a lady, for her hats and furs and other nothings of that nature. The panels should be made to hold each a single picture, and an agreeable variety may be obtained in the



No. 2. EXTENSION DINING-TABLE AND CHAIRS.

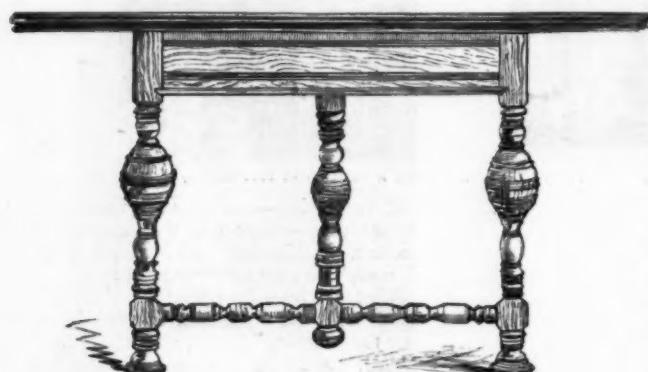
disposition of the panels by making some of them oblong and others square, to suit the pictures which sometimes fill two pages, and at others only one.

Cut No. 1 of this number is copied from a photograph of a picture by Mr. E. L. Henry, which is engraved for the sake of the corner cupboard,—a good specimen of its kind, more picturesque than the one figured in the SCRIBNER for April, 1876, Cut No. 5. That one, however, was a fixture, while this is movable, though always to be placed in a corner. In justice to Mr. Henry, I am

gentleman who is looking for the "mark" on the bottom of the tea-cup, and the action of the old lady who is reaching up for one of her pet pieces, are very truly given, and the soft sparkle of the glass and porcelain on the shelves could not be bettered. However, it was not hoped to give these things; the form of the cupboard was all we could reasonably aim for.

Since writing about china in the January number of SCRIBNER, it has occurred to me to say a word about the home decoration of porcelain, which is at last getting started

after having been for years discouraged by the indifference or mild hostility of the dealers. It has long been plain that it was idle to hope for help from the importers and decorators of porcelain and earthenware, because they could not be made to see that their interest lay in getting to be independent of the foreign workmen. The decorative arts are in rather a despairing state in this country

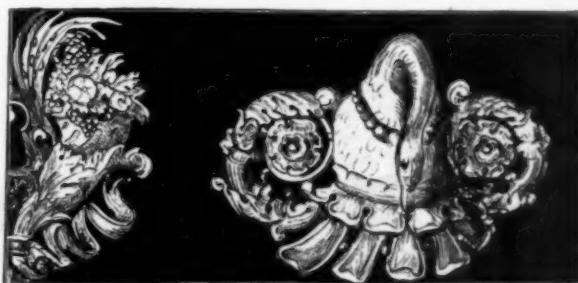


No. 3. DESIGN FOR END SUPPORTS OF DINING-TABLE.

bound to say that the engraver has not given the vivacity to his copy that the artist has put into this really clever picture. In the original, the expression of the old gen-

tleman who is looking for the "mark" on the bottom of the tea-cup, and the action of the old lady who is reaching up for one of her pet pieces, are very truly given, and the soft sparkle of the glass and porcelain on the shelves could not be bettered. However, it was not hoped to give these things; the form of the cupboard was all we could reasonably aim for.

and patterns. The only way apparently in which these arts can be given an American impulse is by people outside these decorative trades making their own designs and getting them executed. Perhaps the easiest of these arts to make a beginning with will be the decoration of porcelain, and as one of the main difficulties, the getting it baked, namely, is now put out of the way, there is no reason why everybody who has any liking for dabbling in colors should not buy a few earthenware plates and some colors and begin to decorate china. Of course,



No. 4. DRAWER HANDLE AND HALF OF KEY-PLATE OF FRENCH BUREAU.

ing-cards," and "studies," "*études à deux crayons*," and the rest of the feeble tribe, would make up a class for painting china, furnishing the scholar with a few good models, taking them now and then by way of object to their usually objectless daily walk, to the Avery, and Prime, and Castellani collections of pottery and porcelain in the Metropolitan Museum,—thus improving their taste and exciting a healthy interest in the study of the art.

There is so much lay talent always latent in societies, that if this one were stimulated and brought out into active competition with the professional market, that in its turn would have to save itself and supply, as in most cases it easily might, a better answer than any amateur could to the popular demand. In this way, or in some other, must be met the want of American productions in this or in the other



No. 5. BRASS ORNAMENT ON FRENCH BUREAU.

many of those who make the experiment will fail and give up trying, and many of those who fail at first will up and at it again, and will succeed at last. But if the occupation can be fairly set on foot, and enough people can be induced to give up working in worsteds and painting wall-mottos, and to try their hands at decorating china for their friends or for the public, a beginning may be made of waking up the dealers to some interest in supplying the home market with home work. How much better it would be if the girls' schools, instead of spending so much time as they do in teaching their pupils to "draw pictures," to copy "draw-



No. 6. BRASS ORNAMENT ON FRENCH BUREAU.



NO. 7. TABLE AND CHAIR FROM TYROL, BAVARIA.

decorative arts. After all, the imported things, beautiful as they sometimes, perhaps often, are, do not satisfy the people at large. They want something that has a home flavor, but it looks at present as if they must supply this want themselves.

Cuts No. 4, 5 and 6 are drawn by Miss Oakey, to show in detail the style of ornament employed on the French bureau figured in SCRIBNER for January, Cut No. 6.

Cut No. 7 is a copy of an engraving in M. Rodolphe Pfnor's "Ornementation Usuelle," Paris, 1866-7, where it is described as *Fabrique de Toelz, Tyrol, Bavaria*. The material is of pine, perhaps, and the decoration is painted, —flowers and their leaves, with borders, bands, and ornaments in lively colors on a yellow ground. The back of the chair, which is in the same style, is pierced at one point in a heart-shape, but the remaining surface is covered with a painted decoration. The tops of these tables are often a slab of slate. A continuous foot-rail runs round the four sides, so near to the floor that the foot easily slides upon it without

much thinking; and, although the legs have a strong outward slant, the top projects so well that they are not in the way. A drawer

slides in grooved pieces fastened to the under side of the table-top, and is handy for holding the table-cloth and napkins. A few years ago, Messrs. Kimbel & Cabus made several tables after a design similar to this, but they were decorated with carving rather than painting, and this made them more costly. I remember, however, that they were very pretty, and seemed all the prettier for breaking up the monotony of New York furniture-shops with something altogether new on this side of the water.

Cut No. 8 is a cousin of the little black-wood coffee-table that appeared in an earlier SCRIBNER. His relative was so much liked that he has thought he also might make some friends, and he has brought with him one of those designs which are so much more comfortable than they look, in which Mr. Facing-both-ways could sit at ease, now leaning against one back and now against the other. Was it not a chair of this kind that Milton used? Mitford tells us, "He composed much in the night and



NO. 8. COFFEE-TABLE AND AS-YOU-LIKE-IT CHAIR.

morning, and dictated in the day, sitting obliquely in an elbow-chair, with his leg thrown over the arm."

## OUT OF MY WINDOW AT MOSCOW.



A RUSSIAN STREET PORTER.

I AM but ten minutes' walk from the Kremlin or from the busiest part of the city, and just around the corner is the pretty Tverskoi boulevard, where for two-thirds of a mile, under the avenues of lime-trees which shade its straight walks, there are all day and all evening crowds of promenaders; yet the Spiridonofka is a very quiet street; often it seems perfectly empty, and it is only late at night that the rattling of carriages and droskies over its uneven cobble-

stones is ever noisy enough to disturb me. Perhaps it is because the noise is unusual and at rare intervals that I am disturbed by it. Yet in spite of its quiet I have found the Spiridonofka a good place to observe the street life of Moscow; for everything seems to drift in here at some time or other; my writing-table is close to my window, and, as, like most of the buildings here, my house is of but one story, and my floor almost on a level with the sidewalk, I am,

in summer when my windows are open, almost in the street itself. I have, like everybody else, some plants on my window-sill which protect me in some measure from the hasty glance of the passers-by, but form no obstruction to my view or hearing.

"For the love of God, benevolent sir, and for the Church of St. Nicholas on the Ant-hills!" cries a doleful voice, as if to convince me of my error in writing the last sentence, and, raising my eyes, I see a dirty-looking man with tangled beard and long hair, in a worn-out black gown and a cylindrical cap, from which depends a long veil—a dress also worn by the mendicant nuns. He has at his side a tin box for alms, and holds out to me a prayer-book covered with a black cloth marked with a tinsel cross, on which lie a few copper pieces. He is a begging monk, asking aid to repair a dilapidated village church,—the odd name it bears coming from the tradition that a miracle-working picture of St. Nicholas was found on some ant-hills in the neighborhood.

It is curious how much money is given away in Russia for religious purposes in small sums, besides the great amounts with which merchants and nobles endow churches and monasteries. At the Iversky gate, near the Kremlin, there is an old and very popular image, that of the Iversky Mother of God, brought once on a time from Mount Athos. It, or its copy—for the image itself is more often journeying about Moscow to heal the sick and to bless new houses—is in a little chapel in the middle of the gate, which is continually thronged with worshipers. All classes of society stop there for a moment as they go through to pray, and the Emperor himself, whenever he comes to Moscow, makes it his first duty to leave his carriage and kneel here.



A BEGGING NUN.

The amount of money taken in at this chapel in contributions and by the sale of candles is estimated at more than \$50,000 a year, of which \$25,000 is set apart for the salary of the Metropolitan. At the porches of all the churches, at the ends of the boulevards, on the corners of many streets, and at all the railway stations, there are similar boxes, and the revenue from them is enormous.

Here in Moscow there are nearly four hundred churches, and the brightness of their coloring adds much to the effect of the town. Not merely the frescoes are bright, but many churches, and some houses, are painted light blue, green, lavender, pink, yellow, and every other known shade, and the Church of St. Basil unites all the colors in its bizarre architecture. The domes are often gilded, sometimes tinned, but usually painted green, or blue spangled with-golden stars. The dome of the Ascension is only a modern hemispherical dome; but the real old Russian style, which is seen in many of the churches and always in the monasteries, is to have five comparatively small onion-shaped domes surmounting as many tall cylindrical cupolas. It is the multitude of these odd little domes, surmounted by their golden chain-hung crosses, that gives such picturesqueness and beauty to any view in Moscow. The Russian church does not use the Greek cross, but one of the ordinary Roman shape with two more transverse bars, one marking the place of the inscription over



THE RUSSIAN CROSS.



IVERSKY GATE AND CHAPEL, MOSCOW.



A. DROSKY.

the head, and the other being the rest for the Savior's feet. This lower bar is always tipped down to the left, because, as the legend runs, Christ stamped his foot down to show that the unrepentant thief would go to hell.

The grated windows and heavy iron doors secured with many curious padlocks, show that there is no lack of jewels and valuables inside the church, and when I enter and see the bewildering maze of gilded pictures, some set with costly jewels, I involuntarily begin to calculate the chances of a man disposed to steal. I believe one or two persons *have* taken a diamond or so in their teeth when they have kissed a picture, but they have usually been caught in time to save the diamond.

On the opposite side of my street there is not much to see; three or four houses only; one is wooden and two stories high, the basement being occupied by a small grocery shop with its sign of "Trade for Coffee, Sugar and Tea." The final syllable of each word has been repainted, and new terminations are put in in smaller characters. I saw so many such altered signs here that I finally asked the reason, and found that it was owing to the interference of the police. It seems that no sign is allowed to be put up in Moscow without the approval of the police, but that this rule had fallen into desuetude until lately. The attention of the authorities being called to the matter by signs of an improper character, a tour of inspection was made, and the result was the correction of all grammatical inaccuracies on the signs. Some bad spelling is nevertheless still left. Upon the sides of the shop door are depicted a loaf of sugar, a basket of eggs, a paper of

candles, a ham and several cabbages. Pictorial signs best suit a people that cannot read, and looking at them is, therefore, rather more amusing than elsewhere, for one can see here painted on the shop fronts nearly every article of household use or consumption, and nearly every operation of domestic life. The other houses are stuccoed and colored white or yellow, and have a *mezzanine* story in the middle. None of them is built of brick, but all of logs which are nicely squared and fitted together with oakum stuffed in the cracks. These logs are then covered

with boards and then with felt, which is afterward coated with lath and plaster. The result is that the houses are very snug and warm. There are no cellars, but the houses are raised a foot or two above the ground, with openings left for ventilation in summer. What cellars we have are always built in the court-yard, and are filled in winter with ice

carefully packed in snow, so that it is possible with precaution to preserve game and meat in a frozen state till mid-summer. Another peculiarity of these houses is that the doors are seldom on the street, but in the court, which has a high wooden fence or brick wall, hard to climb. The great gates are barred at night and on a bench in front of the small door the *dvornik* sleeps all night in sum-



A MOSCOW FIREMAN.

mer, and usually in winter too. Closely wrapped up in his sheepskin *shuba*, he does not seem to fear the cold until it gets down far below our zero.

I don't know how we could live without a *dvornik*,—a word of which janitor is only a partial translation. He must be always awake to let us in at night, no matter how late we come; he must keep the court always



A YOUNG MERCHANT.

looking perfectly neat; he must buy the wood and ice and see them stored. In winter he must keep the snow always shoveled off the sidewalk and the roof, and in summer must sweep every morning and night that part of the pavement which belongs to our house, so that the most crusty police officer can find no fault; and if it is very dusty, he must sprinkle it with a dipper and a pail of water. Moscow knows no other way of watering the streets. Our *dvornik*, Procop,—as he has the misfortune to be named,—seems never to be idle, and it is at very rare intervals that I see him sitting smoking on his bench at the gate, or lying asleep on a bit of grass that adjoins the little hut—hardly bigger than a dog-kennel—in which he lives. He is an old soldier, and even now has a martial air. He collects the rents of the lodgers back in the court, sees to all the repairs, and acts also as gardener, for my bit of garden is not too large. I have a hedge of acacias on all sides, a few trees, two flower-beds, a plot of grass, and about room beside to put my table and chairs when I wish to dine there.

A garden here is a matter of course, and nearly every house in my street has one. The reason I have so few sights across the

street is that just there a large garden begins which takes up thirty acres,—right in the middle of the city. The house to which it belongs is a sort of huge Greek temple, built by the poet Dmitrieff in by-gone times. It stands empty now, waiting for a purchaser. Its walls, painted in the Pompeian style, are becoming discolored, and the furniture and hangings are fading fast. The garden has not been touched for many years, the walks are choked up with grass, and the trees and bushes grow with unkempt luxuriance, so that it seems like a bit of wood transplanted there. I found this spring the earliest wild flowers there,—blue squills, anemones, and crowfoot. Luckily, I know well the people who have charge of it, and I have constant access to it. We have tea there often in the evening on the broad porch of the house, and we call it our country place. It really is a country place, and that is another of the charms of Moscow. You can turn out of some busy street and soon you are in what seems almost a village lane. The crooked street is fenced with wooden palisades; most of the houses are set back so that they cannot be seen; one perhaps is close on the street, with a pretty flower-



A MUZHIK.

garden in front. You turn another angle and face a small church; and, with another turn, you come out into another noisy street. In these retired by-ways you meet almost no one, and wonder that the street is not grass-

grown, and that cows are not cropping it. If you are there about sunrise, or in the early evening, you will see the cows. A cowherd, blowing a long wooden pipe, and with a flexible whip at least twenty feet long trailing behind him, collects the cows in the

others are the old-fashioned guibars on which one sits astride as on a horse, keeping tight hold of the driver's waist for fear of falling. Some of these droskies are good enough, with fast horses, but the most of them are abominable, and the detestable pavement



MUSICIAN FROM THE SUBURBS.

morning and drives them to pasture outside the city. He comes back at night down the chief street on his route, and at each cross street he gives a touch to the animals who live in that direction, and each wends her own way home.

On the other side of the street there are three droskies with their drivers sleeping in the sun, waiting for passengers. One is a covered chaise in the modern style, the

adds still more to one's sufferings. It is a great comfort when we can have the good snow roads of winter and the cozy little sledges; then one starts out with something like pleasure, though with the chance of being upset in a gutter. Moscow is so large and the sidewalks are so narrow and so bad, that it is next to impossible to walk much, and one soon falls into the lazy habit of always driving. These *isvostchiks* prop-

erly wear a long blue *caftan* with an odd flat hat, but there are so many who come in from the country for a short time that you



A NURSE.

see all varieties of costume. Each has a brass ticket with his number tied around his neck. I have seen No. 15,300, so that the number of these vehicles must be very large. One set of men go out by day, and at night another set who prowl lazily along the streets or stand near some frequented corner, always half asleep, in wait for a chance fare. I have sometimes surprised them at their morning toilet, as I have looked out early in the morning,—a little



"RASPBERRIES!"

saliva on the hands, and the face is soon washed. Three crossings and a genuflection to each quarter of the horizon complete the hasty toilet. These *isvostchiks* do not, of course, all own their horses and droskies, but for the most part they belong to *artels*, or co-operative associations. Sometimes they hire the horses and droskies of some man to whom they pay a share of the profits, and sometimes the *artel* owns them all. Their elder or president sees to providing them all with a common lodging and board, and their profits go into the common stock and are regularly divided up.

Besides the drosky, the water-carriers are always stirring at an early hour of the morning, and their trade is so constant that I can see them at almost any hour of the day.



A TARTAR.

Moscow is supplied with water from springs near the village of Mytistchi, some twelve miles away, but it is brought only to the large fountains in the street squares, and the pipes are rarely laid to the houses. It is necessary to bring all the water for household use from one of these fountains, and there are plenty of men whose sole employment is to fill their barrels at these fountains and distribute it to their customers. I get my barrel filled up every morning, and pay something like thirty or forty cents a month for it. Everything about these fountains and water-carriers is so primitive that there are not even any stop-cocks or hose, and each man must fill his own barrel with a long-handled dipper. The carriers quickly become

so expert at this operation that the dipper in their hands becomes almost invisible, and you see only a continual arched stream of water from the fountain to the perambulating reservoir. Much is, however, wasted, and the neighborhood of a fountain is a very wet place, and one keeps as far from it



TEA SELLER.

as possible. There are a few old wells still left in town, some of them with the well-sweep, such as we see in New England, but the *Mytstchi* water is so much better that most people prefer it. I think it is the clearest, sweetest water I ever tasted, and then, too, it is perfectly healthy and can be drunk by strangers at all times with impunity. It has great virtue in bread-making, rendering Moscow bread the best in the world, not even excepting that of Vienna. It is quite common to send *kalatches*—a peculiar sort of Russian bread in the shape of a padlock—from here to St. Petersburg, as a present to one's friends.

I have spoken of the bad pavements here. They are all made of cobble-stones and most stupidly laid; a few men level the ground with sand according to their eye, and put the stones in place, pounding each one in with one of a larger size. When the pavement is finished it is rammed with a block of wood, then covered with broken stones to fill up the cracks, and with sand, which after a day or two is swept away, if not sooner removed by the wind. For a month the pavement thus made is tolerable, after that it becomes very rough, and in the

spring, being displaced by frost, it becomes abominable, and needs constant repairs. The gutters are usually in the middle of the street, which with the double slope of the street is an additional annoyance. There is no general supervision of paving, but each proprietor arranges that in front of his own house as he pleases, and you may meet a dozen different grades in the same street. All see the faults of this system but no one has energy enough to change it.

My table begins to tremble as I write, and I hear a heavy rumbling over the uneven pavement; it is the *pozharny command* or firemen. I quickly rush to the door to know where the fire is and find that all my neighbors have done the same. A fire in Moscow is not to be trifled with, for the winds are so violent and there are so many wooden houses; at the first alarm we all desire to convince ourselves that we are in no danger. The fire-engines are small hand-engines, drawn by horses, and worked by six or eight men. They are bright and neatly polished, but have no force to send a stream of water far. The men, however, work with a will, but they seem to be only well started when the water gives out. The reason is obvious. All the water for the engine is brought in a large cask mounted on wheels similar to a water-sprinkler, and these casks must be constantly renewed. There is not in all Moscow a cistern for fire purposes,



BOY FREDDLE.

and though the city is provided with water-pipes, there is not a single hydrant. Every water-cask must go to the fountain to be filled. In spite of these ridiculous appurte-

nances the Moscow firemen are well drilled, and look neat in their brass helmets, their high boots and their coarse gray clothes, and are far more efficient than one would suppose. In the present case by wetting the adjoining buildings and tearing off the roof

character of its own, and after experience of an English or an Irish crowd, one is rather pleased with a Russian one. Not that it is particularly clean or savory, but it is so extremely good-natured and well behaved. There is very little pushing or elbowing. Every one

is courteous to his neighbors, and you are sure not to see any acts of brutality or to incur any danger in mixing in it. Smiling, good-natured faces are everywhere, no matter what the rank or position, for good humor is indeed the chief Russian virtue. And then such a curious mixture of people in such a crowd!

—merchants with long dark-blue or black caftans, reaching to their heels, and their cravats tied tight around their throats, not showing a shirt collar if they indeed have one; stout old women with silk kerchiefs wound about their heads so as to conceal their hair; shoemakers' boys and apprentices in what seems a dirty muslin dressing-gown; artisans in their blue working-blouses; the ordinary town peasant in his red shirt and high boots, and the *muzhik* fresh from the country with coat of undyed homespun, cloths wound round his legs in lieu of

stockings and sandals made of plaited linden bark; here and there a student with dirty shirt and long hair and most foul finger-nails, evidently of the idea that neatness is incompatible with learning; there will probably be a priest or two, and a few soldiers.

But in this warm weather I find it pleasanter to keep out of a crowd, and I prefer



A RUSSIAN MERCHANT.

of the house on fire and flooding it with water, they manage to get the flames under control and finally to subdue them. At last there is nothing left but some charred logs well soaked, and the firemen draw off and go home. The crowd lingers about for a long time still, gazing on the ruins.

Every crowd has a physiognomy and a

to watch the people from my window as they come by in twos and threes.

There goes a nurse with her little charge. It must be a boy, for her dress is blue, and



A SELLER OF ROLLS.

the nurses here always conform to the proprieties. She would wear red if it were a girl. He must be of good family too, for her dress is richly trimmed with gold, and her apron, which is tied just below her arms, making the waist come where it has no right to be, is of fine dotted muslin. Her head-dress too has, I think, some real pearls in it. 'Tis a pretty dress for some women, and at St. Petersburg it is the court dress on grand occasions. What pretty Russian faces one can sometimes see then on a New Year's Day under this peasant head-gear!

There, on the other side of the way, are three tipsy tailors. One is playing the accordion and trying to sing some love song, and the others are vainly endeavoring to assist each other to walk straight. They are "Mondaying," as the popular Russian phrase goes; for yesterday was a holiday, and of course they were drunk, and of course, too, to-day they have not got over it and have done no work. No wonder Russia is backward when there are more than fifty clearly defined and well recognized holidays, besides Sundays, and when each of them is generally so well kept as to incapacitate the lower classes from working the next day. In addition to these there are many others which are holidays in certain places and on which the public offices are shut.

There comes a Tartar in an Astrachan cap. It strikes me as very strange to see him in a cap, for the Tartars here always wear white felt hats as if it were part of their religion, and underneath you can just see their shaven heads and gold-embroidered skull-caps. Their boots, too, always have green heels and over them they invariably wear big slippers or goloshes. It is these that they take off at the door of their mosque—for they have a little one here far off at the other end of the town in an old house. I went there one day with a friend, and was surprised to see a large silver candlestick of the same pattern as those used in the Russian churches, standing in front of the holy place. The Tartars here take the place of the Jews who buy old clothes in most parts of the world. With his pack on his back and his stick in his hand, a Tartar here is always crying out "*"sta' pla"*" (*stariya platya*—old clothes), and is ready to buy anything you have, and to sell or barter to you something he carries in his pack.

A careless carter has spilled some grain out of one of his bags, and it is amusing to see the birds who are at it already. Here in this cold climate we have more birds in town than elsewhere, and twice as many in winter as in summer. There are hosts of



FRUIT VENDER.

sparrows, who save our trees from the worms and caterpillars, flocks of little fat jackdaws, and big ungainly crows who help clean up

the town. We call them crows, though they are not black but of a dark slate color marked with gray and black. The pigeons have it all their own way in Moscow, for no one dares kill them. They are looked on as the incarnate symbol of the Holy Ghost, and a Russian would almost as soon think of becoming a cannibal as of eating a pigeon. Up near the grain and flour markets there are thousands of them, and toward evening the roofs are black with them. The gilded domes and roof of the Kremlin seem to be also particularly dear to these birds, and if you go down to the river about an hour before sunset, and lean over the parapet of the bridge, you will see countless numbers darting and wheeling about the Palace spire. It is just what is needed to finish the beautiful panorama before you. In the early spring I meet numbers of men selling cages of little birds. These the people buy and liberate at Easter-tide. It is a relic of the old habit of freeing slaves at that time. When no more slaves were to be had, birds were substituted as a symbol by the church, and the custom still existed in Russia with all her serfs, without a thought as to what it meant, and how much better it would be to do the thing of which it was a type.

These birds before my window are frightened away by a boy who comes down the



RUSSIAN CARPENTER.

street with a wooden tray of fruit on his head, crying "*malini, syveshü malini*" (raspberries! fresh raspberries!). Thinking of my

dessert, I call him up to me and see if they are good and large, and finding them satisfactory I send him around to the kitchen door to bargain with Avdotia. We buy nearly all our fruit in this way, and many other things too. I was a long time finding



SLOVAK TIN-WARE SELLER.

out where to buy matches, trying many shops in vain; at last I ascertained that it was doubtful if they were sold anywhere save by the boys in the street. Of these street venders there is every variety, and I hear their cries at all times of day. Now it is, "Pears, good pears, and Crimean apples!" now, "Currants, good currants, sweet little, nice little, black little currants!"—if I may so translate a sentence nearly every word of which is a diminutive of the most tender character. At another time it is a boy so loaded down with brushes and baskets that he looks hardly able to move about; at another, it is a Slovak from one of the Austrian Slavonic provinces who is trying to sell tin-ware. Tin-ware can be bought at few of the shops, as most people use plain iron or copper utensils, and these Slovaks, who have wandered such a long distance with their wares, have almost a monopoly of the market.

The Slovaks are almost the only foreigners we have in the street line, except the Italian organ-grinders, who grind us out "*Lucia*" and "*Trovatore*" here as everywhere else in the world, even in the most piercing cold. Then there are men with bread and rolls, men with long strings of

cracknels, which are liked by every one; men with jugs of mead and beer; boys with kettles of hot tea wrapped up in cloth to keep the heat in; boys with poppy-seed cakes and sunflower seeds—those favorite delicacies of the lower classes; men with fish and game; men even with nicely chopped cat-meat,—not cat-flesh, but liver and lights to be fed to the huge cats we have here. There is almost nothing that cannot be bought of these street venders. There are perambulating artisans too, glaziers and smiths of course, but even cobblers, and I have frequently seen a peasant stop and pull a boot off, and stand by or sit on the curb-post till it was mended. I like to hear the cries of these men echoing up the street, all musical, all in the minor key, yet each with a different accent and expression.

The singing of the Gypsies is one of the treats we sometimes allow ourselves here and is a thing that no stranger should miss. They go in bands of about a dozen women and half a dozen men, and are at hand in nearly all the cafés in the Petrofsky Park or at Sokolniki. Their music has something weird and unearthly about it, and is at the same time very fascinating. The accompaniment is usually by guitars thrummed in a most unmusical way and yet with a certain pleasing effect. What I like most is the dancing. A girl and a young man rise and face each other, singing alternate stanzas, while the rest sing a quick, lively chorus. The two circle slowly about each other with a parallel waving of their hands. Suddenly the girl begins to tremble, first with her hands and then with her whole

body. The music becomes quicker and quicker, and wilder and wilder, until her whole frame is one tremor, and she sinks exhausted into the arms of her partner amidst the involuntary applause of the spectators.



A MARKET-WOMAN FROM THE COUNTRY.

I open my casement window wide and lean out to get the fresh night-air. It is midnight, and all is still save the tramp of the night-watchman and the regular beat of his stick on the pavement, and all is dark but for the faint glimmering in a few windows from the night-lamps burning before the pictures of the protecting Virgin and Saints.

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### SONG.

THE weasel thieves in silver suit,  
The rabbit runs in gray;  
While Pan betakes his frosty flute  
To pipe the cold away.

The flocks are folded, boughs are bare,  
The salmon takes the sea;  
And O my fair, would I somewhere  
Might house my heart with thee!

## THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.



"SHE STEPPED INTO THE GALLEY BEFORE HE COULD PROTEST."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Liz crept close to the window and looked down the road. At this time of the year it was not often that the sun set in as fair a sky. In October, Riggan generally shut its doors against damps and mist, and turned toward its fire, when it had one. And yet Liz had hardly seen that the sun had shone at all to-day. Still, seeing her face, a passer-by would not have fancied that she was chilled. There was a flush upon her cheeks, and her eyes were more than usually bright. She was watching for Joan with a restless eagerness.

"She's late," she said. "I mought ha' knowned she'd be late. I wisht she'd coom—I do. An' yet—an' yet I'm feart. I wisht it wur over;" and she twisted her fingers together nervously.

She had laid the child upon the bed, and presently it roused her with a cry. She went to it, took it up into her arms, and, carrying it to the fire, sat down.

"Why couldn't tha stay asleep?" she said. "I niver seed a choid loike thee."

But the next minute, the little creature whimpering, she bent down in impatient repentance and kissed it, whimpering too.

"Dunnöt," she said. "I conna bear to hear thee. Hush, thee! tha goes on as if tha knew. Eh! but I mun be a bad lass. Ay, I'm bad through an' through, an' I conna be no worse nor I am."

She did not kiss the child again, but held it in her listless way even after it fell asleep. She rested an elbow on her knee and her chin upon her hand while her tearful eyes searched the fire, and thus Joan found her when she came in at dusk.

"Tha'rt late again, Joan," she said.

"Ay," Joan answered, "I'm late."

She laid her things aside and came to the fire-light. The little one always won her first attention when she came from her day's labor.

"Has she been frettin'?" she asked.

"Ay," said Liz, "she's done nowt else but fret lately. I dunnot know what ails her."

She was in Joan's arms by this time and Joan stood looking at the puny face.

"She is na well," she said in a low voice. "She has pain as we know nowt on, poor little lass. We conna help her, or bear it for her. We would if we could, little un,"—as if she forgot Liz's presence.

"Joan," Liz faltered, "what if you were to lose her?"

"I hope I shanna. I *hope* I shanna."

"Yo' could na bear it?"

"Theer is na much as we conna bear."

"That's true enow," said Liz. "I wish foak could dee o' trouble."

"Theer's more nor yo' has wished th' same," Joan answered.

She thought afterward of the girl's words and remembered how she looked when she uttered them,—her piteous eyes resting on the embers, her weak little mouth quivering, her small hands at work,—but when she heard them, she only recognized in them a new touch of the old petulance to which she had become used.

Joan went about her usual tasks, holding the baby in her arms. She prepared the evening meal with Liz's assistance and they sat down to eat it together. But Liz had little appetite. Indeed neither of them ate much and both were more than usually silent. A shadow of reserve had lately fallen between them.

After the meal was ended they drew their seats to the hearth again, and Liz went back to her brooding over the fire. Joan, lulling the child, sat and watched her. All Liz's beauty had returned to her. Her soft, rough hair was twisted into a

curly knot upon her small head, her pretty, babyish face was at its best of bloom and expression—that absent, subdued look was becoming to her.

"Theer's honest men as mought ha' loved her," said Joan inwardly. "Theer's honest men as would ha' made her life happy."

It was just as she was thinking this that Liz turned round to her:

"If she lived to be a woman," with a gesture toward the child; "if she lived to be a woman, do yo' think as she'd remember me if—if owt should happen to me now?"

"I conna tell," Joan answered, "but I'd try to mak' her."

"Would yo'?" and then she dropped her face upon her hands. "It ud be best if she'd forget me," she said. "It ud be best if she'd forget me."

"Nay, Liz," said Joan. "Tha'rt out o' soarts."

"Ay, I am," said the girl, "an' I need be. Eh, Joan! tha'rt a good wench. I wish I wur loike thee."

"Tha need na, lass."

"But I do. Tha'd nivver go wrong i' th' world. Nowt could mak' thee go wrong. Tha'rt so strong loike. An' tha'rt patient, too, Joan, an' noan loike the rest o' women. I dunnot think—if owt wur to happen me now—as tha'd ha' hard thowts o' me. Wouldst tha?" wistfully.

"Nay, lass. I've been fond o' thee, an' sorry fur thee, and if tha wur to dee, tha mayst mak' sure I'd noan be hard on thee. But tha art na goin' to dee, I hope."

To her surprise the girl caught her hand, and, pulling it down upon her knee, laid her cheek against it and burst into tears.

"I dunnot know; I mought, or—or—summat. But nivver tha turn agen me, Joan,—nivver tha hate me. I am na loike thee,—I wur na made loike thee. I canna stand up agen things, but I dunnot think as I'm so bad as foaks say!"

When this impassioned mood passed away, she was silent again for a long time. The baby fell asleep upon Joan's breast, but she did not move it,—she liked to feel it resting there; its close presence always seemed to bring her peace. At length, however, Liz spoke once more.

"Wheer wur thy feyther goin' wi' Spring an' Braddy?" she asked.

Joan turned a pale face toward her.

"Wheer did yo' see him wi Spring an' Braddy?"

"Here," was Liz's reply. "He wur here

this afternoon wi' 'em. They did na coom in, though,—they waited i' th' road, while he went i' th' back room ther fur summat. I think it wur a bottle. It wur that he coom fur, I know, fur I heerd Braddy say to him, 'Hast getten it?' an' thy Feyther said, 'Ay,' an' th' other two laughed as if they wur on a spree o' some soart."

Joan rose from her chair, white and shaking.

"Tak' th' choid," she said, hoarsely. "I'm goin' out."

"Out!" cried Liz. "Nay, dunnot go out. What ails thee, Joan?"

"I ha' summat to do," said Joan. "Stay tha here with th' choid." And almost before she finished speaking she was gone, and the door had closed behind her.

There would be three of them against one man. She walked faster as she thought of it, and her breath was drawn heavily.

Lowrie bent down in his hiding-place, smiling grimly. He knelt upon the grass behind a hedge at the road-side. He had reached the place a quarter of an hour before, and he had chosen his position as coolly as if he had been sitting down to take his tramp dinner in the shade. There was a gap in the hedge and he must not be too near to it or too far from it. It would be easier to rush through this gap than to leap the hedge; but he must not risk being seen. The corner where the other men lay concealed was not far above him. It was only a matter of a few yards, but if he stood to wait at one turn and the engineer took the other, the game would escape. So he had placed his comrades at the second, and he had taken the first.

"I'd loike to ha' th' first yammer at him," he had said, savagely. "Yo' can coom when yo' hear me."

As he waited by the hedge, he put his hand out stealthily toward his "knob-stick" and drew it nearer, saying to himself:

"When I ha' done settlin' wi' him fur mysen, I shall ha' a bit o' an account to settle fur her. If it's his good looks as she's taken wi', she'll be noan so fond on him when she sees him next, I'll warrant."

He had hit upon the greater villainy of stopping short of murder,—if he could contain himself when the time came.

At this instant a sound reached his ears which caused him to start. He bent forward slightly toward the gap to listen. There were footsteps upon the road above him—footsteps that sounded familiar. Clouds had drifted

across the sky and darkened it, but he had heard that tread too often to mistake it now when every nerve was strung to its highest tension. A cold sweat broke out upon him in the impotence of his wrath.

"It's th' lass hersen," he said. "She's heerd summat, an' she's as good as her word!"—with an oath.

He got up and stood a second trembling with rage. He drew his sleeve across his forehead and wiped away the sweat, and then turned round sharply.

"I'll creep up th' road an' meet her afore she reaches th' first place," he panted. "If she sees th' lads, it's aw up wi' us. I'll teach her summat as she'll noan forget."

He was out into the Knoll Road in a minute more.

"I'll teach her to go agen me," he muttered. "I'll teach her, by ——" But the sentence was never ended. There was a murmur he did not understand, a rush, a heavy rain of blows, a dash of something in his face that scorched like liquid fire, and with a shriek, he fell writhing.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

A MINUTE later there rushed past Joan, in the darkness, two men,—stumbling and cursing as they went, out of breath, horror-stricken, and running at the top of their speed.

"It wur Lowrie hissen, by —!" she heard one say, as he dashed by.

"Feyther! Feyther, where are yo'? Feyther, are yo' nigh me?" she cried, for she heard both blows and shriek.

But there came no answer to her ear. The rapid feet beating upon the road, their echo dying in the distance, made the only sound that broke the stillness. There was not even a groan. Yet a few paces from her, lay a battered, bleeding form. There was no starlight now, she could see only the vague outline of the figure, which might be that of either one man or the other. For an instant, the similarity in stature which had deceived his blundering companions, deceived her also; but when she knelt down and touched the shoulder, she knew it was not the master who lay before her.

"It's Feyther hissen," she said, and then she drew away her hand, shuddering. "It's wet wi' blood," she said. "It's wet wi' blood!"

He did not hear her when she spoke; he was not conscious that she tried to raise him; his head hung forward when she lifted

him; he lay heavily, and without motion, upon her arms.

"They ha' killed him!" she said. "How is it, as it is na *him*?"

There was neither light nor help nearer than "The Crown" itself, and when her brain became clearer, she remembered this. Without light and assistance, she could do nothing; she could not even see what hurt he had sustained. Dead, or dying, he must lie here until she had time to get help.

She took off her shawl, and folding it, laid his head gently upon it. Then she put her lips to his ear.

"Feyther," she said, "I'm goin' to bring help to thee. If tha can hear me, stir thy hond."

He did not stir it, so she disengaged her arm as gently as possible, and, rising to her feet, went on her way.

There were half a dozen men in the bar-room when she pushed the door inward and stood upon the threshold. They looked up in amazement.

"Those on yo' as want to help a deein' mon," she said, "come wi' me. My feyther's lyin' in the Knoll Road, done to death."

All were astir in a moment. Lanterns and other necessaries were provided, and bearing one of these lanterns herself, Joan led the way.

As she stepped out on to the pavement a man was passing, and attracted by the confusion, turned to the crowd:

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"There's a mon been killed up o' th' Knoll Road," answered one of the colliers. "It's this lass's feyther, Dan Lowrie."

The man strode into the light and showed an agitated face.

"Killed!" he said, "Dan Lowrie!"

It was Fergus Derrick.

He recognized Joan immediately, and went to her.

"For pity's sake," he exclaimed, "don't go with them. If what they say is true, this is no place for you. Let me take you home. You ought not—"

"It wur me," interrupted Joan in a steady voice, "as found him."

He could not persuade her to remain behind, so he walked on by her side. He asked her no questions. He knew enough to understand that his enemy had reaped the whirlwind he had himself sown.

It was he who knelt first by the side of the prostrate man, holding the lantern above the almost unrecognizable face. Then he

would have raised the lifeless hand, but Joan, who had bent down near him, stopped him with a quick move.

"Dunnot do that," she faltered, and when he looked up in surprise, he comprehended her meaning, even before she added, in a passionate undertone, the miserable words:

"Ther's blood on it, as might ha' bin yore own."

"Ther's a bottle here," some one cried out suddenly. "A bottle as I just set my foot on. Chaps, ther's been vitriol throwed."

"Ay," cried another, "so there has; chaps, look yo' here. Th' villians has vitrioled him."

They laid him upon the shutter they had brought, and carried him homeward. Joan and Derrick were nearest to him as they walked.

They were not far from the cottage, and it was not long before the light glimmered through the window upon them. Seeing it, Joan turned to Derrick suddenly.

"I mun hurry on before," she said. "I mun go and say a word to Liz. Comin' aw at onct the soight ud fear her."

Reaching the house, she pushed the door open and went in. Everything was so quiet that she fancied the girl must have gone to bed.

"Liz," she said aloud, "Liz!"

Her voice fell with an echoing sound upon the silent room. She looked at the bed and saw the child lying there asleep. Liz was not with it. She passed quickly into the room adjoining and glanced around. It was empty. Moved by some impulse she went back to the bed, and in bending over the child, saw a slip of paper pinned upon its breast, and upon this paper Joan read, in the sprawling, uncertain hand she knew so well:

*"Dunnot be hard on me, Joan, dunnot. Good-bye!"*

When Derrick entered the door, he found Joan standing alone in the center of the room, holding this scrap of paper in her hand.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

"HE wont live," the doctor said to Derrick. "He's not the man to get over such injuries, powerful as he looks. He has been a reckless, drunken brute, and what with the shock and reaction nothing will save him. The clumsy rascals who attacked him have meant to do him harm enough, but they have done him more than they intended, or at least the man's antecedents will help them

to a result they may not have aimed at. We may as well tell the girl, I suppose—fine creature, that girl, by the way. She wont have any sentimental regrets. It's a good riddance for her, to judge from what I know of them."

"I will tell her," said Derrick.

She listened to him with no greater show of emotion than an increased pallor. She remembered the wounded man only as a bad husband and a bad father. Her life would have been less hard to bear if he had died years ago, but now that death stood near him, a miserable sense of desolation fell upon her, inconsistent as such a feeling might seem.

The village was full of excitement during this week. Everybody was ready with suggestions and conjectures, everybody wanted to account for the assault. At first there seemed no accounting for it at all, but at length some one recollects that Lowrie had been last seen with Spring and Braddy. They had "getten up a row betwixt theirsens, and t'others had punsed him."

The greatest mystery was the use of vitriol. It could only be decided that it had not been an ordinary case of neighborly "punsing," and that there must have been a "grudge" in the matter. Spring and Braddy had disappeared, and all efforts to discover their whereabouts were unavailing.

On the subject of Liz's flight Joan was silent, but it did not remain a secret many hours. A collier's wife had seen her standing, crying, and holding a little bundle on her arm at the corner of a lane, and having been curious enough to watch, had also seen Landsell join her a few minutes later.

"She wur whimperin' afore he coom," said the woman, "but she cried i' good earnest when he spoke to her, an' talked to him an' hung back as if she could na mak' up her moind whether to go or no. She wur a soft thing, that wench, it wur allus which-ivver way th' wind blowed wi' her. I could nivver see what that lass o' Lowrie's wanted wi' her. Now she's getten th' choidl on her honds."

The double shock had numbed Joan. She went about the place and waited upon her father in a dull, mechanical way. She said but little to the curious crowd, who, on pretense of being neighborly, flocked to the house. She even had very little to say to Anice. Perhaps after all, her affection for poor Liz had been a stronger one than she had thought.

"I think," Grace said gently to Anice, "that she does not exactly need us yet."

He made the remark in the rector's presence and the Reverend Harold did not agree with him.

"I am convinced that you are mistaken, Grace," he said. "You are a little too—well, too delicately metaphysical for these people. You have sensitive fancies about them, and they are not a sensitive class. What they want is good strong doctrine, and a certain degree of wholesome frankness. They need teaching. That young woman, now—it seems to me that this is the time to rouse her to a sense of her—her moral condition. She ought to be roused, and so ought the man. It is a great pity that he is unconscious."

Of Joan's strange confession of faith, Anice had told him something, but he had been rather inclined to pronounce it "emotional," and somehow or other could not quite divest himself of the idea that she needed the special guidance of a well-balanced and experienced mind. The well-balanced and experienced mind in question was his own, though of course he was not aware of the fact that he would not have been satisfied with that of any other individual. He was all the more disinclined to believe in Joan's conversion because his interviews with her continued to be as unsatisfactory as ever. Her manner had altered; she had toned down somewhat, but she still caused him to feel ill at ease. If she did not defy him any longer or set his teachings at naught, her grave eyes, resting on him silently, had sometimes the effect of making his words fail him: which was a novel experience with the rector.

In a few days Lowrie began to sink visibly. As the doctor predicted, the reaction was powerful, and remedies were of no avail. He lay upon the bed, at times unconscious, at times tossing to and fro in delirium. During her watching at the bedside, Joan learned the truth. Sometimes he fancied himself tramping the Knoll Road homeward, through the rain, and then he muttered sullenly of the "day" that was coming to him, and the vengeance he was returning to take; sometimes he went through the scene with Joan herself, and again, he waited behind the hedge for his enemy, one moment exultant, the next striving to struggle to his feet with curses upon his lips and rage in his heart, as he caught the sound of the advancing steps he knew so well. As he went over these scenes again and again, it was plain enough

to the listener that his vengeance had fallen upon his own head.

The day after he received his hurts a collier dropped into "The Crown" with a heavy stick in his hand.

"I fun this knob-stick nigh a gap i' th' hedge on th' Knoll Road," he said. "It wur na fur fr' wheer they fun Lowrie. Happen them chaps laid i' wait fur him an' it belongs to one o' 'em."

"Let's ha' a look at it," said a young miner, and on its being handed to him he inspected it closely.

"Why!" he exclaimed. "It's Lowrie's own. I seed him wi' it th' day afore he wur hurt. I know th' shape o' th' knob. How could it ha' coom theer?"

But nobody could guess. It was taken to Joar, and she listened to the story without comment. There was no reason why they should be told what she had already discovered.

When Lowrie died, Anice and Grace were in the room with Joan. After the first two days the visitors had dropped off. They had satisfied their curiosity. Lowrie was not a favorite, and Joan had always seemed to stand apart from her fellows, so they were left to themselves.

Joan was standing near the bed when there came to him his first and last gleam of consciousness. The sun was setting and its farewell glow streaming through the window fell upon his disfigured face and sightless eyes. He roused himself, moving uneasily.

"What's up wi' me?" he muttered. "I connan see—I connan ——"

Joan stepped forward.

"Feyther," she said.

Then memory seemed to return to him. An angry light shot across his face. He flung out his hands and groaned:

"What!" he cried, "tha art theer, art tha?" and helpless and broken as he was, he wore that moment a look Joan had long ago learned to understand.

"Ay, feyther," she answered.

It appeared as if, during the few moments in which he lay gasping, a full recognition of the fact that he had been baffled and beaten after all—that his plotting had been of no avail—forced itself upon him. He made an effort to speak once or twice and failed, but at last the words came.

"Tha went agen me, did tha?" he panted. "Dom thee!" and with a struggle to summon all his strength, he raised himself, groping, struck at her with his clenched

hand, and failing to reach her, fell forward with his face upon the bed.

It was all over when they raised him and laid him back again. Joan stood upright, trembling a little, but otherwise calm.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

It had been generally expected that when all was over the cottage upon the Knoll Road would be closed and deserted, but some secret fancy held Joan to the spot. Perhaps the isolation suited her mood; perhaps the mere sense of familiarity gave her comfort.

"I should na be less lonely anywhere else," she said to Anice Barholm. "Theer's more here as I feel near to than i' any other place. I ha' no friends, yo' know. As to th' child, I con carry it to Thwaite's wife i' th' mornin' when I go to th' pit, an' she'll look after it till neet, fur a trifle. She's getten childern o' her own, and knows their ways."

So she went backward and forward night and morning with her little burden in her arms. The child was a frail, tiny creature, never strong, and often suffering, and its very frailty drew Joan nearer to it. It was sadly like Liz, pretty and infantine. Many a rough but experienced mother, seeing it, prophesied that its battle with life would be brief. With the pretty face, it had inherited also the helpless, irresolute, appealing look. Joan saw this in the baby's eyes sometimes and was startled at its familiarity; even the low, fretted cry had in it something that was painfully like its girl-mother's voice. More than once a sense of fear had come upon Joan when she heard and recognized it. But her love only seemed to strengthen with her dread.

Day by day those who worked with her felt more strongly the change developing so subtly in the girl. The massive beauty which had almost seemed to scorn itself was beginning to wear a different aspect; the defiant bitterness of look and tone was almost a thing of the past; the rough, contemptuous speech was less scathing and more merciful when at rare intervals it broke forth.

"Summat has coom over her," they said among themselves. "Happen it wur trouble. She wur different, somehow."

They were somewhat uneasy under this alteration; but, on the whole, the general feeling was by no means unfriendly. Time had been when they had known Joan Lowrie only as a "lass" who held herself aloof, and yet in a manner overruled them; but

in these days more than one stunted, over-worked girl or woman found her hard task rendered easier by Joan's strength and swiftness.

It was true that his quiet and unremitting efforts had smoothed Grace's path to some extent. There were ill-used women whom he had helped and comforted; there were neglected children whose lives he had contrived to brighten; there were unbelievers whose scoffing his gentle simplicity and long-suffering had checked a little. He could be regarded no longer with contempt in Riggan; he even had his friends there.

Among those who still mildly jeered at the little parson stood foremost, far more through vanity than malice, "Owd Sammy Craddock." A couple of months after Lowrie's death, "Owd Sammy" had sauntered down to the mine one day, and was entertaining a group of admirers when Grace went by.

It chanced that, for some reason best known to himself, Sammy was by no means in a good humor. Something had gone wrong at home or abroad, and his grievance had rankled and rendered him unusually contumacious.

Nearing the group, Grace looked up with a faint but kindly smile.

"Good-morning!" he said; "a pleasant day, friends!"

"Owd Sammy" glanced down at him with condescending tolerance. He had been talking himself, and the greeting had broken in upon his eloquence.

"Which on us," he asked dryly; "which on us said it wur na?"

A few paces from the group of idlers Joan Lowrie stood at work. Some of the men had noted her presence when they lounged by, but in the enjoyment of their gossip, they had forgotten her again. She had seen Grace too; she had heard his greeting and the almost brutal laugh that followed it; and, added to this, she had caught a passing glimpse of the curate's face. She dropped her work, and, before the laugh had died out, stood up confronting the loungers.

"If there is a mon among yo' as he has harmed," she said; "if there's one among yo' as he's ivver done a wrong to, let that mon speak up."

It was "Owd Sammy" who was the first to recover himself. Probably he remembered the power he prided himself upon wielding over the weaker sex. He laid aside his pipe for a moment and tried sar-

casm,—an adaptation of the same sarcasm he had tried upon the curate.

"Which on us said theer wur?" he asked.

Joan turned her face, pale with repressed emotion, toward him.

"There be men here as I would scarce ha' believed could ha' had much agen him. I see one mon here as has a wife as lay nigh death a month or so ago, an' it wur the parson as went to see her day after day, an' tuk her help an' comfort. Theer's another mon here as had a little un to dee, an' when it deed, it wur th' parson as knelt by its bed an' held its hond an' talkt to it when it wur feart. Theer's other men here as had help fro' him as they did na know of, an' it wur help fro' a mon as wur na far fro' a-bein' as poor an' hard-worked i' his way as they are i' theirs. Happen th' mon I speak on dunnot know much about th' sick wife an' deein child, an' what wur done for 'em, an' if they dunnot, it's th' parson's fault."

"Why!" broke in "Owd Sammy." "Blame me, if tha art na turned Methody! Blame me," in amazement, "if tha art na!"

"Nay," her face softening; "it is na Methody so much. Happen I'm turnin' woman, fur I canna abide to see a hurt gien to them as has na earned it. That wur why I spoke. I ha' towd yo' th' truth o' th' little chap yo' jeered at an' throw'd his words back to."

Thus it became among her companions a commonly accepted belief that Joan Lowrie had "turned Methody." They could find no other solution to her championship of the parson.

"Is it true as tha's j'ined th' Methodys?" Thwaite's wife asked Joan somewhat nervously.

She had learned to be fond of the girl, and did not like the idea of believing in her defection.

"No," she answered, "it is na."

The woman heaved a sigh of relief.

"I thowt it wur na," she said. "I towd th' Maxeys as I did na believe it when they browt th' tale to me. They're powerful fond o' tale-bearin', that Maxey lot."

Joan stopped in her play with the child.

"They dunnot understand," she said, "that's aw. I ha' learned to think different, an' believe i' things as I did na used to believe in. Happen that's what they mean by talkin' o' th' Methodys."

People learned no more of the matter than this. They felt that in some way Joan

Lowrie had separated herself from their ranks, but they found it troublesome to work their way to any more definite conclusion.

"Hast heard about that lass o' Lowrie's?" they said to one another; "hoo's takken a new turn sin' Lowrie deed; hoo allus wur a queer-loike, high-handed wench."

After Lowrie's death, Anice Barholm and Joan were oftener together than ever. What had at first been friendship had gradually become affection.

"I think," Anice said to Grace, "that Joan must go away from here and find a new life."

"That is the only way," he answered. "In this old one there has been nothing but misery for her, and bitterness and pain."

Fergus Derrick was sitting at a table turning over a book of engravings. He looked up sharply.

"Where can you find a new life for her?" he asked. "And how can you help her to it? One dare not offer her even a semblance of assistance."

They had not spoken to him, but he had heard, as he always heard, everything connected with Joan Lowrie. He was always restless and eager where she was concerned. All intercourse between them seemed to be at an end. Without appearing to make an effort to do so, she kept out of his path. Try as he might, he could not reach her. At last it had come to this: he was no longer dallying upon the brink of a great and dangerous passion,—it had overwhelmed him.

"One cannot even approach her," he said again.

Anice regarded him with a shade of pity in her face.

"The time is coming when it will not be so," she said.

The night before, Joan Lowrie had spent an hour with her. She had come in on her way from her work, before going to Thwaite's, and had knelt down upon the hearth-rug to warm herself. There had been no light in the room but that of the fire, and its glow, falling upon her face, had revealed to Anice something like haggardness.

"Joan," she said, "are you ill?"

Joan stirred a little uneasily, but did not look at her as she answered:

"Nay, I am na ill; I nivver wur ill i' my life."

"Then," said Anice, "what—what is it that I see in your face?"

There was a momentary tremor of the finely molded, obstinate chin.

"I'm tired out," Joan answered. "That's aw," and her hand fell upon her lap.

Anice turned to the fire.

"What is it?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

Joan looked up at her,—not defiant, not bitter, not dogged,—simply in appeal against her own despair.

"Is na theer a woman's place fur me i' th' world? Is it allus to be this way wi' me? Con I nivver reach no higher, strive as I will, pray as I will,—fur I have prayed? Is na theer a woman's place fur me i' th' world?"

"Yes," said Anice, "I am sure there is."

"I've thowt as theer mun be somewher. Sometimes I've felt sure as theer mun be, an' then again I've been beset so sore that I ha' almost gi'en it up. If theer is such a place fur me, I mun find it—I mun!"

"You will find it," said Anice. "Some day, surely."

Anice thought of all this again when she glanced at Derrick. Derrick was more than usually disturbed to-day. He had for some time been working his way to an important decision, fraught with some annoyance and anxiety to himself. There was to be a meeting of the owners in a few weeks, and at this meeting he had determined to take a firm stand.

"The longer I remain in my present position, the more fully I am convinced of the danger constantly threatening us," he said to Anice. "I am convinced that the present system of furnaces is the cause of more explosions than are generally attributed to it. The mine here is a 'fiery' one, as they call it, and yet day after day goes by and no precautions are taken. There are poor fellows working under me whose existence means bread to helpless women and children. I hold their lives in trust, and if I am not allowed to place one frail barrier between them and sudden death, I will lead them into peril no longer,—I will resign my position. At least I can do that."

The men under him worked with a dull, heavy daring, born of long use and a knowledge of their own helplessness against their fate. There was not one among them who did not know that in going down the shaft to his labor, he might be leaving the light of day behind him forever. But seeing the blue sky vanish from sight thus during six days of fifty-two weeks in the year, engendered a kind of hard indifference. Explosions had occurred, and might occur again; dead men had been carried up to be

stretched on the green earth,—men crushed out of all semblance to humanity; some of themselves bore the marks of terrible maiming; but it was an old story, and they had learned to face the same hazard recklessly.

With Fergus Derrick, however, it was a different matter. It was he who must lead these men into new fields of danger.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

THE time came, before many days, when the last tie that bound Joan Lowrie to her present life was broken. The little one, who from the first had clung to existence with a frail hold, at last loosened its weak grasp. It had been ill for several days,—so ill that Joan had remained at home to nurse it,—and one night, sitting with it upon her knee in her accustomed place, she saw a change upon the small face.

It had been moaning continuously, and suddenly the plaintive sound ceased. Joan bent over it. She had been holding the tiny hand as she always did, and at this moment the soft fingers closed upon one of her own quietly. She was quite alone, and for an instant there was a deep silence. After her first glance at the tiny creature, she broke this silence herself.

"Little lass," she said in a whisper, "what ails thee? Is thy pain o'er?"

As she looked again at the baby face upturned as if in silent answer, the truth broke in upon her.

Folding her arms around the little form, she laid her head upon its breast and wept aloud,—wept as she had never wept before. Then she laid the child upon a pillow and covered its face. Liz's last words returned to her with a double force. It had not lived to forget or blame her. Where was Liz to-night,—at this hour, when her child was so safe?

The next morning, on her way down-stairs to the breakfast-room, Anice Barholm was met by a servant.

"The young woman from the mines would like to see you, Miss," said the girl.

Anice found Joan awaiting her below.

"I ha' come to tell yo'," she said, "that th' little un deed at midneet. Theer wur no one I could ca' in. I sat alone wi' it i' th' room aw th' neet, an' then I left it to come here."

Anice and Thwaite's wife returned home

with her. What little there was to be done, they remained to do. But this was scarcely more than to watch with her until the pretty baby face was hidden away from human sight.

When all was over, Joan became restless. The presence of the child had saved her from utter desolation, and now that it was gone, the emptiness of the house chilled her. At the last, when her companions were about to leave her, she broke down.

"I conna bear it," she said. "I will go wi' yo'."

Thwaite's wife had proposed before that she should make her home with them; and now, when Mrs. Thwaite returned to Riggan, Joan accompanied her, and the cottage was locked up.

This alteration changed greatly the routine of her life. There were children in the Thwaite household—half a dozen of them—who, having overcome their first awe of her, had learned before the baby died to be fond of Joan. Her handsome face attracted them when they ceased to fear its novelty; and the hard-worked mother said to her neighbors:

"She's getten a way wi' childer, somehow,—that lass o' Lowrie's. Yo'd wonder if yo' could see her wi' em. She's mony a bit o' help to me."

But as time progressed, Anice Barholm noted the constant presence of that worn look upon her face. Instead of diminishing, it grew and deepened. Even Derrick, who met her so rarely, saw it when he passed her in the street.

"She is not ill, is she?" he asked Anice once, abruptly.

Anice shook her head.

"No, she is not ill."

"Then she has some trouble that nobody knows about," he said. "What a beautiful creature she is!" impetuously—"and how incomprehensible!"

His eyes chanced to meet Anice's, and a dark flush swept over his face. He got up almost immediately after and began to pace the room, as was his habit.

"Next week the crisis will come at the mines," he said. "I wonder how it will end for me."

"You are still determined?" said Anice.

"Yes, I am still determined. I wish it were over. Perhaps there will be a Fate in it"—his voice lowering itself as he added this last sentence.

"A Fate?" said Anice.

"I am growing superstitious and full of

fancies," he said. "I do not trust to myself, as I once did. I should like Fate to bear the responsibility of my leaving Riggan or remaining in it."

"And if you leave it?" asked Anice.

For an instant he paused in his walk, with an uncertain air. But he shook this uncertainty off with a visible effort, the next moment.

"If I leave it, I do not think I shall return, and Fate will have settled a long unsettled question for me."

"Don't leave it to Fate," said Anice in a low tone. "Settle it for yourself. It does not—it is not—it looks ——"

"It looks cowardly," he interrupted her. "So it does, and so it is. God knows I never felt myself so great a coward before!"

He had paused again. This time he stood before her. The girl's grave, delicate face turned to meet his glance, and seeing it, a thought seemed to strike him.

"Anice," he said, the dark flush rising afresh, "I promised you that if the time should ever come when I needed help that it was possible you might give, I should not be afraid to ask you for it. I am coming to you for help. Not now—some day not far distant. That is why I remind you of the compact."

"I did not need reminding," she said to him.

"I might have known that," he answered,—"I think I did know it. But let us make the compact over again."

She held out her hand to him, and he took it eagerly.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE owners of the Riggan collieries held their meeting. That a person in their employ should differ from them boldly, and condemn their course openly, was an extraordinary event; that a young man in the outset of his career should dare so much was unprecedented. It would be a ruinous thing, they said among themselves, for so young a man to lose so important a position on the very threshold of his professional life, and they were convinced that his knowledge of this would restrain him. But they were astounded to find that it did not.

He brought his plans with him, and laid them before them. They were plans for the abolition of old and dangerous arrangements, for the amelioration of the condition of the men who labored at the hourly risk of their lives, and for rendering this labor

easier. Specially, there were plans for a newer system of ventilation—proposing the substitution of fans for the long-used furnace. One or two of the younger men leaned toward their adoption. But the men with the greatest influence were older, and less prone to the encouragement of novelty.

"It's all nonsense," said one. "Furnaces have been used ever since the mines were opened, and as to the rest—it arises, I suppose, from the complaints of the men. They always will complain—they always did."

"So far they have had reason for complaint," remarked Derrick. "As you say, there have been furnaces ever since there have been mines, and there have also been explosions, which may in many cases be attributed to them. There was an explosion at Browton a month ago which was to some extent a mystery, but there were old miners who understood it well enough. The return air, loaded with gas, had ignited at the furnace, and the result was that forty dead and wounded men were carried up the shaft, to be recognized, when they were recognizable, by mothers, and wives, and children, who depended upon them for their scant food."

Derrick argued his cause well and with spirit, keeping a tight rein upon himself; but when, having exhausted his arguments, he found that he had not advanced his cause, and that it was a settled matter that he should not, he took fire.

"Then, gentlemen," he said, "I have but one resource. I will hold no human life lightly in my hands. I have the honor to tender you my resignation."

There was a dead silence for a moment or so. They had certainly not expected such a result as this. A well-disposed young man, who sat near to Derrick, spoke to him in a rapid undertone.

"My dear fellow," he said, "it will be the ruin of you. For my part, I admire your enthusiasm, but do not be rash."

"A man with a will and a pair of clean hands is not easily ruined," returned Derrick a trifle hotly. "As to being rash or enthusiastic, I am neither the one nor the other. It is not enthusiasm which moves me, it is a familiarity with stern realities."

When he left the room his fate had been decided. At the end of the week he would have no further occupation in Riggan. He had only two more days' work before him and he had gained the unenviable reputation of being a fire-and-tow young fellow, who was flighty enough to make a martyr of himself.

Under the first street-lamp, he met Grace, who was evidently making his way home.

"I will go with you," he said, taking his arm.

Once within the walls of the pleasant little room, he found it easy to unbosom himself. He described his interview with his employers, and its termination.

"A few months ago, I flattered myself that my prospects were improving," he said; "but now it seems that I must begin again, which is not an easy matter, by the way."

By the time he ended he found his temporary excitement abating somewhat, but still his mood was by no means undisturbed.

It was after they had finished tea and the arm-chairs had been drawn to the fire that Grace himself made a revelation.

"When you met me to-night, I was returning from a visit I had paid to Joan Lowrie."

"At Thwaites's?" said Derrick.

"At Thwaites's. She—the fact is I went on business—she has determined to change her plan of life."

"In what manner?"

"She is to work no more at the mines. I am happy to say that I have been able to find her other employment."

There was an interval of silence, at length broken by Derrick.

"Grace," he said, "can you tell me why she decided upon such a course?"

Grace looked at him with questioning surprise.

"I can tell you what she said to me on the subject," he replied. "She said it was no woman's work, and she was tired of it."

"She is not the woman to do anything without a motive," mused Derrick.

"No," returned the curate.

A moment later, as if by one impulse, their eyes met. Grace started as if he had been stung. Derrick simply flushed.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I—I do not think I understand," Grace faltered. "Surely I am blundering."

"Nay," said Derrick gloomily. "You cannot blunder since you know the truth. You did not fancy that my feeling was so trivial that I could have conquered it so soon? Joan Lowrie—"

"Joan Lowrie!"

Grace's voice had broken in upon him with a startled sound.

The two men regarded each other in mutual bewilderment. Then again Derrick was the first to speak.

"Grace," he said, "you have misunderstood me."

Grace answered him with a visible tremor.

"If," he said, "it was to your love for Joan Lowrie you referred when you spoke to me of your trouble some months ago, I have misunderstood you. If the obstacles you meant were the obstacles you would find in the path of such a love, I have misunderstood you. If you did not mean that your heart had been stirred by a feeling your generous friendship caused you to regard as unjust to me, I have misunderstood you miserably."

"My dear fellow!" Derrick exclaimed, with some emotion. "My dear fellow, do you mean to tell me that you imagined I referred to Miss Barholm?"

"I was sure of it," was Grace's agitated reply. "As I said before, I have misunderstood you miserably."

"And yet you had no word of blame for me?"

"I had no right to blame you. I had not lost what I believed you had won. It had never been mine. It was a mistake," he added, endeavoring to steady himself. "But don't mind me, Derrick. Let us try to set it right; only I am afraid you will have to begin again."

Derrick drew a heavy breath. He took up a paper-knife from the table, and began to bend it in his hands.

"Yes," he said, "we shall have to begin again. And it is told in a few words," he said with a deliberateness almost painful in its suggestion of an intense effort at self-control. "Grace, what would you think of a man who found himself setting reason at defiance, and in spite of all obstacles confronting the possibility of loving and marrying—if she can be won—such a woman as Joan Lowrie?"

"You are putting me in a difficult position," Paul answered. "If he would dare so much, he would be the man to dare to decide for himself."

Derrick tossed the paper-knife aside.

"And you know that I am the person in question. I have so defied the world, in spite of myself at first, I must confess. I have confronted the possibility of loving Joan Lowrie until I do love her. So there the case stands."

Gradually there dawned upon the curate's mind certain remembrances connected with Joan. Now and then she had puzzled and startled him, but here, possibly, might be a solution of the mystery.

"And Joan Lowrie herself?" he asked, questioningly.

"Joan Lowrie herself," said Derrick, "is no nearer to me to-day than she was a year ago."

"Are you,"—hesitatingly,—"are you quite sure of that?"

The words had escaped his lips in spite of himself.

Derrick started and turned toward him with a sudden movement.

"Grace!" he said.

"I asked if you were sure of that," answered Grace, coloring. "I am not."

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE next morning Derrick went down to the mine as usual. There were several things he wished to do in these last two days. He had heard that the managers had entered into negotiations with a new engineer, and he wished the man to find no half-done work. The day was bright and frosty, and the sharp, bracing air seemed to clear his brain. He felt more hopeful, and less inclined to view matters darkly.

He remembered afterward that, as he stepped into the cage, he turned to look at the unpicturesque little town, brightened by the winter's sun; and that, as he went down, he glanced up at the sky and marked how intense appeared the bit of blue, which was framed in by the mouth of the shaft.

Even in the few hours that had elapsed since the meeting, the rumor of what he had said and done had been bruited about. Some collier had heard it and had told it to his comrades, and so it had gone from one to the other. It had been talked over at the evening and morning meal in divers cottages, and many an anxious woman had warmed into praise of the man who had "had a thowt for th' men."

In the first gallery he entered he found a deputation of men awaiting him,—a group of burly miners with picks and shovels over their shoulders,—and the head of this deputation, a spokesman burler and generally gruffer than the rest, stopped him.

"Mester," he said, "we chaps 'ud loike to ha' a word wi' yo'."

"All right," was Derrick's reply, "I am ready to listen."

The rest crowded nearer as if anxious to participate as much as possible, and give their spokesman the support of their presence.

"It is na mich as we ha' getten to say,"

said the man, "but we're fain to say it. Are na we, mates?"

"Ay, we are, lad," in chorus.

"It's about summat as we'n heerd. Theer wur a chap as towd some on us last neet, as yo'd getten th' sack fro' th' managers—or leastways as yo'd turned th' tables on 'em an' gi'en them th' sack yo'ren. An' we'n heerd as it begun wi' yo're standin' up fur us chaps—axin fur things as wur wanted i' th' pit to save us fro' runnin' more risk than we need. An' we heerd as yo' spoke up bold, an' argied fur us an' stood to what yo' thowt war th' reet thing, an' we set our moinds on tellin' yo' as we'd heerd it an' talked it over, an' we'd loike to say a word o' thanks i' common fur th' pluck yo' showed. Is na that it, mates?"

"Ay, that it is, lad!" responded the chorus.

Suddenly one of the group stepped out and threw down his pick.

"An' I'm dom'd, mates," he said, "if here is na a chap as ud loike to shake hands wi' him."

It was a signal for the rest to follow his example. They crowded about their champion, thrusting grimy paws into his hand, grasping it almost enthusiastically.

"Good luck to yo', lad!" said one. "We'n noan smooth soart o' chaps, but we'n stand by what's fair an' plucky. We shall ha' a good word fur thee when tha hast made thy flittin'."

"I'm glad of that, lads," responded Derrick, heartily, by no means unmoved by the rough-and-ready spirit of the scene. "I only wish I had had better luck, that's all."

A few hours later the whole of the little town was shaken to its very foundations, by something like an earthquake accompanied by an ominous, booming sound which brought people flocking out of their houses, with white faces. Some of them had heard it before—all knew what it meant. From the colliers' cottages poured forth women, shrieking and wailing,—women who bore children in their arms and had older ones dragging at their skirts, and who made their desperate way to the pit with one accord. From houses and workshops there rushed men, who, coming out in twos and threes joined each other, and, forming a breathless crowd, ran through the streets scarcely daring to speak a word—and all ran toward the pit.

There were scores at its mouth in five minutes; in ten minutes there were hundreds,

and above all the clamor rose the cry of women :

"My Mester's down!"  
"An' mine!"  
"An' mine!"  
"Four lads o' mine is down!"  
"Three o' mine!"

"My little un's theer—th' youngest—nobbut ten year owd—nobbut ten year owd, poor little chap! an' ony been at work a week!"

"Ay, wenches, God ha' mercy on us aw—God ha' mercy!" And then more shrieks and wails in which the terror-stricken children joined.

It was a fearful sight. How many lay dead and dying in the noisome darkness below, God only knew! How many lay mangled and crushed, waiting for their death, Heaven only could tell!

In five minutes after the explosion occurred, a slight figure in clerical garb made its way through the crowd with an air of excited determination.

"Th' parson's feart," was the general comment.

"My men," he said, raising his voice so that all could hear, "can any of you tell me who last saw Fergus Derrick?"

There was a little pause and then came a reply from a collier who stood near.

"I coom up out o' th' pit an hour ago," he said, "I wur th' last as coom up, an' it wur on'y chance as browt me. Derrick wur wi' his men i' th' new part o' th' mine. I seed him as I passed through."

Grace's face became a shade or so paler, but he made no more inquiries.

His friend either lay dead below, or was waiting for his doom at that very moment. He stepped a little farther forward.

"Unfortunately for myself, at present," he said, "I have no practical knowledge of the nature of these accidents. Will some of you tell me how long it will be before we can make our first effort to rescue the men who are below?"

Did he mean to volunteer—this young whipper-snapper of a parson? And if he did, could he know what he was doing?

"I ask you," he said, "because I wish to offer myself as a volunteer at once; I think I am stronger than you imagine, and at least my heart will be in the work. I have a friend below,—myself," his voice altering its tone and losing its firmness,—"a friend who is worthy the sacrifice of ten such lives as mine if such a sacrifice could save him."

One or two of the older and more expe-

rienced spoke up. Under an hour it would be impossible to make the attempt—it might even be a longer time, but in an hour they might, at least, make their first effort.

If such was the case, the parson said, the intervening period must be turned to the best account. In that time much could be thought of and done which would assist themselves and benefit the sufferers. He called upon the strongest and most experienced, and almost without their recognizing the prominence of his position, led them on in the work. He even rallied the weeping women and gave them something to do. One was sent for this necessary article and another for that. A couple of boys were dispatched to the next village for extra medical assistance, so that there need be no lack of attention when it was required. He took off his broadcloth and worked with the rest of them until all the necessary preparations were made and it was considered possible to descend into the mine.

When all was ready, he went to the mouth of the shaft and took his place quietly.

It was a hazardous task they had before them. Death would stare them in the face all through its performance. There was choking after-damp below, deadly noxious vapors, to breathe which was to die; there was the chance of crushing masses falling from the shaken galleries—and yet these men left their companions one by one and ranged themselves, without saying a word, at the curate's side.

"My friends," said Grace, baring her head, and raising a feminine hand. "My friends, we will say a short prayer."

It was only a few words. Then the curate spoke again.

"Ready!" he said.

But just at that moment there stepped out from the anguished crowd a girl, whose face was set and deathly, though there was no touch of fear upon it.

"I ax yo'," she said, "to let me go wi' yo' and do what I con. Lasses, some on yo' speak a word fur Joan Lowrie!"

There was a breathless start. The women even stopped their outcry to look at her as she stood apart from them,—a desperate appeal in the very quiet of her gesture as she turned to look about her for some one to speak.

"Lasses," she said again. "Some on yo' speak a word fur Joan Lowrie!"

There rose a murmur among them then, and the next instant this murmur was a cry.

"Ay," they answered, "we con aw speak fur yo'. Let her go, lads! She's worth two o' th' best on yo'. Nowt fears her. Ay, she mun go, if she will, mun Joan Lowrie! Go, Joan, lass, and we'n not forget thee!"

But the men demurred. The finer instinct in some of them shrank from giving a woman a place in such a perilous undertaking—the coarser element in others rebelled against it.

"We'n ha' no wenches," these said, surlily.

Grace stepped forward. He went to Joan Lowrie and touched her gently on the shoulder.

"We cannot think of it," he said. "It is very brave and generous, and—God bless you!—but it cannot be. I could not think of allowing it myself, if the rest would."

"Parson," said Joan coolly, but not roughly, "tha'd ha' hard work to help thysen, if so be as th' lads wur willin'."

"But," he protested, "it may be death. I could not bear the thought of it. You are a woman. We cannot let you risk your life."

She turned to the volunteers.

"Lads," she cried passionately, "Yo' munnot turn me back. I—sin I mun tell yo'—" and she faced them like a queen,— "theer's a mon down theer as I'd gi' my heart's blood to save."

They did not know whom she meant, but they demurred no longer.

"Tak' thy place, wench," said the oldest of them. "If tha mun, tha mun."

She took her seat in the cage by Grace, and when she took it she half turned her face away. But when those above began to lower them, and they found themselves swinging downward into what might be to them a pit of death, she spoke to him.

"Theer's a prayer I'd loike yo' to pray," she said. "Pray that if we mun dee, we may na dee until we ha' done our work."

It was a dreadful work indeed that the rescuers had to do in those black galleries. And Joan was the bravest, quickest, most persistent of all. Paul Grace, following in her wake, found himself obeying her slightest word or gesture. He worked constantly at her side, for he, at least, had guessed the truth. He knew that they were both engaged in the same quest. When at last they had worked their way—lifting helping, comforting—to the end of the passage where the collier had said he last saw the master, then, for one moment she paused, and her companion, with a thrill of pity, touched her to attract her attention.

"Let me go first," he said.

"Nay," she answered, "We'n go together."

The gallery was a long and low one, and had been terribly shaken. In some places the props had been torn away, in others they were borne down by the loosened blocks of coal. The dim light of the "Davy" Joan held up showed such a wreck that Grace spoke to her again.

"You must let me go first," he said, with gentle firmness. "If one of these blocks should fall —"

Joan interrupted him,—

"If one on 'em should fall I'm th' one as it had better fall on. There is na mony foak as ud miss Joan Lowrie. Yo' ha' work o' yore own to do."

She stepped into the gallery before he could protest, and he could only follow her. She went before, holding the Davy high, so that its light might be thrown as far forward as possible. Now and then she was forced to stoop to make her way around a bending prop; sometimes there was a fallen mass to be surmounted, but she was at the front still when they reached the other end without finding the object of their search.

"It—he is na there," she said. "Let us try th' next passage," and she turned into it.

It was she who first came upon what they were looking for; but they did not find it in the next passage, or the next, or even the next. It was farther away from the scene of the explosion than they had dared to hope. As they entered a narrow side gallery, Grace heard her utter a low sound, and the next minute she was down upon her knees.

"Theer's a mon here," she said. "It's him as we're lookin' fur."

She held the dim little lantern close to the face,—a still face with closed eyes, and blood upon it. Grace knelt down too, his heart aching with dread.

"Is he —" he began, but could not finish.

Joan Lowrie laid her hand upon the apparently motionless breast and waited almost a minute, and then she lifted her own face, white as the wounded man's—white and solemn, and wet with a sudden rain of tears.

"He is na dead," she said. "We ha' saved him."

She sat down upon the floor of the gallery and lifting his head laid it upon her bosom, holding it close as a mother might hold the head of her child.

"Mester," she said, "gi' me th' brandy

flask, and tak' thou thy Davy an' go fur some o' th' men to help us get him to th' leet o' day. I'm gone weak at last. I connan do no more. I'll go wi' him to th' top."

When the cage ascended to the mouth again with its last load of sufferers, Joan Lowrie came with it, blinded and dazzled by the golden winter's sunlight as it fell upon her haggard, beautiful face. She was holding the head of what seemed to be a dead man upon her knee. A great shout of welcome rose up from the by-standers.

She helped them to lay her charge upon a pile of coats and blankets prepared for him, and then she turned to the doctor who had hurried to the spot to see what could be done.

"He is na dead," she said. "Lay yore

hond on his heart. It beats yet, Mester,—on'y a little, but it beats."

"No," said the doctor, "he is not dead—yet," with a breath's pause between the two last words. "If some of you will help me to put him on a stretcher, he may be carried home, and I will go with him. There is just a chance for him, poor fellow, and he must have immediate attention. Where does he live?"

"He must go with me," said Grace. "He is my friend."

So they took him up, and Joan Lowrie stood a little apart and watched them carry him away,—watched the bearers until they were out of sight, and then turned again and joined the women in their work among the sufferers.

(To be continued.)

#### MARCIAS FORTUNE.

THE old Wentworth house stood at the top of the hill, close to the main road, although acres and acres of farm land stretched away behind it and at either side. It would have unconsciously reminded a thoughtful observer of one of those eccentric and stately old gentlemen who insisted upon wearing knee-breeches fifty years after they had passed out of fashion, it was so old and so quaint and had such a pitiful look of by-gone prosperity about it. There were curious carvings over the doors and windows and along the cornice under the roof; the sash of the ancient bow-window was filled with bull's-eye panes of glass, very thick and very green, and the ponderous brass knocker on the front door would have been a prize for a relic hunter. Two lilac bushes on either side of the door had grown so tall that their branches met over it, forming an arch-way. A Virginia creeper grew with such luxuriance that it nearly covered the front of the house, while a scarlet-runner clambered over and through it at will, throwing out here and there bright bits of color in the deep green. It twined about two dormer-windows that seemed to be looking out into the world with a surprised sort of air as if wondering what in the world had happened to the Wentworths, and even took into its embrace the great square chimneys that towered over all as if determined to assert themselves despite the fallen fortunes of the family.

Inside, it was even more quaint and far

more fascinating than without; there was the old keeping-room,—the family-room for generations past,—so low-ceiled that all the tall sons of the house had bent their heads to pass in and out of the door-way, paneled from floor to ceiling with black-oak, and with a huge brick fire-place that might almost have held a Yule-log, and was set round with tiles of the most curious description. On some of them, ladies with amazing structures of hair, infinitesimal waists and huge hoops, confronted gentlemen in bag-wigs and small-clothes; on others were Scripture illustrations scarcely to be called artistic, since the mote in the eye was half as big as the man's head and the beam appeared to be a piece of falling timber about to knock the other man down. The parlor was shut up because the floor was shaky, and, being a north room, it had a moldy smell, and many of the bedrooms were only opened once in a while just to air them. The rooms were many, but the people who had once filled them had all gone years and years before my story has a beginning. The spider-legged chairs ending in a claw grasping a ball were seldom moved except to be dusted; the curious little dressing-tables with endless drawers and "cubby-holes" that girls delight in, were clean and empty, and the two old convex glasses found no crowd of people gay with color to reflect in these degenerate days.

For there was no one left in the old house but John Wentworth, his only child and his

sister-in-law, Persis Church. Mr. Wentworth would have been very inoffensive if he had not been so conscious of his hands and his feet; but then one must be conscious of something, and there was little else that belonged to the "last of his race," as he was fond of calling himself—not quite correctly, to be sure, for Marcia was the last—but then she was a girl. A very pretty girl she was, too, with a slender, graceful figure, and a high-bred little head with brown braids wrapped snugly around it. There was never any charming disarray about Marcia Wentworth; she was always well trimmed—like a ship before the wind.

Miss Persis was the dearest and most charming of old maids, not a bit precise, although her back bore evidence that she never lounged, even at fifty-two. Her whole dress was always exquisitely neat and lady-like; the delicate, aristocratic old hands showed their tracery of blue veins; and there was a sweet, kindly smile about the gentle mouth and eyes, albeit they could wear a satirical look when her brother-in-law discoursed grandly of "my father"—for such discourse invariably ended with:

"Persis, have you any money about you?"

She always had "a little," and Mr. Wentworth always took it.

Behind the house, toward the left, was a clump of box, originally the bordering of the flower-beds which had been laid out for Marcia's great-grandmother when she came there a bride, but which in long years had grown to fill up the neglected beds and become more than six feet high.

Opposite, toward the right of the house—would, for the sake of the Wentworths, that it had never been built!—stood the "old laboratory," just a tiny little building of one room, shingled all over, roof and sides alike, black and water-soaked with time and storms, covered with a dark green moss and yellow lichen, a straggling old vine growing over the door-way, and behind it elms whose branches sweep the roof.

"My father"—Dr. Wentworth—had been a very learned man, so much so indeed, that it made him quite mad enough to fling himself into the mysteries of alchemy and finally to shut himself up for years with his pots and his crucibles, his ever-blazing fire and the uncanny messes he was always stirring over it in the hope of finding the philosopher's stone. Nothing stood in the way of his mania, gold,—gold he must and would have. Wife died; children married, or were lost at sea, or emigrated never to

be heard of more,—what difference did it make to him?

He was for years avoided by the country people, and even his very name became a terror, for mysterious and horrid tales were whispered in the farm-houses about the dreadful ingredients needed for his witchcraft,—principal among them being the warm blood of babes under a year old. Children shivered in their beds lest a long arm should swoop them out of the window and into the darkness, and many people drew a breath of relief when at last he died, leaving a black and bubbling mess over the fire that he was certain contained the long-sought-for solution. With his last conscious breath he enjoined upon his son to keep up the fire for twelve days and nights—the mystical Egyptian number—when he would find his reward. He died feeling quite comfortable, no doubt; poor old sinner! and what happened? What could have been expected to happen in the nineteenth century? The stuff boiled away in less than twenty-four hours and the fire burnt a hole in the bottom of the kettle, making a practical illustration of the direction the Wentworth gold had taken.

The old house, sadly out of repair, and the rocky and barren farm lands, were all that was left for John Wentworth and his baby daughter. How they would have lived Heaven only knows, if Persis Church, with her slender income, had not stepped into the breach, which she filled so completely that John never seemed to notice there had been a breach at all.

On a bright June morning, the sun was so hot that the old shingles on the laboratory began to renew their youth and give out a faint fragrance of cedar. The door was open and the sun poured a blaze of light on the old furnace, and made it stand out against the wood piled up beyond it, and even danced and glinted as the waving of the trees broke it up on the crucibles standing in a row on the shelf above. These with their dusty, fat sides and slender necks, with one handle on each, bore a ludicrous likeness to the arm of a defiant woman set akimbo on a broad hip.

The sunshine would have poured into the kitchen if Olive hadn't shut it out by pulling to the shutter on the east window, before which Marcia sat with both arms folded on the table listening to her fortune with an amused and interested face.

"Humph!" said old Polly, "I see tears an' a lover an' —"

"Pshaw!" said Olive, rolling out her gingerbread with spiteful haste, "anybody could tell *that*, 'thout screwing a cup 'round forty times; better tell her somethin' new while you're 'bout it."

"Olive Judd," said Polly, "ef you don't stop your talk I can't tell nothin',—you keep a-puttin' on me out the hull time."

"Please don't, Olive," said Marcia; "because I want to hear it."

"It's all bosh anyhow," said Olive, who subsided so far as speech was concerned, but made up for it by gratuitous slammings of the oven door.

So Polly went on:

"An' way off there," pointing a skinny finger to one side of the cup, "is a fortin, an—an'—there's jugs,—black ones,—an' it's to your right hand."

"And is that all, Polly?"

"Well, it's all I'm sure on; mebbe there's a ring, I guess there is; but there's tears, lots on 'em. I allers think it's best to tell folks there's tears 'cause ef I'd knowed it once I might kep' out o' heaps o' trouble, but nobody told me, an' that's where I missed it."

"Missed what?" said Marcia.

"Wall, now, didn't you never know?" said Polly, settling herself back in her chair. "I'll tell yer, but it's awful touching; I declare it makes me cry now, old as I be and cracked, some folks say," and the keen, black eyes filled with tears.

Olive couldn't stand that, and burst out with "For the land's sake, Marcia Wentworth, don't you go to drawin' out that old critter; it's enough to kill the saints when she gets a goin', and she'll be a meanderin' here most o' the day. Come, Polly, kite along; your room's a sight better'n your company, Saturdays."

"Laws!" says Polly, catching up her basket and pulling up her rheumatic old bones out of the arm-chair, "I guess I'd better be a-goin', Marcia. I'll tell yer another time; it allus makes Olive mad to hear 'bout other folks' beaux; she allus purtended she didn't want none; but laws! we all know what that means; we aint none of us blind," and with this parting shot Polly hobbled away down the walk.

"Marcia Wentworth," said Olive, standing in the middle of the kitchen, roller in hand, "don't go to listenin' to such stuff; it aint a-goin' to do you no good, an' it might do yer a heap o' harm."

"Nonsense," said Marcia, "as if I believed in it!"

"As if yer did," repeated Olive, "it's mighty easy to believe in what we want to believe in, an' I saw you give a look out to that black hole when she told yer about a fortune, an' I suppose you think I've forgot that when you wasn't mor'n ten year old you was always possessed there was gold in them jugs; trust me for forgettin', an' if you take my advice you'll search 'em an' find out for sartain, an' then you wont be buildin' up no false hopes. Lord knows," she said, stooping down to pull a pan out of the oven, "what the old feller did with it all, but I'll be bound it's gone where you'll never see any of it."

"Don't be a goose, Olive, and you needn't have been so dreadfully cross to poor old Polly."

"You don't know her as well as I do; she'd 'a' gone on most o' the day, an' I aint got no patience with folks, allus blubberin' and yowlin' over troubles that can't be helped, an' are dead an' buried besides; they'd better go to work, that's my doctrine, if 'taint one o' the thirty-nine articles;" and Olive plunged her roller into a pile of dough.

Marcia sauntered down the path which led to a flight of steep stone steps outside the front gate, and directly on the main road; and then she put on her hat, which she had been swinging idly by the button at the end of the elastic, leaned over the fence and gazed at the prospect before her. She apparently gazed over the river to the hills dim and blue in the distance, but really she was in a day-dream—that is, if wondering why things were so "horrid" could be called a day-dream. Marcia taught school in Westport, a town eight miles off, full of old houses and old people, and with a decayed feeling in the very air itself. It was a wonder that any children were ever born there, for the whole tone of the place was against youth in any form; but still there were some born, and they survived and grew to be of a teachable age; and, with the foreign population, there were always enough to keep one school running.

Marcia didn't teach school because she liked it—quite the contrary: she hated it, and had always said she should much prefer to scrub floors for a living; but there wasn't a favorable situation open for scrubbing floors, and she couldn't have kept it up long if there had been, so she taught because there was nothing else to do.

Falls Village lay about as many miles the other way and was as opposite in character as in situation,—a busy manufacturing

town, where money, youth and energy were at a premium. Here Marcia found her lover,—handsome, twenty-five, and book-keeper at "Macy's Mills." It would be difficult to state which displeased Mr. Wentworth more, the teaching or the lover. The teaching was bad enough, but not without precedent in decayed aristocracy; but the lover was one of the "mill people," and that was making things out about as bad as could be. But her father's opinion mattered very little to Marcia except that it would of course have been more pleasant to have had him pleased than displeased, and she had been engaged to Tom for about a year. The engagement had been kept a secret, as there was little prospect of their being able to be married; and what little there had been was growing dimmer very fast, for during the year Tom had become fired with a new ambition. It was the thinking about that same ambition that had given Marcia's thoughts a particularly gloomy tone that morning, for she fancied she saw before her a long separation from her lover. He had talent, but imagined himself to be a genius; he had dabbled in colors and dabbled with clay; injudicious praise had puffed him up, and when a sculptor, home on a visit, pronounced a statuette "not a bad conception," and of "clever execution for a fellow entirely self-taught," Tom felt sure he was a genius out of place. Just at that time a rich and generous young fellow, an owner in one of the mills, who had taken a great fancy to Tom, offered to pay his expenses to Florence; where he might study to advantage.

It was a tempting offer. Tom was young; he hated book-keeping; he had enough money saved to keep him with economy for a year or more, and he believed in himself. On the other hand, there was Marcia, whom he loved after a manner not rare among men,—namely, as a sort of pleasing accessory to himself. Then there was his position; once relinquished it would be hard to regain,—perhaps impossible; and the money saved up, which was to have been a help to hasten his marriage, that would all go. But there was triumph one way, drudgery the other. The more pleasant way was soon seen to be the better, and at the very minute Marcia was leaning over the fence, Tom was hurrying along the road to tell her of his decision, which had been pretty equally balanced when she had last seen him. How handsome he was as he took off his hat to wave it to her! Such a bright smile,—such a fine, manly figure!

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"I'm going, Marcia," he called, as if anxious to get it over as soon as possible; and then, as she made no answer, but only advanced a step or two to meet him, as he reached the foot of the steps, "What have you got to say about it?"

"Nothing, Tom. What's the use? I told you what I thought, Sunday. I knew you'd never be out of the mill this time of day, if you weren't going."

"Oh, hang the mill! I've done with that forever, thank goodness! When do you suppose I'm going?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Well, you're cool,—you don't act as if you cared."

Marcia had seated herself on the old chain-weight that kept the gate closed, and looked down at the grass as she said:

"You can't expect me to be very glad about your going, Tom, as I can't go with you."

"Forgive me, dear," said Tom, bending down and putting a hand on either cheek, and so forcing her to look up.

"I believe I am selfish about it."

He expected to be contradicted; a man always does when he abuses himself to a woman who loves him. He was taken utterly by surprise when Marcia said, with energy:

"Yes, I believe you are. I shouldn't leave you so."

"Because you're a woman, my dear."

"I shouldn't if I were a man."

"Oh, yes, you would; you'd see then how foolish it would be to bury your talents; for —"

He stopped, rather in a quandary as to how to end his sentence,—and it was necessary to end it in some way, for Marcia was looking straight into his face with her clear, honest eyes; so he looked down and screwed the end of his cane into the toe of his boot, and said, finally:

"For any personal wishes or hopes."

"That's a very lame ending, Tom, and I guess we'd better not talk any more about it."

"I always knew I could do something if I had the chance. I've got it now, and I shouldn't be a man if I threw it away."

"Tom," said Marcia, "we've talked this all over before, and there is no use in going over it again. I wouldn't take the responsibility of keeping you back if I could; and, Tom"—here Marcia slipped her hand into his arm, and clasped the other over it,—"I want you to believe that if I thought you really would succeed, and that you were

bothered or troubled by our engagement, I'd break it to-morrow. But I don't believe you can ever be a great sculptor, and I think you had better stay away from it altogether, than only half succeed."

"Now you're talking like a woman without any reason, Marcia. Foolish child! could I live without you? And listen! We may be able to be married a great deal sooner than if I stuck by old Macy; and even if we're not, you'd rather marry a man who was somebody, than a book-keeper!"

"I don't know whether I should or not. It would be nice to have you rich and famous; but you're not sure of that. I suppose it's horrid of me, but I can't help it. I don't believe in things as I used to. Before I began to teach, I used to imagine it was all going to be very fine; but I've found out that the only thing I like about it is the day I draw my salary."

"Exactly so," said Tom, spreading out both hands with a backward motion, as if putting the whole subject behind him. "That's just the way I've always felt about book-keeping. I've no heart in it, and I never did have; but in Italy how different it will be!"

"I don't know about that, Tom," said Marcia, seriously. "Perhaps it will be harder for you to work there than it is here. I remember Mr. Sayre said he never knew how hard it was to settle down to work till he went abroad; for he was so distracted by all the things he wanted to see, and so discouraged by the very seeing, he said it seemed to come upon him all at once that he had never even touched the first beginning of things. It does seem to me that things are very much like working out your own salvation, after all; if you're bound to win, you *will*, if you have health and real honest ambition, no matter what your hindrances may be; and if I had an ambition, I *would* win."

"Well, I wish you had one," said Tom, a trifle nettled. "I'd like to see you win here; and, to take you on your own tack, what's the use of staying in the hindrances, if you can get out of them?"

"I don't know," said Marcia, doubtfully; for his manner was very convincing, and his eyes still more so, as he looked down into hers. "You must decide for yourself, I suppose."

"You haven't asked me when I'm going?"

"No; soon, I hope."

"What! so anxious to be rid of me?"

"It's so dreadful to think of your going away, that I had rather have you go and get it over with."

"Well, I sail next Wednesday, and I'm going to leave you to-morrow night for good."

"For good!" repeated Marcia, losing her color for a minute.

"Yes," said Tom, softly; "and I can't tell for how long; but when I come back, I'll be somebody."

"Marcia, dinner's ready!" screamed Olive; and the lovers went in.

The next night there was a full moon, and Tom and Marcia stood by the laboratory door just before he was going away.

"What an unearthly old den it looks in the moonlight!" said Tom; "it would be a capital study for a painting as it is, or still better lit up by a bright light from the furnace in the center, and lots of the old pots and pans around, and the old gentleman himself stirring the kettle. I wonder the old place hasn't been ferreted out long ago by some of the artists who go to the cliffs."

"Don't talk about it," said Marcia, with a glance over her shoulder; "I never see the place or think of it without feeling as if I hated it; for if it had never been built, we should have been as rich as we wanted to be, and I shouldn't have been buried alive here all the year round."

"You feel, in fact, like the daughter of the Cæsars, contemplating the ruins of the palace of her ancestors."

"You needn't laugh at me, Tom; a daughter of the Cæsars wouldn't feel a bit worse than I do. It's just as bad to lose a little money as a great deal, if it happens to be all one had."

"I declare," she added, after a minute or two of silence, while she stood looking into the door-way, "I've always felt as if there must be gold in those old crucibles; where could it all have gone to? It must have gone somewhere; you can't put metals out of existence; and they couldn't have gone off in gas,—could they, Tom?"

"Upon my word, I don't know; never read up on the subject. How much did the old fellow melt up here, anyhow?"

"Aunt Persis told me once that she was always sure he used up all of a hundred thousand dollars."

"Pooh! Nonsense, child! I don't believe it."

"I'm sure I don't care. He melted up all he could lay his hands on, whether it was much or little, and I do believe some of it

is in those old things now. I tipped up one of 'em when I was a little girl, but Olive saw me and gave me such a shaking I never dared touch them again, particularly as no gold ran out."

"Perhaps it's all in a lump at the bottom," said Tom; "let's smash one and see."

"Just what Olive said; no, not for worlds. I should feel as if my grandfather's ghost would haunt me forever. He always seemed to me somehow like a great devil-fish, for he just took in all he could grab. Oh! I forgot to tell you I had my fortune told yesterday, and I have the consolation of knowing that I shall be rich sometime, for old Polly said I had a fortune in my right hand."

"That's cheering."

"Yes, but she wasn't at all complimentary to you, by the way, for she insisted upon it that lovers brought tears."

"Very likely," said Tom; "they're a bad lot, and you may have several yet, you know; but I'm going in a few minutes."

"Oh no! I can't have you go yet," said Marcia, clinging to his arm.

"I must, dear. I've a tremendous walk, you know, unless I get a lift, and that isn't likely so late as this, for it's—yes," he said, holding up his watch in the moonlight, "it's ten o'clock."

So they walked down to the gate, and there were a few tears from Marcia, and a good deal of half tender, half patronizing protestation from Tom, and presently, with a wave of his hand and a flutter of his handkerchief, he was gone.

At first it was very dreary, but Marcia took Olive's advice and looked about for something to do, though it was vacation. Having some taste for drawing, she tried to sketch, and succeeded so well that when she went back to school she began to dare to dream of a talent in the ends of her fingers. She thought it such a blissful discovery, for if she, too, could have an ambition, she would be so much more fit for a wife for Tom. But his letters were different from what she had hoped for and indeed looked for. At first they were bright enough, but during the winter he wrote discouragingly of his prospects; said he was almost sorry he had bound her to him; that he saw years of toil before him; that a man should marry art alone if he was to pursue that life successfully.

Marcia dropped her pencils and stopped trying to do anything with colors, and found school-teaching more weary than ever. In the spring—the early, chilly spring—there came

a letter which was the last. He gave Marcia her freedom; he would not bind her to him when she might do better if he should step aside; it would be neither right nor manly to hold her to an engagement, with marriage out of the question; for he could not welcome her to a life of poverty, etc.

Marcia read the letter stupidly at first, then with pity—poor fellow, he was so discouraged!—but finally, with a burning indignation; for, blind herself as she might, the truth was clear,—absence had conquered Tom's love for her. His answer was soon written and dispatched,—his letters thrown into the fire and lying in a charred pile on top of the embers, before she gave herself time to think that they ought to have been sent back to him with a demand for her own.

Then there was an angry burst of tears as she lay face downward across her bed, with the door locked and a desperate feeling in her heart that it was a great deal better so.

She told her aunt Persis the bare fact that she had concluded to break her engagement. Miss Persis saw part and guessed the rest, and wished that she could comfort her, and longed to put her arms around her and tell her she knew how hard it all was to bear. But she did not, because there seems to be some force at work within us that keeps us from our tenderest sympathies with those we love best: we keep it all back to sob out over their coffins.

There was no need of telling her father, for he died soon after of apoplexy,—a good, aristocratic way of passing out of the world where he had been Turveydrop to the life, and nothing else; and the only difference it made was the scrimping of Marcia's salary to pay the funeral expenses.

Summer came, and Marcia tried hard to feel interested in things that she had cared for once, and nobody saw any difference in her except her aunt Persis; she seemed the same as ever, perhaps a little more quiet than before. But Miss Persis saw with sorrow that there was a difference, that Marcia was half unconsciously growing hard, and bitter, and cynical, with a tendency to disbelieve in almost everything, and to deal with people generally as if they were all, without exception, false, hollow, and selfish.

A year and a half went by, another summer came, and vacation, and rest. In all that time, Marcia never heard one word of Tom, but the heart-hurt was just as deep and just as bitter as it had been at first,—more bitter if anything.

One hot day she sat in the door-way and

a carriage drove up to the gate full of gay girls. They were distant cousins, boarding in Westport for the summer, rich, prosperous, and carelessly selfish with regard to their poor relations in the country; for, if they thought at all, it was only to reflect that "there's no use taking two bites out of a cherry, and poor people are so proud, one can never help them without giving offense." But still they were very glad to spend occasional days at the old place, and to allude at times "to our old family homestead, you know;" for, to be a "Wentworth," no matter how remotely, was to be somebody.

Marcia felt a pang of envy as the girls took off hats and dusters, for their clothes were new, and pretty, and stylish, while hers were always in the "made-over" stage, and she felt painfully conscious that she was as countrified as she could be, from the crown of her head to the soles of her shoes.

"Oh!" said Helen, as she advanced and retreated in front of one of the old convex glasses; "did you ever hear of or know, Marcia, a Mr. Durfee, from somewhere about here, who is in Florence now? Tom Durfee, I think Nell said,—didn't she, Sue?"

"Yes," said Sue, "he used to be something in one of those mills at 'The Falls.'"

"Yes," said Marcia, leaning far out of the window to pick a rose off a bush. "Oh, yes, I've met him once or twice," and she began to pull the rose to pieces, after all her trouble to get it.

"Was he nice?" said Sue.

"How do you mean?"

Marcia wondered if she looked pale.

"Why, gentlemanly and all that, you know."

"Oh, yes, very! Why?" said Marcia.

"Because Julia Revere's engaged to him; her father made a row about it because he hasn't any money and is going to live abroad; but she carried her point, as she always did, and it's out. Nelly Hale wrote Sue about it."

"Yes," said Marcia again, rather absently, "he was very nice. Sue, do let me see how your overskirt is made behind, it's a marvelous combination."

It was a long day, but it came to an end at last; and when Marcia had seen them drive off and watched them out of sight, she walked slowly back to the keeping-room where her aunt Persis was sitting with her knitting.

She sat down by the window and looked out. Suddenly she said: "I wish I were dead," and threw herself upon the lounge,

buried her head in the pillow, and burst into a passion of tears.

Her aunt Persis was grieved, but not astonished, for she had overheard the talk among the girls; but she said nothing, and Marcia kept on crying till she was nearly exhausted, and so heated from lying with her head in the pillow that she could hardly breathe; then she sat up.

Miss Persis said:

"Marcia, if you're crying about the news you've heard to-day, I don't think I'd waste any more tears, if I were you."

"That's all very well," said Marcia, passionately, "but how can I help crying?" and she began to sob again; but Miss Persis went quietly on:

"You can help it if you make up your mind to, and I think I should have too much pride to grieve over a man that had"—she was going to say jilted—"treated me as Tom has you."

"I have too much pride; I'm angry with myself, but I can't help caring. I'd have waited for Tom forever; and oh, dear, some girls do seem to have everything, and I have nothing, and the hardest time that ever was into the bargain!"

"No, you don't have the hardest time that ever was, my dear," said Miss Persis, knitting tranquilly, and exasperatingly, Marcia couldn't help thinking. "Plenty of other people have suffered just as much as you have, and they've lived through it, and died when the time came in a very resigned state of mind."

"I suppose they have, but that doesn't make it any easier for me to live here buried alive while everybody else has a good time in the world. No, indeed," she added, getting up and sitting down by the window; "it's all very easy for people in novels to be able to bear everything all at once, but when you come to live it for yourself, it isn't so easy as they make it out. I suppose I ought to be resigned and pious, and an example to everybody, and be glad Tom can be happy, but I'm not anything but just as miserable as I can be."

"I dare say she thinks she is, poor child!" said Miss Persis to herself.

By and by Marcia went on:

"I've thought sometimes that I'd be a first-rate heroine for a novel. I'm poor and proud, and the last of my family and I have to work, and I hate it, and there's everything but the romance, for nobody takes any notice of me. I've tried to forget Tom, and I do forget sometimes, but the minute I go to bed

I begin to dream of him, and in the morning I feel twice as bad as I did the night before. I don't mean to break my heart about him; but oh! I can't help it; I can't help it!" and down went the pretty head and brown braids upon the window-sill.

Then, after a long silence, she said:

"And I can't help thinking of the way I used to walk with Tom, and to think of his saying just those same sort of things to somebody else is—is very hard, Aunt Persis," and a little sob stuck in her throat.

"Yes," said Miss Persis, "that is hard, but brooding over it all won't make you feel any better, and now try to think of and do something else, and whatever it is do it with all your heart and soul. Why don't you begin to draw again, you were doing so nicely?"

"I can't; I've neither heart nor ambition to do anything now; I don't care for anything."

"You never will, as long as you don't try; but there's one thing I would stop, and that is trying to forget Tom. Try to remember how many women that nobody ever heard of have suffered just as much as you do now, and take in the common-sense fact that this life isn't heaven, and never will be,—although we're always trying to make it so,—and you'll be a great deal happier."

"Aunt Persis," said Marcia, "I know what you say is all true, but if you were in my place you'd feel just as I do."

"I know that very well," said Miss Persis, shaking out a fluffy cloud of knitting and proceeding to roll it carefully up in an old napkin; "for I've been in the same place myself. I cried it out on that very sofa; but the advice I've given you cured me, only I had to hammer it out for myself; there was nobody to tell me, and I thought I'd pass it along as I don't need it."

Marcia was sitting up straight with a pair of wide, astonished eyes.

"I didn't know you were ever engaged, Aunt Persis."

"Well, I was, and to a man I loved just as well as you ever loved Tom Durfee, and I couldn't marry him when he was ready for me, and so he jilted me;" and Miss Persis got up as if about to leave the room.

Marcia wanted dreadfully to ask why she couldn't marry, and perhaps Miss Persis saw it in her eyes, for she stopped half way across the room and said:

"I'll tell you why I couldn't marry him then, because it may help you to realize how everybody has something to bear that they can't wear outside. I was to have been

married about the time that your mother died; but there was nobody to take care of you, and your father wouldn't let me take you home, so I came here, and, before I knew it, Mr. Macy was tired of waiting,—and I stayed."

A few days after, Marcia wandered after sunset to the family burying-ground on the top of a little hill in the south pasture. It was just a little inclosure with a white picket fence around it where more than two generations of her family were buried, and she was fond of going there because there was a pretty view to be had from it. As the little gate swung to after her, she seated herself on an old grave near by and looked over the tall pine-trees in the valley below to the deep crimson flush in the sky that was fast dying away, and her thoughts went back to the talk she had had with her aunt. Not the slightest allusion had been made to it again by either of them. Marcia could not ask curious questions, and Miss Persis had opened her heart after all those long years, just that Marcia might have a glimpse of what women can endure and yet make no sign. It made a deep impression upon Marcia, for she then realized what she had often felt vaguely, when in a moralizing mood, that as life went on with her, it grew dreadfully real, and that there was no use in trying to shirk realities. Shouldered, they could be borne; shirked, they would be always under her feet and tripping her up; and when she suddenly started up, to find the stars bright in the warm, clear summer heavens, there was not the "glorified victory" of a novel heroine "shining in her face," but there was something there that told of a new and strong determination.

It took tangible form at once, for Marcia began to paint again with an energy that surprised and delighted Miss Persis. At first she worked without any very definite object in view, sketching little scraps of views, a few flowers, a lichen-covered rock, until one day she was sitting in the old laboratory when Tom's suggestion about making a study of it flashed upon her. She sketched it and tried to paint it, and sometimes felt that she was improving and felt correspondingly encouraged, and then again she sank to the depths of despair, and felt tempted to put the whole thing into the fire. That summer was certainly an eventful one, for the dream, with the crucibles for a foundation, that Marcia had cherished for years secretly and half unconsciously, came to an end in a terrific thunder-storm. The old

elm was struck by lightning, and the largest limbs split off and fell directly upon the roof of the laboratory, crushing it down, and of course making a general wreck of the old shed. The morning after, Marcia went out to look at the ruins, and with a queer little fluttering of the heart, she discovered a broken crucible near the edge of the roof. She turned over the pieces with her foot, then she took up the unbroken bottom of it in her hand; there was nothing there; yes, there was something: a quantity of fine black sand which sifted through her fingers as she turned it over her open palm, and nothing else. Marcia stood a moment with the piece of broken pottery in her hand but dropped it with a half guilty start as Olive's voice said close behind her:

"So there warn't nothin' in 'em after all! What did I always tell you?"

"Nothing but the truth, Olive; I'll own up I've been a great goose, and I'm afraid old Polly isn't to be implicitly relied upon, for I haven't found my fortune in them after all. But I'll tell you what I'm going to do; I shall mend one and take it into the house and keep it."

"Ef you'll take my advice, you'll never tetch one of 'em," said Olive, stalking into the house.

Marcia hunted about and found all the pieces of one of the smaller ones except a piece of the lip of one. But she comforted herself by the reflection that it "was a nice, picturesque break," and when mended and filled with bright leaves it made so quaint and odd a vase that she wondered that it had never before occurred to her to use one for such a purpose.

The fall and winter wore on and not quite so drearily as usual, for Marcia took a few lessons in painting of an artist who happened to be wintering in Westport, and every spare minute she worked at her picture; she was sometimes haunted by a vague doubt that it wasn't the sort of thing she could succeed with best, but as it grew under her brush she felt encouraged and very hopeful, for to her eyes it was an exact reproduction of what the old laboratory must have been in her grandfather's time. By the next August it was nearly finished, and just about that time the son of an old friend of Miss Persis wrote to her asking if he might come there to board with them, that he might recruit in a quiet and out-of-the-way place.

Miss Persis deliberated a while, and finally wrote to him that he might come, and then told Marcia.

"Mercy!" said Marcia, "what did you do that for, aunt Persis? what shall we ever do with him? Men are dreadful in the country, they never know what to do with themselves except to smoke everlasting. Then in hot weather we shall always have to be dressed —no more comfortable dressing-sacks."

"Don't you worry," said Miss Persis, nodding her head; "if he is half as agreeable as his father was before him, you'll find him a very nice fellow. No," she added laughing, as Marcia gave her an inquiring look, "not a bit of it, no relation."

So, duly heralded, Will Kingston arrived, and to Marcia's great delight, proved to be not only a charming companion but an amateur artist of such excellent sort that he might have taken a high rank as a professional, had he not already chosen another path,—that one wherein men learn to make black white and *vice versa*,—the path of a successful lawyer. In one way and another Marcia had met and known a good many men, because all the family connections had gravitated after a time toward the family home-stead, but Mr. Kingston was different from any man she had ever known before. He was always thoroughly the gentleman, but had not always the entirely deferential manner to which Marcia had been accustomed. Being a sensible and quick-witted woman, she was at once attracted and interested by that very want of deference to her opinions that would have been annoying to many women; for sensible women do not like to receive extreme deference from men whom they feel to be their intellectual superiors. It is too much like that gentle good breeding shown in words and tones to one's inferiors in the social grade: the woman is not placed upon a level with the man to be crossed, argued with, and treated generally like a friend and an equal, but is put into the position of an inferior being,—in intellect at least. So Kingston's abrupt and often quite rude speeches were the first link toward a strong and enduring friendship. Hesketched bits of the coast scenery in a vigorous and masterly way, and it was not long before he found out that Marcia had real talent and indomitable pluck. He asked, one day, what she was always "pottering about," in the old and long disused back kitchen, and Marcia told him, and then with many misgivings she showed the picture to him, saying as she opened the door:

"Now mind, you are to tell me the real truth."

"I don't dare tell a woman unpleasant

truths," said Kingston, "and you can't, really, you know, expect that I sha'n't see some fault in it."

"Of course not," said Marcia. "Don't think me such a fool."

"Then you promise that you wont ruffle all your feathers and fly at me, if I dare to disagree?"

"How ridiculous!" said Marcia, as she went in and pulled up the blind. She didn't turn round to watch the effect upon him, but looked out of the window, for she felt agitated and uneasy; no one had seen her picture before and she felt that it was under the eye of a man whose opinion was worth something—and who would give it.

For at least three minutes there was a dead silence, then Kingston scraped a match on the hearth-stone and lit a cigar, his unfailing recourse.

Marcia turned: "Well?" she said.

"Hold up your right hand." She held it up. "Now, you want the truth, honor bright?"

"Yes."

"And you wont get mad?"

"No."

"Well," he said, holding his cigar in one hand and plunging the other in a pocket, while he fixed two keen, steady eyes upon her face, "it's horrible."

"Horrible!" repeated Marcia, with a start, and a queer, hot, tingling feeling that thrilled her from head to foot; "do you mean it?"

"Upon my word, that is really the only word to use."

"What is the matter with it?"

"Everything. Don't you see that it's something you don't know about, and something you can't do."

"I do know about it," said Marcia, hotly; "haven't I had the laboratory before me all my life?"

"Oh yes, in that sense; but, don't you see it is really quite exceptional to have had an alchemist in the family, and this sort of picture would only impress an artist as an extremely bad imitation of the wretched trash Americans buy at so much the square foot almost anywhere abroad."

"You are too hard," said Marcia with a lip that would quiver in spite of herself, and eyes that were fast filling with tears.

Kingston went on apparently not noticing either, but plainly seeing both, wishing himself well out of the scrape, but determined to tell her all the unwelcome truth:

"You see it's just the same sort of thing that is being done every day in Europe, and

done a great deal better. Yes, if it were only a trifle better—or worse, I think it really might get hung at the 'Academy' in the spring. I'll tell you what it is,—a real literary picture, capital to describe in a novel. Listen!" He threw himself into an attitude and began: "An old laboratory, fire in the middle, mysterious-looking jugs, supposed to contain material for devilish incantations; old alchemist in the middle stirring a mess over the fire, red light, swarthy and anxious face, dark corners fit for desperate deeds, broken roof, stars shining through,—there, you have it all; if you would only take to writing, now, it would do up well."

Marcia stood twisting her fingers nervously, and Kingston took an uncomfortable puff of his cigar. Presently she struggled with her voice enough to say, "Then it is nothing but a horrible failure."

"Just expresses it," he answered; and Marcia made a hasty bolt out of the door, muttering something about being "back in a minute."

"Confound it all!" said Kingston aloud, throwing his cigar out of the window, and marching up and down the long room with hasty strides. "Now, I've hurt her feelings; I'm a brute; but the girl has too much sense and too much real talent not to make it worth while to risk telling her the truth, and she bore it like a plucky little woman. I wish she would come back, though!"

Presently she appeared with a suspicious redness on her cheeks, and a little huskiness of voice, and said:

"Now, just finish your lecture, and tell me if I can do anything at all?"

"Yes, indeed," said Kingston heartily; "but first tell me you'll forgive me for being so—so harsh?"

"I have nothing to forgive," said Marcia. "I asked for the truth, I expected to get it. I'm sorry; but then if I can do anything, it is at least best to find out at once what I can't do."

"Bravo!" said Kingston; "you're truly refreshing, upon my word, Miss Marcia. Now, see here, you have a talent to deal with the things that lie the very nearest to you and the things that you have despised to deal with; a bunch of the old hollyhocks yonder, a head of grain or an ear of corn, —a thousand things right under your eye."

"How do you know?"

"I took a sneaking advantage of your absence the other day and looked through your portfolio."

"You did!" said Marcia with rising color.

"Yes, don't be angry; it was mean, I confess, but I had a motive; you see I partially guessed the truth that you had a grand ambition, and I felt afraid I should be called upon to enact the disagreeable rôle of critic, as I have been, and I wanted to know what it was that you considered unworthy of your labors, for that is apt to be the very line we can best succeed in."

Several years passed away, bringing with them at first, so many trials and so much that was discouraging and hard to bear, that sometimes Marcia felt that she could bear no more, and that she had best go back to the dreary school-room, and that it would have been better for her never to have left it. It was at those times that Mr. Kingston proved himself the best of friends; he had that rare faculty of knowing where to "lend a hand" and how to turn to the best use that spirit of self-depreciation which is generally found to accompany genuine talent. He had, with the help of her aunt Persis, made the way smooth that she might study under a famous artist; but despite hard work and perseverance, little seemed to come of it for several long years. Her sketches sold occasionally, but she never made a success of it; neither, however, did she fail.

At last, by what seemed a touch of inspiration, she painted a panel, that was prominently exhibited and gave her the beginning of a reputation. At least "people said" it was a touch of inspiration, though it was simply the blossoming of the patient, steady work of years, like the aria sung before the foot-lights, which flows so sweetly and so dexterously from the throat of the singer that no one thinks of the years of practice, and the gaping world says "what a wonderful gift," as if gifts descended from heaven in a golden lump, instead of being gathered grain by grain.

And the crucibles made her fortune after all, for it was the picture of the crucible she had kept for a flower-pot, filled with bright leaves and fluffy milkweed that was her first success. It was bought by a gentleman living in Paris, who said, "I'll show them over there what we can do at home." So the bunches of flowers and grasses painted with a tender and exquisite delicacy that was all Marcia's own, made the little panels with "M. W." in the corner widely sought for, and each brought a sum that would

have once seemed a small fortune to her. She had a little studio in New York, and she and her aunt kept house cosily in a few rooms adjoining, and in the summers they went home. And in a way Marcia was happy; she enjoyed her success except for one thing. Her love for Tom Durfee had been thoroughly like herself, stronger than she knew; and strange to say, while his treatment of her had not cured her of her love for him, it had made her distrustful of other men as lovers, and when Kingston—before her success—had asked her to marry him, Marcia was sorry. She liked him,—she loved him in a way,—but she wished he hadn't told her, and she said so to him. He was not satisfied; he saw more deeply into her heart than she imagined, but he asked only one question, "Tell me one thing: is it any one else?"

And Marcia, utterly taken by surprise in her own heart, her most unassailable fortress, as she imagined, could only stammer out in her surprise:

"Yes—no—I don't know; oh! don't ask me. I think not."

He was puzzled; he knew all her friends, and he was sure that she had no lover among the men about her, that she hadn't even a preference for one, and yet there was something. So when business took him abroad, he said, when he went to say good-bye:

"I'll wait till I come back again."

And Marcia said nothing but "Good-bye!"

Yet, once gone, strange doubts crept over her. "Had she done right?" She would be so lonely by and by; but then he was such a good friend, would it be wise to run the risk of finding him a false lover?"

So she tormented herself. In all those years she had heard but twice of Tom—once that his engagement had been broken, Julia Revere had married somebody else. The rights or the wrongs of the case she never knew, but she found herself wondering "Did he break it? was he sorry?" Again she heard that he had given up his studies in Florence; nobody knew precisely where he was, but there was a hint that he had become dissipated. Then pity began to creep into her heart, and had she heard more to his discredit, it might have grown, and ousted all the love that was left,—for although pity may be akin to love, it is when pity comes first, for if it creeps into a woman's heart where love already is, love must go; but she did not hear any more of him.

Summer came, and Will Kingston came home, and he went to see them at the old house, and Marcia was glad to see him, and yet a trifle nervous, and he, quite without her knowledge, watched her with a keen, professional eye,—as if she had been a witness on the stand,—and he declared that her nervousness was a very good symptom, and having settled that fact with himself, he fell back into the old, gay, friendly bantering, and Marcia felt relieved and—sorry.

One day he was sitting in the door-way smoking, and Marcia was sewing near by.

"By the way," he said, knocking away the ashes of his cigar, "I've been meaning to write to you; did you know you had a mystery about you?"

"Never dreamed of being so interesting," said Marcia, laughing. "Why? Have you stumbled upon one?"

"I'm doubtful," he said, with a keen look which Marcia didn't see, for her eyes were just then busy with a tangle.

"Explain, explain; can I be a woman and endure this longer?" said Marcia gayly.

"Well," said Mr. Kingston, "I went to a reception at Grafton's when I was in Paris—the fellow who bought your picture, you know —"

"Pray," said Marcia lightly, "don't deal in irony; do I need to be told the name of the man who bought my first success?"

"Ah, pardon; I fancied you were so famous that —"

"Nonsense; your mystery, quick!"

"I found a fellow I once knew in Florence planted in front of it; his name was Durfee—Jim—no, Tom. Tom Durfee; that was his name, and, Grafton happening to say in his hearing that I knew you, I was button-holed for half the evening, he asked so many questions about you and what you were doing. Did you ever know him?"

It was so sudden, Marcia felt that she paled and colored, but her conscious thought was, "I must be quiet; he must not know," and she answered quietly enough:

"Yes, I knew him very well once, ten years ago. Did he like my picture?"

"Like it! that's what I'm coming to; the picture is at the bottom of it all. He talked about it, and asked more questions about it than I could have answered in a week; and, as I turned away at last to try and escape, he said, so loud that I caught it, 'By heavens! so she did make up her mind to do something,' and while I stared, he turned and caught my look and disappeared in the

crowd. I couldn't find him again, and I confess to a womanish curiosity to know the solution of his remarkable exclamation. There's my mystery. If you hold the key, turn it at once."

"One would imagine I was upon trial."

"So you are," said Kingston, quickly, and then, in vexation at his imprudent speech he bit off the end of his cigar.

"Ah," thought Marcia, "am I?" But she answered instantly: "Your mystery is simply no mystery at all. As I told you, I knew him very well once, and one day, during some argument, I told him that if I made up my mind to do anything, I would do it if it could be done, or something to that effect, and the only mystery is that he should have remembered it after all these years."

How well *she* remembered it! The place where they had stood while they were talking was before her eyes. She found some excuse soon to leave the room, and Will Kingston blew delicate rings of smoke into the air about his head, and thought:

"Humph! mysterious and inscrutable like the rest of your accomplished sex. I don't pretend to be a judge of women; who could be—but one thing I'm certain of, they always make a mystery where none exists, and explain matters in a clear and utterly unfeminine manner if there really is something to cover up—*ergo*, there is a mystery. There is something in it, more than I thought. Can it be possible that she once cared for that fellow?"

He smoked a little longer, but soon his cigar went out, quite forgotten, and when he finally discovered the fact, he tossed it away, saying, half aloud:

"I'll wait; she is worth it, and something may yet turn up to show him in his true colors; then I'll have a chance."

October came, bringing with it duck-shooting and visitors.

There were Kingston and an engaged couple—the girl, a dear friend of Marcia's, and the lover—a good fellow enough—tolerated as a necessary evil. One evening Kingston said:

"Now, girls, Charley and I are going over to 'The Cliffs' to shoot, and we must start to-night to be up betimes in the morning; suppose you drive over for us, and when we come in we shall have a good long day on the rocks. Miss Marcia can sketch, and you, Miss Bell, can botanize until we come back."

The last words were accompanied by a bow and a smile to the lovers.

"Jolly!" cried Marcia, "it suits me exactly. What is so rare as a day in June, except a day in October, and where could we spend it better? We'll eat, drink, and be merry —."

"Don't finish it," said Bell, putting up her hands; "we're not going to die yet."

"Oh, no!" said Marcia, with a half sigh and a shade passing over her face, which only Kingston saw; "we shall only keep on living, and that's the hardest work we can do."

"Speaking of eating and drinking," said Kingston, quickly, "be sure and put up a good lunch and lots of it, for it's the hungriest place I know of."

"Oh, I'll be sure to,—that is, enough for you and me," said Marcia, with an instant change of spirit, nodding her head at him gayly, "for Bell and Charley won't want any, because you know there's nothing half so sweet in life, etc., and they can live on that."

"No, you don't," said Charley. "I'm the very model of the old woman who was so unreasonable as to require nothing for her bodily support, except victuals and drink, and, as with her, they constitute the chief of my diet."

Then, after some arrangements for the next day, they parted.

"The Cliffs" were a long ledge of rocks, almost the highest land on the coast from Maine to Florida, and a resort for lovers of nature who would take the trouble to get to them, for, like that to many other good things, the way to them was long and hard. It was one of those charming golden days in late October, when the glorious sunshine tempers the air to just the right point of fresh crispness, when the blood in one's veins seems to renew its youth ten years if one is old, and fairly to bubble with exhilaration if one is young; but notwithstanding, sun and air filled also with a tinge of sadness, for the very perfection of it all weighs upon sensitive and loving souls, because the thought will come, "it will so soon be gone." As the old horse began to climb the steep and rocky road leading to the solitary house and barn where they were used to put up their horse, Marcia said:

"How hard, and bare, and rocky it all looks! The words 'abomination of desolation' always seem to me to apply especially to this place. I don't know why, exactly, for that seems to mean a perfectly barren spot, which this is not, and yet there is something—what is it?—so forbidding about it all; only the sunshine redeems it."

"It's like Mrs. Perkins herself, if you care to embody it," answered Bell.

"It is exactly, without the sunshine. Doesn't it seem strange that in so many cases it happens that the broader the actual horizon, and the nearer people live to nature itself in its absolute simplicity, the narrower they seem to grow—no, I mean to contract." Then, after a pause: "I wonder if it's because human nature must assert itself, even if it can only be a little miserable black speck, rather than to allow itself to become absorbed and thus invisible."

"Isn't it having just that effect upon you?" said Bell; "hasn't the spirit of the Perkins fallen upon you? Exorcise it at once,—presto! change!" and Bell waved her whip close to Marcia's nose.

"What a sordid creature she is!" said Bell.

"Who? oh, Mrs. Perkins! yes, indeed, I can't even bear to meet her; she has a bad effect upon the air itself."

"Well, we're not likely to meet her, they've moved, haven't they?"

"Yes, on to the other slope; the house was tumbling about their ears, and Tim said 'the pasturin' warn't no good here.'"

"I should think not, indeed," laughed Bell, "talk about sharp-nosed sheep, they'd need gimlets for noses to get anything from between these rocks. But here we are. I'll tie 'General,' you get out the feed-bag and the rest of the things."

They had driven up to an open space, a sort of platform on the rocks, where stood a one-storied house and barn, both extremely dilapidated, the house especially so, but to Marcia's surprise,—for she supposed the house to be utterly empty and deserted,—a pile of chairs stood on either side of the front door, and a log near by had an ax stuck into it and a few freshly cut chips were scattered about. The house door stood open and swung back and forth in the breeze, giving a series of dismal creaks as it did so.

"Dear me!" said Marcia, "how provoking! have some wretched picnic people got here just to make a bedlam of our peaceful day?"

"Investigate inside; if that's the case their baskets will be there."

Marcia pushed open the door and stepped into a tiny square entry with a closed door at either hand. She lifted the latch of the right-hand one and went into the room, but started back with an exclamation of horror, for there, in the middle of the room, stood a coffin with the body of a man

lying in it. She gave one hasty look, and ran out. Bell was just coming out of the barn and cried:

"Good heavens! what is the matter, Marcia? You're as white as a sheet."

It was a minute before Marcia could speak, and then she told what she had seen. She had taken in the fact that it was the body of a man, that the coffin rested on two chairs, that the only other piece of furniture in the room was a table, and that a horrible chill and dampness filled the room.

"Was it Tim Perkins?" said Bell.

"Oh, no! it was some one with a beard. I didn't stop long enough to see much, I just stood for an instant at the head of the coffin; the one step or two I made took me there, the room is so small. Oh! what a shock it gave me," and Marcia shuddered.

"Ah," said Bell, suddenly, "here comes Mrs. Perkins, she'll know about it."

And she went forward to meet her, but Marcia remained seated on the log where she had dropped when she came out of the house.

Mrs. Perkins was a perfect specimen of a very disagreeable class of New England people,—tall, thin, angular, and with a grasping, hard expression written all over her face and figure. She advanced toward them with an air in which craft, suspicion, cold calculation, and an approach to fawning servility were strangely mingled. Bell spoke first:

"What is the meaning of this, Mrs. Perkins? I suppose you know. Miss Wentworth went in and ——"

"Wall," interrupted the woman, "I guess you was skeered if you went pokin' in there," indicating the house with a long, forbidding finger. "No, I don't know nothin' 'cept I been plagued to death with him."

Marcia had approached them.

"Don't know anything about him?" she said.

"All I know is he come here 'bout two weeks back and said he was goin' to camp out, and he hired the house of Tim till he got tired on it, he said."

"But how did he die?"

"Sprees, half a dozen on 'em, and me to bother to take care o' him, cookin' and fussin', an' no pay fur it neither."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Perkins?" said Marcia.

"I mean what I say. He come here, an' fur a spell he poked around the rocks, an' he went fishin' some, an' he drinked a good deal, an' I tell you night afore last he drinked

hisself to death, an' all I know about him is his name's Brown, an' he aint got no money, an' I don't know if he's got any folks b'longin' to him or not. He's a-goin' to be buried in our pastur' this afternoon. Mr. Carter he was for havin' him buried in our lot. My sakes! a man nobody knowed nothin' about." And she gave a sniff of indignation at the bare idea.

The girls said nothing, and she went grumblingly on:

"I wouldn't a-giv' the grave if there'd been a poor-farm here; I don't like lone graves a-lyin' 'round, an' I'd like to know who's goin' to pay for the diggin'?"

Just then her husband made his appearance behind her, one hand in a pocket, the other fingering nervously at the fringe of gray hair under his chin, casting abject glances toward his wife, and looking oddly like an old sheep; but, apparently made bold by the presence of strangers, he said, in a deprecatory manner:

"Oh! now, Lowizy, 'taint so bad; we can spare a bit out o' the pastur' to put him in, and 'twont hurt the feed any."

The girls shuddered, and Mrs. Perkins turned upon him like the snap of a whip and said:

"You just shut up, Tim Perkins, an' go to helpin' them men fix the boards inside; I aint a-goin' to lend 'em no more cheers o' mine."

He turned obediently, with somewhat the air of a street cur, to two men who had made their appearance upon the scene, and Marcia lingered one moment to say:

"And who pays for the coffin?"—not from curiosity, but because she suspected from whose pitiful salary the money would come, and had already decided in her mind to pay for it herself should her suspicions prove correct.

"Mr. Carter, he said he'd give the coffin if we'd give the grave, so's seein' he's willin' to do his share, I said I'd do mine," and with a complacent smile added: "Folks must allus have Christian charity for them as falls."

The girls turned away and hastened down to the rocks, exchanging broken sentences of horror and disgust.

"Poor Mr. Carter!" said Marcia; "he is wearing out his body here among these flinty people, and why his spirit don't take flight I can't imagine."

"Shall we go back to the funeral?" said Bell.

"Oh no! I couldn't bear it; his spirit is

"Jolly!" cried Marcia, "it suits me exactly. What is so rare as a day in June, except a day in October, and where could we spend it better? We'll eat, drink, and be merry —."

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Mrs. Perkins was a perfect specimen of a very disagreeable class of New England people,—tall, thin, angular, and with a grasping, hard expression written all over her face and figure. She advanced toward them with an air in which craft, suspicion, cold calculation, and an approach to fawning servility were strangely mingled. Bell spoke first:

"What is the meaning of this, Mrs. Perkins? I suppose you know. Miss Wentworth went in and ——"

"Wall," interrupted the woman, "I guess you was skeered if you went pokin' in there," indicating the house with a long, forbidding finger. "No, I don't know nothin' 'cept I been plagued to death with him."

Marcia had approached them.

"Don't know anything about him?" she said.

"All I know is he come here 'bout two weeks back and said he was goin' to camp out, and he hired the house of Tim till he got tired on it, he said."

"But how did he die?"

"Sprees, half a dozen on 'em, and me to bother to take care o' him, cookin' and fussin', an' no pay fur it neither."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Perkins?" said Marcia.

"I mean what I say. He come here, an' fur a spell he poked around the rocks, an' he went fishin' some, an' he drinked a good deal, an' I tell you night afore last he drinked

hissel to death, an' all I know about him is his name's Brown, an' he aint got no money, an' I don't know if he's got any folks b'longin' to him or not. He's a-goin' to be buried in our pastur' this afternoon. Mr. Carter he was for havin' him buried in our lot. My sakes! a man nobody knowed nothin' about." And she gave a sniff of indignation at the bare idea.

The girls said nothing, and she went grumbly on:

"I wouldn't a-giv' the grave if there'd been a poor-farm here; I don't like lone graves a-lyn' 'round, an' I'd like to know who's goin' to pay for the diggin'?"

Just then her husband made his appearance behind her, one hand in a pocket, the other fingering nervously at the fringe of gray hair under his chin, casting abject glances toward his wife, and looking oddly like an old sheep; but, apparently made bold by the presence of strangers, he said, in a deprecatory manner:

"Oh! now, Lowizy, 'taint so bad; we can spare a bit out o' the pastur' to put him in, and 'twont hurt the feed any."

The girls shuddered, and Mrs. Perkins turned upon him like the snap of a whip and said:

"You just shut up, Tim Perkins, an' go to helpin' them men fix the boards inside; I aint a-goin' to lend 'em no more cheers o' mine."

He turned obediently, with somewhat the air of a street cur, to two men who had made their appearance upon the scene, and Marcia lingered one moment to say:

"And who pays for the coffin?"—not from curiosity, but because she suspected from whose pitiful salary the money would come, and had already decided in her mind to pay for it herself should her suspicions prove correct.

"Mr. Carter, he said he'd give the coffin if we'd give the grave, so's seein' he's willin' to do his share, I said I'd do mine," and with a complacent smile added: "Folks must allus have Christian charity for them as falls."

The girls turned away and hastened down to the rocks, exchanging broken sentences of horror and disgust.

"Poor Mr. Carter!" said Marcia; "he is wearin' out his body here among these flinty people, and why his spirit don't take flight I can't imagine."

"Shall we go back to the funeral?" said Bell.

"Oh no! I couldn't bear it; his spirit is

as sweet as a man's can be; but his theology is dreadful, and it will be a warning sermon, I know, so I think we had better stay away."

They reached the last extent of rocks where they stretched away off into the ocean, and Marcia sat down intending to sketch while they waited for the gunners to come in. She looked at her watch:

"Not yet ten o'clock; how quickly we came; they will soon be here. Duck-shooting is all very early, you know."

"Of course; but see here, Marcia, it all seems so sad and unfeeling,—sha'n't I hunt for some ferns or something for a bunch for that poor fellow's coffin?"

"How thoughtful of you, Bell! Yes, indeed. But when shall we put them on?"

"I think when the coffin comes out of the house; that'll be about four o'clock, I imagine."

"Yes, we can do that easily. Poor fellow, whoever he was! The flowers won't be from us, Bell, but from those who loved him," and Marcia's eyes filled with tears.

Impulsive Bell kissed her warmly! "Don't cry, dear."

"I can't help it, I was thinking"—she hesitated.

"What?"

"That perhaps some one, Bell, loved him as you love Charley, and she doesn't know."

"Don't, don't, Marcia!" cried Bell with a pain in her voice; "he couldn't have left her, you know."

"Perhaps not, but I don't know, it always seems to me as if the most unlikely and the saddest things are all that are very true and sure to happen." She took her block and pencils out of her pocket and settled herself on the rocks, while Bell scrambled up the steep hill-side, searching for rock-fern, stopping here and there, and presently going out of sight behind a turn.

Left alone, Marcia tried to sketch, but soon she dropped her pencil to watch the waves as they came rolling in and broke on the rocks, sending up showers of spray.

A flock of tiny sea-birds flew close to the edge of the surf, turning so sharp an angle as they rounded the cliff that Marcia wondered if they ever made a miscalculation as to distance, and dashed themselves to death on the rocks. A fish-hawk circled about in the air above her; then a gull came by, close enough to show the silver sheen of his breast and, finally flew off to sea in a zig-zag route. As she followed him with her eyes till he was lost in the distance, Marcia thought,

"If one could only sit on his back now, and see foreign lands, like the fairy on the swallow's back in Hans Andersen! I'm like the gull myself; how I should enjoy going through the world, zigzag, as I'd a mind to!" and a half pity began to creep into her heart of the women who were content to live lives shut in by four walls and sewing-societies and all other things that she cordially detested, but which it was supposed by the world in general to be the whole duty of woman to like, nay, more, enjoy, without a thought of the free world outside which is for men only. Just then the sound of a voice singing reached her ears, and she turned her head to see a little boat, with two men in it, row past—as near in shore as was safe. One was a gunner, and the other a man she knew well,—a broken-down sailor who had once shipped "able-bodied seaman," but whose day for that had long been over. As he rowed he trolled out an old sea-song, sung by many a sailor as he weighed anchor or reefed top-sails, outward bound. It was this:

"I'm bound away to leave you;  
Good-bye, my love, good-bye!  
Don't let my absence grieve you;  
Good-bye, my love, good-bye!"

And then he was too far off for her to hear any more. It wasn't exactly a tune, but the refrain had something touching in it as it came to Marcia over the water, and "Good-bye, my love, good-bye!" rang in her ears, and her thoughts went back to the lover she had known and loved so long ago. Where were all her feelings of glorious independence of a few moments before?—for tears filled her eyes at the very thought of him, and a sad reflection of what Bell and Charley were to each other, and of how lonely she would be when her aunt Persis died. "Ah me!" she sighed, "I'm only a woman after all, and a lonely old maid." But as she sat and gazed into the distant horizon, the sense of vastness brought with it a new strength, and she startled herself by raising her arms to heaven and exclaiming aloud; "I will not be lonely if I am an old maid and alone; my pictures shall be my children, and my fancies shall all be good and pure and true, and the world shall be the better for my having lived in it;" but with a woman's strange contradiction of moods, tears still filled her eyes and a bitter yearning wrung her heart.

But as she thought of one lover, one long halloo from another startled her, and looking up she saw Kingston holding up some

ducks limp and lifeless, as he came striding toward her over the rocks.

Lunch was eaten, but it was not the jolly day they had planned. The girls made a wreath and bouquet of rock-ferns and tiny purple asters, and when four o'clock came they were again within sight of the house. An open wagon with the seats taken out stood backed up to the door, while the quiet old horse with the reins tied up on his neck cropped a mouthful or two of grass. A man stood near his head who had a pleasant cheery face, and Marcia went up to him and asked him a few questions. He picked up the ax and made one or two lunges at the log of wood by it; occasionally caught it and pulled it out with a jerk, and spoke in a low tone as if unwilling to be heard. Presently there was a little stir in the door-way, and the man went back to the horse's head.

Four men brought out the coffin and pushed it into the wagon with a harsh, grating sound. It was stained in imitation of black walnut, but was without plate or handles. Then came the minister, a small, pale man, looking worn and tired, but with a gentle expression in the eyes, which rested on Marcia's face for an instant. With a very slight bend of the head to her, he took his place before the horse and walked to the brow of the hill where the road made a sudden and steep descent; the man led the horse and the four bearers walked two on each side. They stopped at the top, and then the man at the horse's head looked back with an inquiring air; then—oh! mockery of grief—came the Perkinses: he, subdued and shuffling; she, with an air both defiant of the opinion of the world and filled with an assumption of charity and forgiveness for all sinners. Mrs. Perkins rested the ends of the fingers of one hand in the awkward crook of Tim's arm, as if determined to observe the proprieties; the other was, as usual, half over her mouth.

Then came two or three neighbors, one or two old fishermen with some attempt at a Sunday garb,—a best coat perhaps over the blue shirt of every-day wear; two young fellows,—one a farmer's boy, the other a sailor,—rough, shy, and casting glances at the strangers as they passed them, awkwardly holding their hats and forgetting to put them on till they came up to those before them. Then followed one or two women, thin, and prematurely old, glad to have even a funeral to vary their monotonous existence, and clad in a queer mingling of clumsy imitations of city styles and curious old scarfs or veils from

far over the sea. One young woman, of all these, looked sad and sorry; she wore rusty black and a thin crape veil, limp with the sea air; but she wiped her eyes as she walked along all alone. Marcia knew her, and remembered that her husband had been lost in the September gale the year before. When all were in their places, Mr. Carter, who had been silently waiting with eyes that looked far away, walked slowly on. The bright sunshine streamed over the steep road, bare with rocks in many places, over the brown and barren pastures, the only glint of coloring being the huckleberry bushes, blood red as the sunlight shone through them, and the few late spears of golden-rod nodding under the stone walls;—over the coffin in the open wagon and the little procession following it, two by two, and which grew mournful and pathetic as the hard faces were lost to view. They watched them till the bend in the road hid them from view, and as they turned each found the eyes of the others dim with tears.

"God help the poor fellow!" said Kingston.

"Better say God help his friends, if he has any and they ever know what has become of him, for *he* will begin again now, whatever he has done," and Marcia stooped to pick up her wraps. An exclamation from Bell made her look up: "We've forgotten our flowers; isn't it too bad?"

"So we have,—oh! I'm so sorry; never mind, it isn't too late now," said Marcia, "I can run across lots with them, I know just about where the grave must be."

"I'll go," said Kingston.

"Oh, no, I'd better," and Marcia began to climb over the stone wall.

"You'll feel so in the way," said Bell.

"Well, yes, a little, perhaps, but all these people know me, and after all I've as much right there as anybody. Oh! see here," and she turned back a step, "meet me at the bend in the road by the old plum-tree, then I shan't have to come up hill again."

She ran quickly over the pasture, climbed a wall, kept on down the hill over a marshy place, which kept her a minute or two longer looking for a crossing; then up behind a long grove of pines. There at the top of a little knoll was a pile of fresh earth, and the men just setting down the coffin on supports over the grave. Marcia was out of breath with running, and Mr. Carter looked up as he heard her steps through the dry stubble. It was too late to speak when she reached him; the people were all there, and he was opening his book; she held up her flowers,

—Mr. Carter understood and bowed his head. Marcia being on the side of the grave upon which the earth was thrown up, slipped down on her knees, the better to reach the coffin; for to have stood upon the earth would have brought her too high above it.

She laid one bunch on the foot, and was about to lay the other on the head of the coffin, when the man whom she had spoken to stooped and raised the lid, exposing the face to view—as was their custom—and Mr. Carter began to read.

For a moment Marcia remained quietly kneeling with her eyes fixed on the ground, and feeling it not unfit that she should be there to represent an element of human sympathy. When she raised her eyes and fixed them on the dead face, a strange suffocating feeling came upon her; everything turned black before her eyes,—the minister's voice sounded dull and far away, and Marcia saw only the face: her heart beat hard, there was a choking feeling in her throat, and she seemed to hear two voices saying together, "it is," and, "it cannot be."

A face strange and yet familiar, surely one that she had known,—one that she knew. She gasped "Oh God! it cannot be," but no sound came from her lips, and each second seemed to burn into her brain, "It is—it is—Tom—dead here before me; the man I loved, who kissed me the last time I saw him, here dead. They'll shut the coffin; I must be sure." Was she losing her mind? It could not be. She felt as if trying to rouse herself from some dreadful nightmare; but each instant grew surer, deeper, more certain the truth. It was Tom—the same forehead, the same wavy droop of the hair, the same straight, handsome

nose and delicate, sensitive, nostril; the same—no, not quite the same mouth—still handsome, but weaker; with lines about it that age had not put there.

Marcia gazed and gazed, and thought, "Why did I not see before when I first looked." All through the long prayer her eyes were fastened on it, and the old likeness grew under their steady look, and she realized that it was not a dream but reality.

When Mr. Carter's voice ceased, and there was a little stir as one after another pressed nearer to take a last look, prompted by custom and curiosity, Marcia partially roused herself to feel that she was gazed at curiously by the people about her. She wanted to get up and get away, but seemed to have no power to do so, for all her mind seemed centered upon one idea, to keep her eyes on that face as long as she could. When the man took up the lid to replace it, she leaned forward, said involuntarily, "One moment," took one last, long look and then drew back. In the little stir of fastening on the lid she rose to her feet, even noticed some trifling trouble with one of the screws which, when finally tightened, left its head uneven and unlike the precise regularity of the others. She laid the flowers on, saw the coffin lowered, the rough ropes they had used pulled up, all the time conscious of a strange feeling that it was all something she had known about and looked on at before, when it had happened to some one else.

As she turned away, the soft, dreamy, melancholy haze of the Indian Summer was about her, infolding her into all visible nature, and, looking up, she saw the declining sun lighting the old plum-tree and the little group that awaited her.

### WHERE IS GOD?

"Oh, where is the sea?" the fishes cried,  
As they swam the crystal clearness through,  
"We've heard from of old of the ocean's tide,  
And we long to look on the waters blue.  
The wise ones speak of the infinite sea:  
Oh, who can tell us if such there be?"

The lark flew up in the morning bright,  
And sung and balanced on sunny wings;  
And this was its song:—"I see the light,  
I look o'er a world of beautiful things;  
But flying and singing everywhere,  
In vain I have searched to find the air."

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

## The Multiplication of Industries.

We have already had occasion to allude to the multiplication of American industries, as growing out of the present financial condition, and the condition of the labor market. The matter is of such vital importance as to warrant a further examination.

Certain leading industries have not only been carried to a high degree of perfection, but, by the stimulating influence of a great war, have been carried beyond the requirements of home consumption. We have the facilities for making more iron, more paper, more cotton cloth, more shoes, more sewing-machines, more mowing-machines, more railway cars and locomotives than we can use. We are exporting some of these articles, but still our mills only work on half time when they work at all.

Agriculture—a branch of industry which we have been in the habit of regarding as illimitable—is seen, more and more, to be like all the rest. Machinery has so multiplied the powers of labor in this field that only one man can get a living in it, where six men used to work, and could now work, if the machines had not been invented. We raise, with the present force and facilities, wheat and meat enough to feed all our people, with a handsome margin for exportation. This field of production could not be greatly crowded beyond its present condition without glutting the markets, and reducing the price of the product below the remunerating point. So, while many more could raise the food they eat, and could better do this than starve at other employments, or with no employment at all, agriculture, as a hopeful and profitable industry, is as truly limited by the wants of the country as any other. The old idea, that anybody and everybody who fails elsewhere can do well on a farm, must be given up.

With the field of agriculture fully occupied, with all the leading manufacturing industries overdone, what is the resort left to our laboring populations? What is the resort left to our capitalists? There is but one, and that is the multiplication of our industries. The foreign peoples who have looked to America for their best markets—who have almost lived upon America—will be obliged to turn their attention to other fields, and even in them dispute with Americans for trade, and do it at a disadvantage; for the late Exhibition has shown them, and shown ourselves, that American ingenuity, untrammeled by old ideas and methods, finds better modes of manufacture than those that have been followed for centuries in the Old World. We formerly imported all our watches; now we make as good watches as anybody, and make them by the use of machinery that nobody else has dreamed of before. The Italian sewing-silk, which formerly stood at the head of the

markets of the world, is now superseded in quality and cheapness of production by the American article. There is really nothing that we have touched in earnest that we have not succeeded in accomplishing, and we are beginning upon silk fabrics with the certainty of success. All this has been done within a few years, and the time is not far off when we shall make all our own silks,—with China and Japan at our back-doors to raise our cocoons for us, and reel them,—and build all our own watches.

What has been done and is doing in these branches of production is quite practicable, and in every way necessary to be done, in other fields. We can make all our own pottery and decorate it, just as well as to depend upon other countries for it. We can make all our own cutlery, quite as well as they make it in Sheffield. We can make our own woolen cloths and carpets as well as they can be made in France and Germany and England. There is no good reason why the finer grades of leather may not be produced here as well as in France. Already, England is losing her prestige in printing. Our modes are surpassing hers. It is not two months since an intelligent gentleman in London informed us that SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY is revolutionizing wood-cut printing in England. It is not a year since a London printer sent here for a ream of the paper on which ST. NICHOLAS is printed, having found that his printers could not produce the results which he saw effected in that periodical. It is not a month since a well-known British publisher sent to his agent here for the machine by which the paper of this magazine is polished after printing, when no such machine exists, and the only secret is in the mode of manipulation!

There is nothing that we use which we cannot make. Gloves we make already in enormous quantities. Artificial flowers, bronzes, every sort of ornament, are as easily producible here as anywhere. The flax industry has hardly been touched here—an industry on which Ireland and Saxony almost live at our expense. There is no good reason why we should import a yard of linen. We have land—an almost illimitable acreage of it—that will raise good flax, and plenty of men and women to grow and fabricate it. We can not only make our own cordage, but produce the raw material for it.

Out into these fields the capitalist must reach or find no profitable employment for his money. Into these fields labor must go, or lie idle and descend into pauperism. It is not a matter of choice with us; it is a matter of necessity. Of course it will take a good many years to accomplish the results we seek. There must be costly experiments; there must be processes of education of head and hand; there must be time for capital to move itself; but the change must come, and toward these fields the public attention should be immediately directed.

Our only hope for steady and permanent prosperity lies exactly here. We must produce for ourselves, and thus employ the nation's idle capital and idle hands, and the quicker the movement is made, and the more efficiently it is prosecuted, the earlier our old and much longed-for prosperity will come back to us. The subject is full of interest, and crowds the coming century with changes and developments which the most hospitable imagination must fail to measure.

#### College Trustees and Professors.

WE suppose there are few successful professional and literary men who do not receive many letters from the young, asking for their advice, on matters relating to a career. There is a sense of ignorance and a yearning for direction among large masses of bright and ambitious young men, that seek for satisfaction in a great variety of ways. Now, there is no influence that goes so far with these as an example. They are peculiarly inspired by a great practical life, which wins, or drives its way successfully through the world; and the call for prescriptive advice is simply a declaration of the absence of inspiring example within the immediate vision of the applicants. It is as natural for a young man to look for a model, and to put himself under the influence of an inspiring personality, as it is to breathe; and when and where this inspiration is wanting, we shall always find young men seeking for counsel.

In view of what seem to be the facts of the case, we are compelled to believe that this matter is made small account of in the appointment of college officers. To begin with the trustees: we would like to inquire what motives usually prevail in determining their election. It happens that there are, here and there, boards of trustees at the head of our literary institutions, made up of men who are really inspiring powers upon the students and professors alike; and it is notorious that there are others, and, perhaps, the majority, who are held by both in contempt. They are ignorant, incapable of good except as they may be led by the faculties under them, niggardly, short-sighted, conservative, illiberal, and with no more apprehension of the high duties of their office, and the march of improvement, and the growing necessities and requirements of the times, than they would be if they were made of wood and iron. A board of trustees of this stamp is, of course, a clog upon any institution. How many boards like this, held either in good-natured or ill-natured contempt by the professors and students under them, have we in the country? We fear that there are a great many, made up of men who have been placed in trust because they have influence in the financial world,—because they have money and need to be flattered into leaving endowments,—because they have intrigued for the eminence which has been bestowed upon them,—because they have shown themselves wise in scheming for themselves in fields that have no alliance with learning.

Now, the college trustee ought to be a man, not only of learning, but of an eminence that grows, and can only grow, out of learning, or in association

with it—a man who knows the needs of a college not only because he has been through it, but because he knows the world, takes the measure of his time, sees the drift of progress, apprehends opportunities. He should be a man whose presence is an inspiration,—a man whose life, blossoming with culture and crowned with success, is a stimulant and a tonic upon all the college life, alike of professors and students. The difference in the influence of a board of trustees, made up of men of whom such a man is the type, and one made up of the ordinary trustee material, is so great that the observing outsider can only wonder that the prevalent absurdity can live for a year. We should like to know how many boards of faculty are at this moment making all their progress in spite of stupid trustees, who lie back in their breeching like mules flapping their hybrid ears in protest!

Something was said in the editorial pages of this magazine last month on the need of literary men as professors of literature in our colleges. The article of Professor Beers upon Yale, which appeared in SCRIBNER some months ago, recognized the literary bent of the Cambridge students as a somewhat distinctive characteristic of Harvard, though he attributed it to another cause than the influence of Lowell and Longfellow. A recent editorial in the "New York Times" took strong ground in favor of literary men in literary professorships.

But there is a wider view to take of this whole subject. The college professor, as a rule, is bound up in his specialty. He has but one side to him, and that is always turned toward the college. He has no side turned toward the world. He teaches within the walls what he has learned, and betrays no fructification of thought and life in production. He gets into his rut, which grows deeper and deeper with the passing years until, at last, his head sinks below the surface, and he loses sight of the world and the world of him. Now, the difference in their influence upon a student, between such a man as this and one who writes successfully,—or preaches successfully,—or speaks successfully,—or investigates successfully in new fields, must be, in the nature of things, very great. To the professor who has met the world's life in any way, and won a place in the world's thought and regard, and become an outside power and influence, the student turns as naturally for instruction and inspiration as a flower turns toward the sun. Even a single professor, in an academic institution, who shows by attractive production that his learning has really fructified his mind, will have more influence in determining the college life, and that which goes out from it, than all the rest of the faculty put together. The students know that they are to meet and, if possible, to master life. There is not a bright one among them who does not know that his learning will avail him little if it does not give him practical power; so that every exhibition of that power among those who teach him leads and inspires him.

Suppose such a man as George William Curtis were at the head of a college department,—a man ready and graceful in speech, acute in politics, facile

and accomplished in all literary expression, familiar with history, courteous and happy in social intercourse,—what would be the effect upon the students under him, compared with that of a professor who only knows the duties of his chair, and who is but a helpless baby outside of it? To ask the question is to answer it, and cover our whole argument. The culture and drift of the college would be toward him, not at all because he would be a teacher, but because he would be an inspirer. Take such a man as Julius Seelye, who has just been elected to the presidency of Amherst,—a man who is a recognized power in the pulpit,—who presents the argument for Christianity to the wise men of India,—who demonstrates the fact that, although he is a teacher and a preacher, he is quite capable of statesmanship in the halls of national legislation, and compare his influence upon a body of students with that of the average college president.

The simple truth is, that there is nothing which our colleges need more than men of public power and influence,—men who can not only teach their specialties, but, by their life and example, point the way to usefulness, and influence upon the world,—men who have side for the world as well as for the college, and who, by their knowledge of the world, and the practical ways of reaching it and acting upon it, are able to guide and inspire as well as to instruct and enrich.

#### Editorial Trials.

It is said—with how much truth we do not know—that Thackeray left the editorship of "The Cornhill" because he could not, or would not, stand the strain which the position imposed upon his sympathies. No man but an editor knows exactly what this means, for, though he has talked about it a good deal, the world seems slow to recognize the difficulties of his office, and if he be a sympathetic man, the pain which he undergoes in its wise administration. It seems to be supposed, by the constantly increasing number of aspirants for a literary life, that, if he will, he can lift them into eminence. All he needs to do is to accept their offerings in order to give them a start. What is so easy to be done, if he only will, as to publish their effusions, and thus give them a foothold?

In the first place, no account is made of the fact that a periodical is not published for the benefit of writers but for that of readers. No account is made of the fact that, if the readers are not satisfied, the publishers cannot publish, and that publishing is purely a business matter. The publisher agrees for a consideration to give to his readers the best literary material he can buy; and he is bound to do this, irrespective of all other considerations. His living and prosperity, no less than his business honor, binds him to just this, and compels his editor to just this. The editor has no right, under any circumstances, to take into consideration the desires or the needs of a writer who seeks a place in his columns.

In the second place, the production of literary matter far exceeds the publishing capacity and the

popular demand of the country. At this time, particularly, when every means is resorted to for earning a livelihood, the production is enormous. There is not a magazine in this country that can publish more than from one-twentieth to one-fortieth of the manuscripts offered to it. Even with the most careful examination and judgment—fighting off all the time papers that are in every respect desirable—hopeless accumulation takes place. We have been told that one concern in this city has on hand sixty thousand dollars' worth of literary material, for which it has paid the money, and of which it can never use a tenth part. We can easily believe it, in the light of our own experience. The men and women of culture, of genius, of experience in writing and in life, the learned men, the wise men, are in large numbers writing for the magazines. Into this company, and this overwhelming competition, the novice comes, and asks, for considerations which cannot in the nature of things be entertained, for a place and a hearing.

Here arises another complaint. The magazines are charged with favoring only the great names. Let it be confessed, then, that they are glad to get great names—that, other things being equal, they would prefer a great name to a little one. A great name has a mercantile value, which the publishing interest is bound, in financial wisdom, to consider. But how did the name happen to be great? The publisher did not make it great. The author who owns it has honestly earned his fame, and it is pertinent to ask whether it is just to him to give him only an even footing with those who have neither fought for nor earned a position. It certainly is not just to him to treat him in this way. He ought to be considered first. He has had his fight, and won it, worthily; and if he is not to have a reward,—if he is to have no consideration for this,—then he may well complain of injustice. He has bravely worked through all the early discouragements of a career, won his advantage, and has a right to enjoy it.

No fair-minded young man or young woman would quarrel with this statement, because this is precisely the advantage that each wishes to secure; but then they would say that the young writer has no chance at all. Just here comes the opportunity to relieve them of a misapprehension. Next to the desire of an editor to secure the work of men and women who possess valuable literary names is the desire to get hold of a new name—to get the first contributions of the men and women who are to have valuable names in the future. To discover a genius is like discovering a diamond; and uncounted miles of manuscript are hopefully waded through in the search; for an editor knows, or ought to know, that nothing kills a periodical so surely as "a regular corps of contributors." If he is alive and understands his work, he knows that he must always be looking out for fresh blood, and not only looking out for it, but getting it. Indeed, this is his chief anxiety, and the occasion of more labor than all the rest of his duties put together. The novice has just the chance that his gifts and acquirements

enable him to command. Should he ask for more than this?

There are many young writers who believe that their contributions are not read by the editor. So deep has been this conviction among some of them, that we have discovered traps for him in reading their manuscripts—contrivances by which their writers may know whether their papers have really been opened and examined! These are quite unnecessary, for all manuscripts are sufficiently read to furnish a fair basis for a judgment. Yet this ought to be said, viz.: that many good papers are necessarily sent back, because it is simply impossible to publish them. In these times, an editor can hardly accept a moiety of the very desirable papers presented to him, and even great names wander from office to office for a fitting market.

We have alluded to the editor's trials—the strain upon his sympathies. Suppose we present a few of them. A young man with little experience of life, high ambitions, great expectations, thorough industry, sends a manuscript and accompanies it with a letter, in which he says that all the hopes of his life are hanging upon the fate of his paper—that the editor has a destiny in his hands—that the writer is waiting to hear his fate, etc., etc. A woman writes that the living of herself and her children, who have been left without a protector and provider, depends upon the editor's decision, and that if her manuscript is not accepted, she and her little ones must become beggars. A young girl, just from school, wishes to earn her own living, and relieve a father who has failed in business. Another girl desires bravely to educate her brothers and sisters, who have been left without the requisite means. A woman is possessed by an overwhelming desire to do good with her pen. Hundreds write that they are poor, and that they have no recourse but their power to write.

To a man who carries a heart, such appeals are painful beyond expression. He has no right to yield the slightest consideration to them, and he

must not do it. They have no right to distress him in this way, but they do not know that. The resort is so desperate that they are really unfitted by it for doing their best work. The presumption always is that the literary part of the case is consciously a weak one. The urging of an illegitimate consideration would hardly be indulged in by one who felt strong in his literary claim. When a man is large enough to write for the public, he is usually large enough to see that an illegitimate claim to attention degrades him; indeed he is large enough not to think of making it.

After all, the mistake of the novice begins in his incompetent idea of literature. No man thinks of putting his first picture in the exhibition; but the moment a man begins to write, he wants to print, forgetting that there is no art that demands more study and practice than the literary, and that he has had no special training for it. Without experience in life, without training in art, and with only a natural facility for expression, he has a fancy that if he could only get a publisher he could succeed at once. Our painters, our sculptors, our singers, our architects, are obliged to go through long courses of instruction and practice; but our essayists, our poets, our novelists, seem to think that they must fly when they tumble from their nests, or it is all up—or down—with them.

"But if you refuse to publish, will you not read our productions and criticise them? We are anxious to learn. We have no literary friends about us."

Good friends! eyes wear out, work presses, cares are many, every day brings its fatigue, and every evening its demand for rest. The editor would be glad to serve you and help you, but he has no time. The day that you ask of him belongs to others, and is crowded with the duties of his office. No, you must fight it out alone, as all the successful men and women have done. Nobody can help you, unless he can teach you to rely upon yourself, and the friendliness and good faith of the editors to whom you send your literary efforts.

#### THE OLD CABINET.

THERE is a great deal of commonplace painting in the Water-Color Exhibition this year; but there is, also, not a little which has the power to interest and charm the eye, some which even reaches the mind, and some—not much, we confess—that goes farther and touches the heart. Among the things which we particularly like are Bouvier's "Female Head" (No. 1), Killigworth Johnson's "Burning Brush," which, though not pleasing in color, tells the story in a clear and manly way; Henry Farrer's "Windy Day," a most poetic bit of realism; Mrs. Stillman's flower pieces (too much alike, perhaps); two or three, not all, of Vibert's pictures, notably "The Grasshopper and the Ant;" "The Finishing Touch," by Simonetti; Mrs. Darrah's quiet landscapes, especially the "Sunset;" a Meissonier, not

as interesting as usual, however; a noble little sepia drawing under Turner's name, and the etchings of Whistler, Seymour Hayden, and Leo Flamming. There are not so many Winslow Homers on exhibition this year as usual; but they are all good in their way, even the bad ones: no, not all—the "Rattlesnake" (198) is beyond redemption villainous. "Backgammon" (396) not only has no background,—that we might endure as an artist's whim,—but it is a poor joke to paint the girls' cheeks green. The cheeks of "Lemon" (280) are equally unpleasant. But in the "Book" (42), and in the "Blackboard" (122), Homer is himself again—one of the few American painters of originality and force. C. S. Reinhart's "Gathering Wood" is a fortunate bit of color, of a conventional sort, to be

sure, but still of the better conventional sort; his larger painting in the corridor is not nearly so good. McEntee has a pretty October piece; Swain Gifford's work is all pure in color and agreeable in other respects; the same may be said of Samuel Colman, who, however, seems to be wasting time in architectural details, without compensating artistic effect. Mr. Abbey who did so well last year, this year sends a good subject, but a cheap and careless piece of work.

The most dangerously bad pictures in this collection are by men of the ability of Eastman Johnson and W. T. Richards. Mr. Johnson's "Consuelo" (in the black and white room) has about the value of a photograph worked up with crayon; it is altogether unworthy of the painter of the husking scene, which delighted all eyes at last year's Academy Exhibition. Mr. Richards, we should judge from his "sketch" in the north room, could do better things than his "Old Fort," and "Purgatory," if he were not so industriously pursuing the wrong road. We do not object to "elaborate" drawing; but to what we must consider bad drawing—that is, drawing which does not represent nature; but of this subject more anon. Of a different and more harmless, because less influential, badness are Walter Satterlee's paintings. Young artists and young authors are very apt to pass through a primary stage of sentimentalism in their work; Mr. Satterlee's work is now at its silliest and most sentimental. Hereafter, we shall look for better things from him—or worse. But it is some satisfaction to note that none of our home painters exhibit anything so vulgar as those clever and repulsive pictures of Bellecour.

WHEN we open the books of some of our contemporary authors, it is like opening the front door of a third-rate boarding-house. The air is loaded with the stale and mixed exhalations of inelegant living. We are inclined to think, by the way, that the modern boarding-house is directly responsible for the vulgarity of much of our literature. Unless we are mistaken, there was not so much of this kind of vulgarity in the English and American writers of the last century. We do not refer, of course, to the brutal, and the coarse, and the immoral. They have always existed. But we refer to the semi-genteel manners, the assumptions, the self-assertions, the gossip,—the general atmosphere of the ordinary boarding-house,—which make themselves felt unconsciously to the writers in so many of our current stories and poems. Yes, even poems; for, just as there is a musical, and, as we may say, a well-bred way of arranging the nouns and adjectives, and even the vowels and consonants in a poem, so there is a common and boarding-house way of using them.

The stilted diction and bogus classicism of the old-time writers probably helped to keep even the authors of least genius from falling into the pit of vulgarity. But now the classic has passed into the romantic, the romantic into the sentimental style. This style, with a touch of the scientific, or a touch of the jaunty and jocular, is identified with the murmur

of crowded dining-rooms, and all that is dreary and demoralizing in beds and tables, stools and candlesticks which have been bought at a sale of steamboat furniture. It is easy to see that some of our writers have had their entire view of life colored by a reaction on the part of the landlady's daughter of a third-class boarding-house.

A NEW edition of Bryant's poems \* has lately been published, including "The Flood of Years" (which first appeared in last year's "midsummer holiday number" of SCRIBNER). Now that "The Flood of Years" has its proper chronological place, its accordance with the general tone of the poet's thought, as well as with his wonted poetic style, is still more evident. It is noticeable, too, that both real rivers and the river of time, are favorite themes and images with Bryant. "The Flood of Years" has been frequently compared with "Thanatopsis;" but the closing movement of the former poem reminds one especially of the last lines of "An Evening Reverie," which are as follows:

"Gently—so have good men taught—  
Gently and without grief the old shall glide  
Into the new; the eternal flow of things,  
Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,  
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace."

There is, as there always should be, music in the very vowels and consonants of these poems. We never before felt their exquisite musical quality so keenly. We should think that a South Sea Islander, hearing these lines properly recited, would recognize their charm:

"When beechen buds begin to swell,  
And woods the bluebird's warble know,  
The yellow violet's modest bell  
Peeps from the last year's leaves below."

Then take the following stanza:

"The light of smiles shall fill again  
The lids that overflow with tears;  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are promises of happier years."

It does not account for the felicity of the first line of this last stanza to say that the expression, "The light of smiles," is a very usual one. Let some one else try to select from ordinary phrases an expression as poetic and fit as that. Here are four more lines, in another poem, which seem to us most fortunate:

"Oh, fairest of the rural maids!  
Thy birth was in the forest shades;  
Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,  
Were all that met thine infant eye."

We beg the reader who is not familiar with "The Snow Storm," to get down his Bryant and read that poem. We remember very well, the day and the place where we first read it. Read also "June," which Poe liked so much. And for what might be called orchestral effects, read "Not Yet," written in 1861. The Fourth of July orator often indulges in allusions to the geography of his country; but not often with such power as this:

\* Poems by William Cullen Bryant. Collected and arranged by the Author. Illustrated by one hundred engravings from drawings by Birket Foster, Harry Fenn, Alfred Fredericks and others. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

"Our humming marts, our iron ways,  
Our wind-tossed woods on mountain-crest,  
The hoarse Atlantic, with its bays,  
The calm, broad Ocean of the West,  
And Mississippi's torrent-flow,  
And loud Niagara, answer, No!"

That, we say, has something of the orchestra in its music; but Bryant's sonorous stanzas are more apt to suggest the sound of an organ. It is not the full-voiced thunderous organ upon which Shakspere and Milton played; but it is no mean instrument, nor one whose music is likely soon to be forgotten.

ONE of Bryant's most remarkable poems is that entitled "The Poet." In it he tells—about as well as can be told, we should suppose—how to make a poem; and not only how to make it, but how to mend it after it is made:

"Then, should thy verse appear  
Hailing and harsh, and all unaptly wrought,  
Touch the crude line with fear,  
Save in the moment of impassioned thought:  
*Then summon back the original glow, and mend  
The strain with rapture that with fire was pained.*"

That Bryant knows how to do this himself may be discovered by a comparison of his most celebrated poems as first printed, with their form in the latest edition. How many readers of the present generation have ever seen the following stanzas?

"Not that from life and all its woes  
The hand of death shall set me free;  
Not that this head, shall then repose  
In the low vale most peacefully.

Ah, when I touch Time's farthest brink,  
A kinder solace must attend;  
It chills my very soul, to think  
On that dread hour when life must end.

In vain the flattering verse may breathe,  
Of ease from pain, and rest from strife,  
There is a sacred dread of death,  
Inwoven with the strings of life.

This bitter cup at first was given  
When angry *justice* frown'd severe,  
And 'tis the eternal doom of heaven  
That man must view the grave with fear."

It is often said to editors overburdened with MSS.: "But, of course, you can decide upon contributions merely by reading the first few lines." If the editor who prepared for the press "The North American Review" of September, 1817, had decided after reading only these stanzas with regard to the poem of which they formed the introduction, he would probably have declined to publish no less notable a poem than "Thanatopsis." Since its first publication, "Thanatopsis" has not only been shorn of its introduction, but the first sixteen and a half and the last fifteen and a half lines have been added, and the body of the poem itself has been actually rewritten. Among other changes, the following now very familiar passage has been inserted:

"And poured round all  
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste." \*

In the same number of the "North American," where "Thanatopsis" is published, the well-known

\* We are indebted to our friend, Mr. Philes, for a copy of "Thanatopsis" as it appeared in "The North American," which copy we have compared with the original.

"Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood," appears under the title of "A Fragment," and without the closing passage as now printed. (Both poems were published anonymously.) An emendation has been made, also, in the "Waterfowl." In the second stanza, the line—

"As darkly painted on the crimson sky  
Thy figure floats along."

is justly changed to—

"As darkly seen against the crimson sky," etc.

It is not necessary to give further examples of Bryant's corrections, although the study is a very interesting one.

Boston, February, 1877.

TO THE EDITOR: Naturally enough, there are various opinions about the new church which the congregation of old Trinity has presented to Phillips Brooks. As you are probably aware, it stands on the flat land of the new quarter of Boston, where the streets are broad and perfectly straight, instead of being narrow and twisted. There is a party in favor of the outside of the church, and a party which does not think that Mr. Richardson has made a success of it. There are those who think that Mr. John La Farge has wonderfully improved the fine architectural effects of the interior, and there are others who, for their part, "cannot see what people find to admire in those big saints." For my own part, I think the interior a great success, and a credit both to architect and painter. The former has made a church which, without departing entirely from the traditional form of a cross, contains the acoustic advantages of a theater, or approaches them in some degree. Imagine a broad and wide tower supported on four massive piers at the four angles. Standing in the center, under this tower, and looking to the four points of the compass under the arches that connect these piers, one sees, to the east, the chancel; to the north and south, the transepts; to the west, the nave. But it is the inner wall of the tower in each direction, painted with the great fifteen-foot saints and smaller angels, that gives the church such a richly decorated look. The limbs of the building have been painted, but not with figures or elaborately. Even the chancel wall has not yet been covered with a semi-circle of religious pictures.

The daily papers probably have given you detailed accounts of the paintings on the four walls of this tower. You remember the three windows on each wall, high up; how the emblems of St. John and St. Peter occupy the compartments to the right and left of the window on the south wall, those of St. Matthew and St. Luke the like positions on the north. Over the windows are small compartments with Scripture subjects, and between them, medallion heads of angels. Further down, below a broad zone of gold, on which a Scripture text is written, come the squared compartments, like windows, in which are heads and shoulders of angels looking out over the top of the arch. To the right and left of three of the arches stand the gigantic figures which cause so much controversy, but which, I believe, every one enjoys seeing. St. Peter and St. Paul stand by the horseshoe arch over the chancel; David and Moses guard the arch leading into the north transept, and the prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah stand before the south transept. The groundwork of the lower walls of the whole church is a dull red, in various delicate shades, but where the decorations on this are at all numerous the predominant colors are green and gold. In the folds of certain draperies of the figures, these two colors have been skillfully blended to a fine variety of gold-green. But, in the limits of a letter, I could not attempt to describe these beautiful tones and effects, as incomplete as they are even yet. If Mr. La Farge works at the church for the coming year, as it is to be hoped he will, the harmony which already shows in all the walls will be perfected something really worth a longer notice.

Mr. La Farge has had a number of young painters assisting him for various lengths of time: Mr. F. Lathrop, Mr. Millet, the young sculptor St. Gaudens, Mr. Dufais, and Mr. Maynard. Only the first-named, who designed the decorations on the ceiling,

ing of the nave, remained with him till the last. Great credit is due the painters for their hard work under discouraging circumstances at an enterprise for which they were not prepared by previous labors of the kind. Perhaps other churches will follow the example of Trinity, and we shall have really beautiful works of art in the place of blank walls or the tiresome stucco of shop-

work. There is still another class of objectors to these decorations, but not from questions of taste. Theirs are religious objections, for they consider such things merely distracting to the mind when it ought to be fixed on higher subjects of spiritual interest. But this is a matter which can only be decided by individual experience.

H. E.

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

## Housekeeping.

DECK your house from inward out.

Let there be an inmost shrine  
Where to praise with gifts devout  
Love both human and divine;

After that, the holiest room  
Heap with choicest things that grow;  
Spare not gold nor silver show,  
Ambergis, nor forest bloom,

Man's wrought marvels daintiest,  
Colored canvas, chiseled stones,  
Comforts few, but all that's best,  
Each that special beauty owns.

Then as worldly station calls  
All your home in order set,  
Nor through hasty pride forget,  
Chambers still outrank the halls.

After, if you more can spend,  
Neatly decorate the shell;  
Next your crumbling fences mend,  
Lay your road-beds deep and well—

But beware, lest these beguile  
Care on outward things to waste:  
Save in heart-cells fair and chaste,  
Where does fortune really smile?

## Virginia Floors.

BEFORE accepting Mr. Cook's advice to discard carpets and substitute rugs, the question arises how to prepare the floors which must in such case be exposed to view. To people with plenty of money the problem is easy of solution, and the matter may be left to professional house-furnishers; but those less fortunate will doubtless be glad of a few practical hints as to how the staining may be done in less costly fashion.

In Virginia, and farther south, carpets are little used in warm weather, and many housekeepers prefer bare floors even to straw matting. The floors are, therefore, made of hard-wood,—generally pine,—though occasionally oak is employed. The boards are dovetailed together as carefully as for a table or cabinet, and every crevice is filled in with putty.

We distinctly remember one of these floors—the pride of its owner and the admiration of strangers. The family moved into the house during the war. The parlor carpet did not fit the new floor; it was so small that it left a margin all round the edge. In those days carpets were a luxury scarcely to be bought at all, and to add to the difficulty, the dwelling having been for some time unoccupied, the floor

in question had been stained by the rain beating in through broken windows, and the discolorations were too deep to be removed by planing. But the lady of the house had all a woman's ingenuity. A strong decoction of chestnut oak bark was made by boiling the bark, fresh from the tree, in water, adding a little lye to set the color. This was applied to the floor, plank by plank, and rubbed dry with an old-fashioned dry-rubbing brush. The process was repeated three times, and under it the floor became a rich nut brown, beautiful in summer, and not cold-looking in winter, where it showed at the sides of the carpet. Every spring, when the carpet was taken up, the dye was renewed, one coat being sufficient after the first staining. An occasional rubbing with the brush, and a little wax now and then, kept it in order. In a few years the floor became so highly polished that the shadows of objects were reflected in it.

At another old Virginia homestead the parlor floor was a yellowish-brown—a peculiar tint, too light to be called brown, too dark for yellow. This was obtained by treating the pine wood with strong lye leached from hickory ashes, and applied after the manner already described.

For oiling floors there are various recipes. The following is known to be satisfactory: Boil linseed oil thoroughly, and apply it as hot as possible by means of a mop made of old rags, or a soft brush; rubbing the floor afterward until a cambric handkerchief may be wiped over it without being stained. A day or two may be necessary to dry the oil, and the brush-polishing is not absolutely necessary, but it adds exceedingly to the beauty of the work, and pays for the labor, which may be given at any time while the floor is drying. Spanish-brown dissolved in the oil makes a pretty coloring, and one much used. Black walnut bark dye gives a dark brown tint much like that of the wood of the tree itself. If the floor is naturally a pretty one, waxing it without staining will be found satisfactory.

One notable housekeeper, whom I remember, disdained all stains or dyes, and kept her floors white and polished with fine white sand sifted through coarse muslin, and applied with an old shoe to every spot—rubbing the floor afterward with the long-handled dry-rubbing brush—as necessary an institution in an old Virginia homestead as the broom itself. Her reward was a white floor, with a surface as soft and sheeny as satin-wood.

These Southern floors are beautiful and not costly, except in patience and what old folks call *elbow grease*.

## Better than Medicine.

THERE is a sort of practical every-day knowledge in which our grandmothers were wise, which the present generation of mothers, with all their advance in the sciences, in the arts, and in matters of taste, are apt to neglect. The doctor, for example, is now a most costly member of every well-to-do family, called in for every ache or qualm. If he be of the advanced school and have faith in patience, nature, and "letting-alone," no harm is done; but many a practitioner feels that he must earn his money by a certain amount of drugs. The mother soon becomes familiar with his favorite remedy. If the children have eaten too much candy, and need a day's fasting, or a long walk in the open air, she fires pills of quinine, or pellets of arnica, belladonna, or arsenic, wildly down their throats, or plumps them into "sitzes" and "packs," or puts the poles of the galvanic battery to their trembling backs, heads, or throats. This modern Cornelia brings up her young Gracchi by the heroic treatment alone. She scouts simple, easy preventives and commonplace bits of knowledge. She goes to art classes, in order to fit her to criticise the human body; but she knows nothing of the anatomy of her baby's foot, and mangles and deforms it in heeled shoes. She knows precisely what chemical elements enter into every object in nature, and looks back with compassion on the generation who never heard of molecules. But she feeds her family on bread, pickles, confectionery and pastry, bought at the nearest shop, all more or less poisonous with copper, alum, and mineral dyes. Her old grandmother, a veritable ignoramus in her eyes, fed her children on home-made food; the fame of her pies and roasts went abroad through the country, and her boys' stout limbs and the rosy cheeks of her girls bore witness to their merits.

Little Mrs. Dodd, whose matter-of-fact method of teaching her boys we have spoken of before, believes that the chief requisites in a housekeeper, or head of a family, is this practical knowledge. "Look," she says, "how every paper and magazine recognizes this lack in women, and tries to supply it with recipes for cookery, simple remedies, popular adaptations of scientific knowledge to every-day life." She keeps her eyes and ears open for such suggestions, but tests them thoroughly before using them in her family. She knows the physical requirements and peculiarities of husband, children and servants, and wards off indigestion here, neuralgia there, rheumatism from one, nervous debility from another, by a change of diet or clothing or temperature, a little wholesome hard work, or a holiday and adventure into the country or to the city. She knows just what to do before the doctor comes, in case of a burn, or fall, or sprain; and just when to stop doing, which is a rarer knowledge. All these things are trifles, people may say. But Mrs. Dodd is always quoting old Ben Franklin's maxim, that human happiness consists not in great pieces of good fortune that rarely happen, but in the little comforts and advantages of every day.

## Hints for the Summer Vacation.

**FIRST.** If there be any weakly children in the family, make an effort to find a boarding-place near a river or lake, and give them a boat and oars (with due regard for their safety, of course). There can be no healthier pastime for boys or girls of dyspeptic or consumptive tendencies than paddling the summer away in a light skiff. We know of more than one child—a few years ago narrow-chested, pale, stooped-shouldered, subject to incessant headaches in school, who is now broad-breasted and ruddy, simply from the exercise of rowing during the summer months.

**Secondly.** Pack up all the finery of both girls and boys and—leave it at home. Have stout, well-fitting shoes made for them to order, without heels. Clothe the whole of them in flannel. Navy blue at forty-five or fifty cents per yard is the best. Pretty and cheap loose-fitting suits of this are the most artistic dress for child or adult on the sea-side, hills, or wherever tramping, and sudden showers, and downright fun are the rule. Flannel is, by all odds, the coolest dress to wear in the hot season, and an almost certain preventive of colds, neuralgia, etc.

**Thirdly.** If there are boys, you will find it a wise investment to spend \$6 or \$8 for a shelter tent. They could sleep in it, if necessary, with benefit to health; but in any case, they can carry it to lonely solitudes back of the barn, or up on the mountain, and camp out all day and night, cooking their own meals and keeping up a watch-fire.

**Fourthly.** Provide for rainy days—a checkerboard, decalcomanie pictures, story books, and especially good-humor. A family stranded upon the barren shore of a farm-house with nothing but their trunks is a spectacle not edifying to gods or men.

## The Culture of Reserve.

THE much-needed bit of a sermon on the prevalence of diminutives in the catalogues of female schools, which was recently published in this department, under the title of "Girls' Names," has been the means of calling our attention to another and earlier protest against the same practice—from the pen of a woman, by the way—contained in Miss Brackett's excellent volume, "The Education of American Girls." Especially worth notice is this paragraph on the culture of reserve in girls:

"In the unrestrained and affectionate intercourse of the family, the girl has not felt the necessity of concealing in any degree her real self. She is under an observation that is intelligent and sympathetic, and she is sure of the kindest construction of all her actions. If she talks or laughs loudly, for instance, it is not supposed that this springs from a desire to attract attention, but from the natural, innocent overflowing of healthful spirits, and a forgetfulness of self. But her social education cannot be called finished till she has in some measure been taught to distrust others. She must learn that society is not one vast family, abounding in sympathy, and always ready to put the kindest construction on her words and actions. She must learn this sooner or later. Shall she learn it by mortifying experiences, by finding herself often in absurd and annoying positions, by having her confidence betrayed, and the unspoken utterances resulting from her very purity of thought made the occasion of coarse remarks and suspicions? or shall she be guarded against all these by being taught that she must

not give all the world credit for being as pure and innocent as she? We must so educate her that she will not lightly give her confidence, or show to uninterested persons too much of her real self. In other words, we must educate her into a reserve, into the gentle, unoffending dignity which holds all but the nearest and dearest at a little distance from herself. This is not teaching deceit. It is only teaching what must be learned,—the means of ‘possessing one’s self in peace.’ The majority of our girls who talk and laugh loudly on Broadway do not do this to attract attention. They do it simply because their education on this point is not yet completed. A slight indication of the same defect in education is the profusion of endearing pet names, which we find in the published catalogues

of girl students. If the girls themselves do not realize the impropriety of thus publishing to a world of careless strangers the names which family affection has bestowed upon them, should not the teachers who compile the catalogues direct and overrule their uneducated taste? It is only necessary to imagine the catalogue of Harvard or Yale, printed in the same manner, to make manifest, even to the girls themselves, the want of proper dignity displayed. Men, in their intercourse with the world, learn sooner than women, by the rough teaching of experience, the necessity of fending in their inner selves from the outer world. But both boys and girls might be saved much time and pain, if parents and guardians recognized more clearly that this was a part of education.”

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

## Recent Translations of the Sagas.\*

IT is now some thirty-three years since the Scotchman, Samuel Laing, published the first complete English version of “The Heimskringle,” or the “Sagas of the Kings of Norway,” a book which Emerson has aptly styled “The Iliad and Odyssey of English history.” Then followed, after a long interval, during which this new and fertile field of inquiry had lain well-nigh fallow, George Webbe Dasent’s wonderful translation of the “Njal’s Saga” (under the title of “The Story of Burnt Njal”), which, enriched as it is with an able introduction and exhaustive notes, elucidated still further the character of the connection between early English and Norse history. Since then Icelandic scholars, like Gudbrandr, Vigfusson, Eirikr, Magnusson and Jón Hjaltalin, all residents of British University towns, have lent their aid to the English workers in the same field, and have, in connection with Dr. Dasent, William Morris, and Joseph Anderson, translated and edited nearly all the more important sagas. During the last few years the “Orkneyinga Saga,” “Gunlaug Ormstunga Saga” and “Thorstein, Viking’s Son’s Saga” have been made accessible to the English public; and to those who care to penetrate into the remote wonder-world of the North without the aid of the translator, Vigfusson has, in his admirable edition of “Cleasby’s Dictionary,” furnished a reliable cicerone.

On this side of the ocean, Longfellow was the first to discover the rich poetic material contained in the heroic tales of the old Norsemen, as William Morris, at a much later day, made the same discovery in England; and every one who knows the true saga spirit will recognize the genuine primitive cadence in the “Saga of King Olaf,” in “Tales of a

Wayside Inn” (the story of which is taken from the “Heimskringla”), while the rhythmic drowsiness and elaboration of insignificant detail in the “Lovers of Gudrun” contrast unfavorably with the pithy wisdom and, what one might call, the sledge-hammer directness of the original Norse narratives.

With the exception of Barkley Pennock’s translations from Keyser (“The Religion of the Old Norseman”), no work of importance has appeared here which could give us a deeper insight into the life and character of our Scandinavian ancestors. Professor Anderson’s “Norse Mythology,” which was published a year ago, was the first attempt made in this direction, and his present volume, containing translations of two of the prose sagas, is well qualified to stimulate the interest aroused by his mythological treatise.

The author’s preface, the only fault of which is that it is too short, purports to give a sketch of the saga literature; but contents itself with briefly analyzing and classifying the two sagas which are placed before the reader. We hope that Professor Anderson’s next volume, which we believe is already announced, will repair this deficiency, and furnish a more detailed review of the general scope and character of the ancient prose literature of the Norsemen. In dignity of style and sobriety of judgment, however, the present preface contrasts agreeably with the aggressive heedlessness of the introduction to the “Norse Mythology.”

The story of Thorstein, Viking’s Son, (Thorsteins Saga Vikingsonar), seems to us to prove by internal evidence that it is a genuine product of the period to which it purports to belong. Being a work of fiction, however, dealing only with unhistorical or semi-historical characters, the precise time of its origin is difficult to determine. N. M. Peterson, the historian of the old Norse literature, whose aesthetic insight was by no means equal to his critical sagacity, disposes of it very briefly, as a confused collection of superstitions and improbable adventures. But superstitions too may be historic documents of no mean importance, and, as psychological facts, are apt to interest us even more than the actual exploits of actual men. In the present tale, for

\*Viking Tales of the North. The Sagas of Thorstein, Viking’s Son, and Fridthof the Bold. Translated from the Icelandic by Rasmus E. Anderson, A. M., Professor of the Scandinavian Languages in the University of Wisconsin, etc., and Jón Bjarnason. Also Tegnér’s Fridthof’s Saga, translated into English by George Stephens. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

Fridthof’s Saga. A Norse Romance. By Esaias Tegnér, Bishop of Wexio. Translated from the Swedish by Thomas A. E. Holcomb and Martha A. Lyon Holcomb. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

instance, the significance attached to dreams, the belief in witchcraft, and the understanding of human speech attributed to the ship "Ellide" (in "Frithof's Saga") furnish us with a key to the real soul-life of the Norse warriors, lay bare the workings of their thought, and reveal to us the inner motive by the light of which their speech and actions may be clearly interpreted. How many generations of vikings must have roved over the deep before this human companionship between man and vessel could be established, before the ship could have become personified so as to respond to the spoken will of her master! Again, where the exploits of the hero transcend the limits of probability, they nevertheless indicate, by their general tendency, what qualities and accomplishments the Norsemen especially valued, and thereby enable us to reconstruct with tolerable accuracy the ideal of the age; and in its ideals the age reveals the tendencies and aspirations by which it is known and judged.

The saga of Thorstein, Viking's Son, opens, as almost all the sagas do, with the genealogy of its hero, and gives in broad outlines the biographies of his father and grandfather. The two foster-brothers, Halfdan and Viking, surprise King Njorfe in Limfjord, and offer him battle; but as their fleet is larger than his, they send away five of their vessels (which shows a sense of fair play, unknown to the diplomacy of later days) and attack him with a force exactly equal to his own. They fight for three days with great violence, but none is as yet ready to yield. Then, filled with admiration for each other's bravery, they clasp hands and swear friendship and brotherhood. After having spent many years more in viking cruises (each of which the saga describes in detail) they return home, and Viking becomes a *hersir* (the next in rank to an earl) under King Njorfe. They have each nine sons, and as ill luck would have it, the *hersir's* sons are superior in manhood and strength to those of the king. At a ball play Njorfe's son Olaf, prompted by jealousy, provokes a quarrel with Viking's son, Thorer, and is slain by him. This is the beginning of a long tragedy, which ends in the death of all the king's sons with the exception of Jokul, the eldest. The duty of blood vengeance, which is the tragic motive in all Icelandic tales, urges them on to ever fresh deeds of violence, and allows the last survivor no rest until the brave sons of Viking have all bit the dust, except Thorer and Thorstein. And then it is only grim necessity which compels Jokul to accept atonement and peace. Very pathetic is the scene when old Viking arrives with a cart at the spot where seven of his sons lie slain; and the effect is greatly heightened by the simple strength and directness with which the saga relates it:

"Toward the end of the night he (Thorstein) heard a wagon coming along the ice. Then he saw a man following the wagon, and he saw that the man was his father. And when the man came to the field of battle, he cleared his way, throwing the dead out of his path, but he threw none with more force than the sons of the king. He saw that all were dead except Thorstein and Thorer. He then asked them whether they could speak at all, and Thorer said that he could. Still Viking saw that he was covered with gaping wounds. Thorstein

said that he was not wounded, but very tired. Viking took Thorer in his lap and then it seemed to Thorstein that his father, in spite of his age, showed great strength. Thorstein went to the wagon and laid himself in it with his weapons. Then Viking drove on with the wagon."

Mark the wonderful self-restraint, and the characteristic touches in which the saga reveals the father's emotion. No soft words, no tears; he only flung the dead bodies of the assailants with a more indignant force, and he showed an unwonted strength in spite of his great age. Extremely touching, too, is the firm resolution of the two old friends to keep their oath of brotherhood sacred in spite of their sons' provocation to the contrary. But instead of dwelling on the bitter soul-struggle, the sagaman merely contents himself with repeating, at the end of every fresh quarrel between the sons, this simple statement: "But Viking and Njorfe kept their friendship well until their death."

The life and adventures of Thorstein, who after his reconciliation with Jokul becomes a *hersir* under King Beli in Sogn (whose friendship he has gained by conquering him in battle) are very nearly a repetition of the exploits and career of his father. His son Frithof, the hero of the second saga in the volume, quarrels with the sons of Bele, who are jealous of his fame and his superiority to themselves in strength and manly sports. What has especially raised this saga above all others in popularity is the introduction of the almost romantic attachment which exists between Frithof and Bele's daughter Ingeborg, who have been fostered together by the peasant, Hilding. In plot it does not differ essentially from the typical modern novel, while the unique matter-of-fact style, even when dealing with the most startling situations, is refreshingly at variance with the microscopic and analytical tendency of our own century. The story, as told by Bishop Tegnér, an English version of which, by Professor George Stephens, is included in the present volume, is too well known to need recounting.

In reading Professor Stephens's translation, as well as one by Thomas and Martha Holcomb, we have been freshly impressed with the truth of the maxim that it takes a poet to interpret a poet. It has invariably been the misfortune of Tegnér to fall into the hands of crude but well-meaning poetasters. Of the twenty English versions which have appeared during the last fifty years, not a single one even remotely approaches the sonorous grandeur and dignity of the original. They are all respectable, and in detached passages even felicitous; but as a whole, singularly unpoetic. The rhythmic splendor of Tegnér's verse, his luxurious reveling in magnificently resonant phrases, in which his large stately images fit as "the helmet fitteth to the forehead," his powerful sway over all the resources of sense and sound—all this and much more which makes Tegnér pre-eminently the king of Northern song, it would perhaps be unreasonable to demand even faintly re-echoed in his translators. But an approximate fidelity to the text, and a knowledge of the requirements of English prosody would hardly

seem to be extravagant demands of one who undertakes to interpret a classic poem of another tongue.

Of the two translations before us, that of Mr. Stephens is perhaps superior in its literal adherence to the original; while in metrical fidelity both are equally deficient. That, for instance, an emphatic dissyllabic word cannot properly be disposed of in the two unaccented syllables of a dactyl or an anapest seems never to have occurred to either of the translators. To take an example from the Holcomb version :

"And he saw in the South many islands and rock till he came to the calm Grecian wave."

Here the word *calm*, which does not exist in the text, is interpolated as a bungling remedy to make an impossible anapest.

Mr. Stephens's ear is even more singularly constructed. We defy any one to scan the following line, which in the Swedish is a marvel of musical perfection. We add the original text to give the reader an opportunity to compare :

"Hither 'twas, hither 'twas I invited my maid,—oh she cruel  
the North loved too well."

"Det var hit, det var hit, jag mis elskade hjod, men den  
harda i Norden forble."

The verse, as will be observed, is anapestic throughout.

To take another example, where the Holcombs have, as it appears, deliberately murdered a fine and sonorous verse :

"Suddenly the old man wakens,—much that sleep was worth  
to me.

Guarded by a brave man's weapon, sleep is sweet beneath a  
tree.

Yet I do not see thy weapon; where has fled the lightning's  
twin?

What has parted you who never in your lives have parted  
been?"

To give the reader a juster conception of the verse, we venture to offer the following rendering, which, however, does not differ greatly from that of Mr. Longfellow :

Straight the ancient king awakens: "Sound has been my  
sleep," he said:

"Sweet it is to sleep in shadow guarded by a brave man's  
blade.

But where is thy sword, O stranger, lightning's brother where  
is he?

Who hath parted one from other that should never parted be?"

It is a matter of regret that Professor Stephens, who has gained a wide fame as a Northern scholar and archeologist, has not appreciated the importance of preserving the alliterations in poems like "Ring's Drapa," where the poetic effect depends so largely upon the consonance of the initial letters. Mr. and Mrs. Holcomb indeed profess to have understood this; but being evidently ignorant of the structure of the ancient Scaldic lays in accordance with which the "Drapa" is modeled, they have repeatedly introduced vowel alliterations which are unknown to the poets of the sagas.

Notwithstanding these criticisms we do not wish any one to infer that the present translations are positively bad or worthless. Our only regret is that where single scenes are so good, the whole

should not be better. The opening canto of the Holcomb version, describing Frithof's and Ingeborg's childhood, is so well sustained, and the English phrase frequently so felicitously chosen, that we were at first beguiled into hoping that we had now, at last, found a version of Tegnér's great epic, which should give our English-speaking public an adequate idea of its grandeur. But we are forced to add, that the distance between the translations and the original is still unnecessarily great. In time, perhaps some real poet, who is strongly imbued with the heroic spirit of the North, will interpret in English song all the splendors of diction and melody in this chief work of the Swedish bard. And he who shall do this will have added a new classic to our literature. Until then the present versions will at least have their excuse for being.

#### Jules Verne's "Michael Strogoff."<sup>\*</sup>

JULES VERNE will always be a favorite while people are pleased with the stirring and the adventurous. This book carries one to St. Petersburg and thence eastward and southward into Siberia till the region of Tartar invasions is reached. There is a race for life between the courier and a deserter from the Russian army, a colonel who has escaped in disguise and is hurrying to join the Khan of the Tartars in order to attack his own country with their aid. With Ivan, the courier, the point is to reach the Czarowitz, who is traveling about among the distant military posts of Siberia, and does not know of the treachery in the person of the deserting colonel which is about to assist his enemies between himself and St. Petersburg. On his way Ivan meets and befriends a young Livonian girl going to see her exiled father. Together they finally reach a besieged city just in time to save the heir of all the Russias. One has only to remember M. Verne's best books to understand how graphically he describes the picturesque adventures of Ivan and his fair companion in hardship. Two newspaper correspondents, one French, the other English, form a sort of double chorus, which turns up at appropriate occasions and makes remarks in accordance with their Gallic or Saxon temperaments as the case may be. Verne has seized upon the melancholy of nature, human and not human, as it appears in the vast possessions of Russia, very much as we find it spoken of in books of travel like those by Théophile Gautier, and also in fiction from Russian authors. There is also a short Mexican story in this volume called "The Mutineers." Both are fully illustrated with spirited pictures by Ferat.

#### "The Barton Experiment," and "The Jericho Road."

MR. JOHN HABBERTON has been lately appearing, anonymously and professedly, as an instructor in public morals; and we must say that he does his delicate task well. His position can hardly be other than that of a tract writer when he uses "The Barton Ex-

\* Michael Strogoff, the Courier of the Czar. By Jules Verne. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

periment" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) to inculcate the fact that without personal effort and some personal sacrifice it is idle to expect the vicious, the improvident, the weak-willed, to reform. The "Experiment" is not put in practice until one victim of man's hard-heartedness is gone past a cure; but when set in motion it bids fair to assist drunkards and over-worked people to a higher as well as healthier form of life. There is some good character-drawing of stingy, well-meaning people who reckon up their good deeds with such minuteness that there is always a strong balance against the bad actions they may be conscious of.

"The Jericho Road, a Story of Western Life,"<sup>\*</sup> is another book by the same author, having a like purpose,—a philanthropical one, namely. The characters are village people in the Mississippi valley; but we suspect Mr. Habberton applies his moral to places nearer the Atlantic sea-board as well. They are shopkeepers, farmers and village clergymen, who figure in these pages, all or almost all are church-goers, but their charity is so timid that it not only begins at home, but cannot be induced to travel further. "The Jericho Road" is a little work intended to persuade this unfeudged charity of people to try a flight abroad. Mr. Habberton's methods might be paralleled by the object teaching which is now in vogue in schools; he tries to show things actually as they are, let his hearers see and feel them, that they may make no mistake in applying the rules to their own surroundings.

#### "Friend Fritz."<sup>†</sup>

FRIEND FRITZ is not a man to be described in a paragraph; his story must be read in the pages which MM. Erckmann-Chatrian have devoted to him. There are many of them, but one never wearies of the idyllic pictures of Alsatian life presented one after the other in the happy and seemingly artless style of these well-known and much-read authors. One hears all about the ancestors of Fritz, his intimate friends, his housekeeper, and finally of his farm in Meissenthal. There grows a little maiden who upsets all his cunningly devised and solidly argued theories of bachelor life. She is the daughter of his farmer, a little thing of sixteen; but the jovial gourmand Fritz is slain in his turn, and indeed takes on after a wonderful fashion when he finds he is really deep in love. His terror lest she shall not have him is as great as his former philosophic indifference to the fair sex. But not Fritz alone is admirably described; his friends and boon companions are alike vividly portrayed. The whole story overruns with good-nature and good cheer. It is the kind to read on a very wet day, when every other means to drive melancholy away has failed. Books are excellent medicine for those who know how to apply them rightly. Just to read of Fritz's feasts and the old wine he and his friends consume is a corrective to low spirits.

<sup>\*</sup> Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

<sup>†</sup> Friend Fritz. A Tale of the Banks of the Lauter. Translated from the French of Erckmann-Chatrian. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

#### A New Book by Mark Twain.\*

IT needs no skillful reading between the lines of this last volume by Mr. Clemens to see that it is essentially an autobiography. The experiences of the author, his trials, his failures, and his final success are patent on every page. Even in the illustrations, one may read the story of his eventful career. Though with rare modesty he has suppressed the most sacred facts of his life, it takes but an ordinary imagination to peer through the palings of his father's fence (see cut on page 25) and behold him in the sportive innocence of childhood, throwing his grandmother's gridiron (see cut on page 27) at the neighbor's cat. How easy to discern in this incident the budding of those distinguished editorial faculties of later years! Here, too (page 97), is a view of the brick-yard in which—though he says it not, we know from other sources—he worked for years. In fact, there is an air of brick-yard throughout the whole of this volume, which it is impossible to attribute to any other literary mood than reminiscence. The volatility of his youth is also plainly to be seen. If we are not at fault, the inference to be drawn from the book is, that for many years the author could stick to nothing; but that, in later years, his power of application has notably increased. Yet, we must frankly admit that we have found but few irregularities in the whole volume. Further on (pages 124–137) are given numerous sketches from the author's life on the Mississippi. The one of the pontoon bridges (page 126)—which, it may not be generally known, were used at the times of the overflow of Western rivers—seems to us hardly enough to the point. We think we can detect Mr. Clemens's hand in the sketch from which this view was made; it has, in common with the gridiron, already referred to, a certain individuality bordering on mannerism. (Can we be mistaken in supposing that the gridiron must have come from Mr. Clemens's hand?) Nor do we like so well the view of the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad (page 140), on which Mr. Clemens went to California in '49; if we should be asked to name its principal fault, we should have to complain of the perspective. The views of the stratification of gold in the California mines (page 153), as it appeared to the imagination of Mr. Clemens, have a touch of that quaint humor so characteristic of him. We could wish the text were fuller in regard to this part of the author's romantic life, but we must do him the justice to remember that the title of this book only promises fragmentary sketches; though, as the title modestly suggests, they are not easily displaced from the memory.

But we did not mean to follow Mr. Clemens through the whole of the checkered career exhibited in this volume. It is a book to which readers could easily become attached. Many a lesson of patience and moderation may be learned from the parallels he has here drawn. Artists, even architects, will

\* Mark Twain's Adhesive Scrap-Book, patented June 24, 1873, by Samuel L. Clemens. Published by Sloane, Woodman & Co., 119 and 121 William street, New York. Remove the oiled paper as the leaves are used.

find much in the drawings to encourage them, while, among the quotations, many a scholar will gladly welcome the frequent lines of Arabic, the smoothness and flow of which are quite beyond praise. The style of the book, though occasionally labored, has none of the discursiveness heretofore so noticeable in Mr. Clemens's work, but is evenly sustained throughout. The compositor's work is almost without flaw. We have found a few instances of "wrong fonts," but, so far, not a single error in the leading. We must, however, protest against the insertion by the publishers, at the close, of the cut of the ladder by which Mr. Clemens rose to fame.

It is quite safe to say that no such work has ever been given to the public; the price per copy is from \$1.25 to \$3.50, according to style of binding, etc.

*"The Plains and their Inhabitants."*\*

COLONEL DODGE has done a good work in exposing, as only an army officer can, the condition of the Indians in their relation to the army and settlers. The book is a full manual of sporting in the great West, or rather on what is generally called "the plains," but its chief value lies in the portions treating of the Indian. We find that he does not advocate the summary Western process of getting rid of Indians—extermination. He puts plainly enough before us the reason why the white populace on the borders are so unanimous for a total destruction of the race. Some of his chapters are ghastly enough to make one wonder how it is that people can be found willing to live in districts where such unspeakable atrocities are liable to be repeated. But he has the good sense to see and state the cruel wrongs that the Indians suffer, and have always suffered, from a partly mistaken, partly corrupt policy of successive governments. His verdict is naturally against the continuance of a hypocritical or sentimental theory that Indians can be treated with on an even footing with white people, when the history of every treaty proves that it has been only made to be broken. He advocates the only common-sense view of the case, a total disarmament, and a careful instruction in the arts of agriculture at separate points where the Indians would feel their helplessness, and not be driven to desperation by hunger.

The Indian village life which Colonel Dodge depicts is very interesting when one reflects that both its virtues and vices may, for all we know, be of comparatively late acquisition. Indians that have taken to the prairie and horseback are hardly likely to retain the same habits they possessed on foot in the woody regions of the Atlantic sea-board.

New English Books.

LONDON, February 7, 1877.

THOUGH the immediate dread of war in Eastern Europe is considerably alleviated, the uncertainty of

\* *The Plains and their Inhabitants.* By Richard Irving Dodge, Lieut.-Col. U. S. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

future prospects in that quarter of the world exercises still a very benumbing effect on public and private enterprise. As publishers must live, and people must read, many books continue to be issued, and in some cases sell fairly, but there is nothing of the buoyancy and jubilant feeling that accompanies successful trading. The tendency is unquestionably to "save money against a rainy day," in preference to expending it in support of literature and art. The Lords of the Treasury acted on this principle (perhaps rather more tacitly felt than openly expressed) when they refused to accept the recommendation of the Trustees of the British Museum to furnish the means necessary for the purchase of the Cesnola collection of antiquities, and thereby afforded a chance for the display of the splendid liberality of private citizens of New York. The repeated instances of this kind of personal munificence in the United States, as exemplified in Cornell University, Vassar College, the Johns Hopkins University, the Astor and Lenox Libraries, etc., impress European minds very strongly, and yet strange to say, without provoking imitation to any very perceptible extent. In an old country the government or the state is looked to as the originator of great enterprises, and the millionaire grumbles at the administration for failing to accomplish some object, without reflecting for a moment how much his own superfluous wealth might do toward effecting the purpose he desires to realize. Yet it cannot always have been so. The religious, the educational, and the charitable endowments of past ages, whose mere regulation, from excess of income, is now a matter of great delicacy and difficulty, all spring from personal bounty. It would seem indeed that there is, for nations, what may be called "an heroic age," before the exertions of the individual become subordinate to those of the state for the furtherance of public objects, and that America is now passing through it, while affording to the world such an unexampled list of private citizens who have devoted their means, not to selfish ends, but to the furtherance of the public good. It follows from this apathetic feeling that we have had in London of late no sales of books that compare in amount with that of the Menzies library; no picture collection disposed of equal to the Johnston gallery; nor is there a prospect of any at this moment. The latter collection, certainly, sold to more advantage than it would have done in London, as the modern French school of painting is comparatively little known, or appreciated in England. Excepting Sir Richard Wallace's unapproachable wealth of Meissonnier's pictures, there are probably more good examples of living French painters in New York than London,—particularly of the great landscape painters, as Troyon, Daubigny, etc. The general low tone of their pictures is too much like the natural dullness of English skies to be acceptable. It would seem, indeed, as if each nation delighted most to paint what it had not: English artists generally revel in "golden harvests," and sunny autumn days, too often imaginary, while the French discard their natural heritage of a clear horizon and an unclouded

heaven for the representation of fog, chill and damp, and the only English landscape painter ever appreciated in France is Constable, whose perpetual showers remind one of Fuseli's exclamation: "Bring me my umbrella; I am going to look at Mr. Constable's picture." At present the only chance for the rich man who is burning to found a gallery at public sale, will be the auction in April, of the "splendid collection of modern pictures formed by Albert Grant, Esq., for the decoration of Kensington House, comprising perhaps the largest number of masterpieces of the English school ever offered for sale." This announcement gives probability to the rumor that the mansion above-mentioned (never occupied by its owner) has been sold to the Duke of Northumberland, who was rendered houseless by the improvements at Charing Cross, for four million dollars, a large sum, even though it include some ten acres of secluded pleasure-grounds, a lake, etc., all formed by the power of that great enchanter—money—in the midst of a crowded and densely populated neighborhood. Many symptoms, besides the purchase of pictures, point to the increased cultivation of the fine arts in America. The correspondent of an English journal ("The Academy"), writing from Florence, is at once surprised and gratified at the "amount of knowledge of foreign galleries and their contents among young Americans, especially females, acquired by reading in America." A book worth especial mention on this subject is Mr. Samuel Redgrave's "Descriptive Catalogue of the Historical Collection of Water Color Paintings in the South Kensington Museum." It forms a handsome royal octavo volume, copiously illustrated by chromolithographs and etchings, containing a history of the origin and progress of the art, the materials used, processes, and aims of its distinguished professors, etc., etc., by the editor. It is altogether an elegant and instructive work on an art now making rapid progress in the United States, where less than twenty years ago a gentleman known to the writer was unable to find a teacher of it in New York for the instruction of his children. Another branch of the subject is well and thoroughly illustrated in the new and enlarged edition of the "Introduction to the Study and Collection of Ancient Prints," by W. H. Willshire, two volumes royal octavo. The author well says: "There are numberless prints not worth having—not worth the room they take up nor the confusion they cause. Then there are others so scarce—or so costly—that governments or millionaires only can hope to procure them when such prints occur, at rare intervals, for sale. To go in pursuit of the former is wasting money,—in search of the latter, losing time." Yet these are the rocks that beset the bark of the novice, and to pilot him safely through them is the object of Dr. Willshire's book. He draws the line for ancient engravings about the end of the seventeenth century. For all the varied processes of the art,—wood-cutting, etching, line-engraving, etc.,—the characteristic works of its chief professors,—the judicious choice and arrangement of specimens,—and in fact for every topic connected with the pursuit, he gives the most full and accurate

details, such as it is difficult to read without catching some of the writer's enthusiasm for the study. A manual of the kind in English was very much wanted, and the desideratum is now effectually supplied. A new edition of Walter Thornbury's "Life of J. W. M. Turner," who completed its enlargement and revision, just previously to his recent decease, is about to appear in a more compendious form, included in one volume with illustrations in colored fac-simile, from Turner's drawings. Another art book to be expected is a new "Life of Albert Dürer, with a History of his Art," by Professor Thausing, of the Vienna gallery, from the German, with the author's revision and numerous illustrations. A book that promises to be one of great curiosity and value in various respects is "The Likeness of Christ; an Inquiry into the Verisimilitude of the received Likeness of our Blessed Lord," by the late Thomas Heaphy, illustrated with photographs colored in fac-simile, and engravings on wood from original frescoes, mosaics, patere, and other works of art of the first six centuries. It is necessarily got up (in large quarto) in an expensive form, and the issue will be limited to subscribers.

A new work by Gustave Doré must always command attention. Two magnificent folio volumes comprise a superb edition of Michaud's "Histoire des Croisades," with one hundred illustrations by the imitable artist. No subject could, in its varying phases, afford finer opportunities for the exercise of his peculiar talents. It rouses to eloquence the philosophic indifference of Gibbon when he contemplated "the mournful and solitary silence prevailing along the shores, which had so long resounded with the world's debate," and Doré has brought out with a power all his own, the picturesque incidents of the conflict between the embattled forces of Christendom and the turbaned hosts of the Prophet of Mecca.

Students of American history when they visit the loan collection of pictures by the old masters, now open at the Royal Academy, will feel as if they recognized an old friend when they see on the walls of the first gallery the portrait of "Thayeadanega (Joseph Brant) the Mohawk chief," so familiarly known by the frontispiece to Colonel Stone's life of that worthy. It is a fine original painting from life, by George Romney, in his boldest and most vigorous style. It now belongs to a Mr. Unwin, but the history of the picture is not given in the catalogue. It should certainly find its way to the United States.

The literature of travel still forms an important portion of the books issuing from the press. The annals of discovery in the Nile basin are nearly closed; except for a little uncertainty as to some of its western affluents, its course is well known from the Victoria Nyanza to the sea, and has lost the attribute of mystery—the charm that so powerfully affected the imagination of adventurers, from Bruce downward. The merchant and the missionary are already taking the place of the explorer, and in spite of all the Khedive's exertions, the outlet of the products of the upper basin of the Nile must be on the eastern coast of Africa, in the Zanzibar

region, where the mercantile houses of Salem, (Mass.) so long held uninterrupted sway. Colonel Gordon has recently been staying in London. His slight figure and unpretending presence give no outward sign of what "manner of man" he really is; no persuasion could induce him to allow himself to be made a lion of, and he has steadily refused the allurements of publishers and their tempting offers for a book. With the modesty of true merit, he says he has "kept no notes," and has done "nothing worth speaking of," so some other historian than himself must be found to record his achievements. Mr. Stanley's circumnavigation of the Lake Victoria finished worthily his labors in that quarter. Should he ever emerge from the *terra incognita* where he has since been shrouded from the knowledge of civilized man, it will be on the western coast of the continent, probably near the equator, and the interest of discovery will be transferred to that side of Africa. "Across Africa," by Captain Cameron, is the first installment of adventure in that direction. If that gallant officer were asked what he had done during three years and a half, he might safely reply, in the words of the Abbé Sieyes, when a similar inquiry was made to him, what he had done during the days of terror in France,—"I have lived." Yet Captain Cameron has done more than merely exist; through the dangers of human savagery and wasting sickness, he pursued steadily his progress, and the red line on the map, showing his daily and devious footsteps from the Eastern to the Atlantic Ocean, speaks with a mute eloquence, stronger even than his own words. This work has no pretensions to literary achievement, but possesses the charm of unquestioned truthfulness, and an entire absence of anything like sensational exaggeration. The insecure attitude of political affairs in the East gives great attraction to books in that quarter. Mr. Russell's account of the Prince of Wales's visit to India has been unfortunately delayed; but will be brought out this spring. Captain Burnaby's "Ride to Khiva" has been a great success for the author, whom it has made known to fame, and for the publishers, who are said to have bought the book of the writer for £1,000, and have no reason to complain of their bargain. "Russia," by D. Mackenzie Wallace, is a book of a superior character,—a careful study of the political, social, and domestic life of the Russian people, from materials collected during a seven years' residence among them. To the Eastern excitement, no doubt, is owing the new edition of Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War," in six compact and conveniently sized volumes. It may probably also be regarded as a sign that the work will never be completed on the scale first projected (though another volume is promised). Macaulay always comes into mind when one thinks of a great work overpowering its creator for want of a due sense of proportion between what he desires to

do, and what one life is able to effect. Such failures show, in fact, that the historian who determines to tell all will, in reality, be able to tell very little, and the master-hand is shown in the due sense of symmetry resulting in a balanced aspiration and possibilities, such as insure a lasting vitality to the works of Prescott, Hallam, and many French historians, but is too often wanting in the writings of English authors of equal industry but less artistic judgment. A crowd of other books on Eastern countries and people is about appearing, and owing to political circumstances a flood of light is thrown on two hitherto obscure portions of the world—Central Asia and European Turkey, both of them, perhaps, destined to be the theaters of great events before long.

Two remarkable volumes of "Sermons" possess more attraction than can usually be claimed for that class of literature. If it were required of any one competently informed, to designate the three strongest men of the Church of England—not on the Episcopal bench—he would probably name Dr. Lightfoot, Canon Liddon, and Dr. Mozley. The "University Sermons" of the latter divine made a strong impression when published last year. His new volume is entitled "The Ruling Ideas in Early Ages, and their relation to Old Testament Faith." Its object is to grapple boldly with the perplexities arising from the divergence between modern modes of thought and the facts and sentiments put forth in the ancient Jewish scriptures as of Divine origin, and to show that when judged by the ruling ideas of the times they do not conflict with this assumed source, but, on the contrary, are in accordance with this rudimentary condition and gradual development of human thought, as exemplified in other phases of the Providential evolution of the race. Among the subjects discussed by the writer with a powerful and original mind are the sacrifice of Abraham, the conduct of Jael to Sisera, the vindictive war with the Canaanites, etc., etc. The other volume referred to is by a divine, well known in the United States—"Some Facts of Religion and of Life. Sermons preached before her Majesty the Queen, in Scotland, 1866—76, by Dr. John Tulloch, Principal of St. Mary's College, University of St. Andrews." They have all the directness and simplicity characteristic of Dr. Tulloch's style. Their leading object is to present considerations of religion as allied to and affecting the facts of life; and, above all, to insist on the possible separation of the two ideas, religion and theology. The topics included in the latter word being such that men always have differed on, and always will,—while the atmosphere of religion has no connection with the strife of intellectual conflict, but embraces the calmer regions of spiritual and moral influences, appealing to the consciousness of each and of all and whereon every one may be agreed. \*\*\*

## THE WORLD'S WORK.

## Driving Galleries in Mines.

IN "fiery" mines liable to be invaded by explosive gases, the use of gunpowder in blasting is always attended with danger, and the slower method of breaking up the coal or rock by means of hand-drills and wedges must be employed. Rock-drills and coal-cutting machinery have reduced this labor greatly, and made it possible to drive galleries in fiery mines with speed and safety. Among the latest improvements in this class of machinery is a combined rock-drill and rock splitting and cleaving machine. It is of the usual type, as far as the rock-drilling is concerned, and the drill may be driven by steam or compressed air. It is designed to drill holes in any direction, and also to serve as a steam-hammer; and in cutting a gallery, the first operation is to drill a hole directly into the face of the rock the whole length of the drill, or 70 centimeters ( $27\frac{1}{2}$  inches). The drill is then withdrawn and the cutting tool at the end is removed, and a heavy iron weight is put in its place. A needle wedge is then inserted in the hole in the rock, and the machine, now transformed into a steam-hammer, delivers its blows on the head of the wedge with great force and at high speed. This tends to split and smash the rock till an opening is made of about the usual size made by a single blast of powder. More holes are then drilled, and the process is repeated till the face of the rock is broken up. With a pressure of three atmospheres the machine is reported to give blows, with a percussive force of 300 kilograms (about 600 pounds), and will advance a gallery quite as quickly as by the use of powder, and in entire safety.

## Storing Green Hay.

THE usual method of making hay is expensive and liable to risks, owing to the changeable weather at the haying season. To escape the danger of wetting and spoiling, experiments have been made with grass cut and stored in one day, and after only two hours exposure to the sun. In these experiments the grass was cut as soon as free from dew, was then turned over once with the tedding-machine, and after drying for two hours, was hastily gathered and removed to a tight barn. The barn was plastered on the inside, and had a tight floor and roof, and as soon as the loads entered, the doors were closed and the hay was immediately packed into the mows. The barn was then kept as nearly air-tight as possible, till the hay was consumed in the winter. By this method of quick gathering, and the perfect exclusion of rain, and the nearly perfect exclusion of air, the hay was preserved sweet and in excellent condition, and was found to be more valuable as food for cattle than hay made in the ordinary way. The chief points of interest in this method of curing grass are the quick gathering and the use of tight buildings for the exclusion of moisture and air. The experiments made in this direction are reported

to be very satisfactory, and the subject commends itself to the attention of farmers in the variable climates of some of our states, both on the score of economy of time and labor and the improved quality of the hay.

## Corrective in Lead-Poisoning.

WORKMEN employed in the manufacture of white lead are always liable to lead-poisoning, both by inhaling the dust and in touching the lead with the hands. Various correctives for this have been employed, and among these the latest and most simple is a careful washing of the hands in petroleum. Three washings a day are reported to be sufficient to prevent all serious danger of poisoning. The benzole in the petroleum is said to scour the skin and remove the dust of lead, and the fatty substance in the oil prevents the absorption of the lead salts. The experiments made with petroleum used in this manner give such good results that it is proposed to use the same material as a guard against poisoning in other industries where the salts of copper or mercury are employed.

## Armored Guns.

AMONG the recent improvements brought out in the race between guns and plates,—between the destroying power of guns and the protective power of armor-plates on forts and ships,—is a system of armored guns designed both for ships and casemates. The port on the ship or casemate is reduced in size so as nearly to close the opening for the gun, only leaving sufficient space for it to be turned about in firing. This opening is finished in the shape of a ball-and-socket joint, and the work is made as thick and strong as possible. A thread is cut on the gun, near the muzzle, and a heavy ball of steel or iron, designed to fit the socket in the ports, and having a hole through the center, is screwed tight to the end of the gun. When the gun is in place, the port is closed by the ball carried on the muzzle of the gun, and only the end of the gun is visible on the outside of the fort or ship, and the port is thus armored against shot. Suitable sight openings are provided, and when once the gun is trained for firing, it may be fired continuously without resighting, or without moving the piece. The recoil of the gun is expended on the ball affixed to the gun and the socket in the wall of the casemate or the side of the ship. Only very strong, steel breech-loading guns have been tried, and in experiments with a field-piece of 8.8 centimeters ( $3\frac{1}{2}$  in.) bore, excellent results were obtained both in accuracy of aim, rapidity and ease in handling the gun and freedom from smoke in the casemate.

## Intermittent Filters.

IN filtering water for domestic use, it is proposed to employ intermittent filters that will at intervals

run dry, and thus allow the filtering material to become aerated and permit the impurities lodged upon it to become oxidized by exposure to the air. The filtering material may also be turned over or cleansed out during the interval when the filter is empty and without interrupting the supply of water. The filter may be filled with charcoal or other filtering material laid on a perforated base forming the bottom of the filter. Beneath the filter is a tank designed to catch the water dripping from the bottom of the filter, and to distribute it to the house. The water supply flows into the filter at the top, and is regulated by a common floating ball stop-cock. In the tank below the filter is another floating ball, controlling by means of a rod the water supply for the filter. These two automatic stop-cocks are so adjusted that they must move together to open the supply, and move independently to close it. By means of this device, the water first fills the filter till it is cut off by the float. The water then passes through the filter and fills the tank below. The float in the filter would now fall and open the supply pipe, but the water in the tank raises the other float and keeps the supply closed. The filter then runs dry and remains so till the water is withdrawn from the tank. As the water in the tank is not drawn during the night, the tank remains full and the empty filter is exposed to the air till the water is drawn again. On drawing the water from the tank, the float falls and opens the supply pipe into the filter, and the process begins again. By adjusting one float to the other, this kind of filter may be made to run dry at intervals, and thus give opportunities for cleaning or airing the filter as often as may be desired.

#### Recording Weighing-Machine.

THIS machine is of the common steelyard pattern, and has affixed to the underside of the scale-beam a number of points or punching-types, each representing a number on the scale. These points are placed at the tens figures, in a scale reading a hundred, or at hundreds, on a scale counting up to a thousand kilos, pounds, or whatever units of measurement are used. The sliding weight on the beam has attached to it a plate that may be moved by a lever, and that may be brought up in contact with the bottom of the beam when needed. On this plate is a sliding-bar having points or types representing units, or tens and units. In weighing with this machine, the weight is adjusted in the usual way, and then a blank ticket marked off with spaces for hundreds, tens and units is inserted between the plate on the weight and the beam. By a movement of the lever, the plate is then forced against the scale-beam. This drives the types on the beam and on the sliding-bar together, and punches the figures in the paper ticket, thus giving a stamped record of the weight. Any number of tickets may be thus put on the plate and made to give a record of the weight. This apparatus is said to work accurately, and to give a stamped record as quickly as one can commonly

read the figures on the scale. The stamped tickets are also useful as vouchers of the weight of the goods.

#### Artificial Paving-Blocks.

THE slag or scorite that results from blast-furnace work has always been a troublesome by-product, and various attempts have been made to utilize it. Run into blocks, it has been used for paving with more or less success, but a new process of casting and annealing is claimed to furnish a good and uniform material that resists wear, and gives a good footing for horses. This process consists in taking the slag as it flows from the furnace and running it into molds placed upon a circular table. As fast as the molds are filled, they are moved away, and left to cool down to a dull-red color. The molds are then opened, and the blocks are taken out and annealed in a furnace kept at a particular temperature for twenty-four hours. They are then finished, and may be used at once. The chief novelty in this process seems to be in the annealing of the blocks of slag.

#### Memoranda.

THE bichromate of potash electric battery is cheaper and more powerful than the Grove and Bunsen batteries, and yet it is rarely used on account of its liability to fail soon after starting. This defect results from the rapid deposition upon the surface of the carbon elements of the chromic oxides, which tend to destroy the power of the battery. Attempts have been often made to overcome this by shaking the solution on moving the plates, but with only partial success. To obviate this, and to keep the plates clean at all times, a new style of battery has been introduced. Each cup is placed in a step so that they stand one above another, and by a system of siphon pipes the bichromate of potass solution is made to flow from the upper cups to those below. By having a supply of the solution in a reservoir near the upper cups, and a waste reservoir below the solution may be easily kept in motion, and the deposition of the salts prevented.

A new form of gas stove designed to give warmed fresh air has been made, consisting of two upright cylinders inclosed one within the other. The outer cylinder is open at the bottom and is designed to be connected by means of a pipe with the chimney. The inner cylinder is connected at the bottom with a fresh air box or pipe, and takes air from out-of-doors and is open at the top. The gas is burned in the outer cylinder and serves to heat both the outer walls and the inner cylinder, through which air is drawn from out-of-doors and sent warmed into the room. This style of gas stove or furnace gets rid of the products of combustion by means of the chimney, and at the same time furnishes warm fresh air to the room.

**Metallikon.**—This is an art process designed to give a cheap form of ornamental window glass. Sheets of clear glass are first cut to the size of the

intended sash or window, and on this glass is traced the intended picture or design. Pieces of colored glass, painted and cut to fit the design, are then laid on the glass and fastened down by means of a transparent cement. This plan of securing the colored glass dispenses with "leading," and gives perfect protection from the weather, and gives pictures or designs with much finer lines than by the ordinary process of setting in lead sash. The effects may also be varied by using glass rods, tubes, prisms and other pieces of cut glass that by reflection and refraction give cross or dispersed lights.

Reference was made in this department some time since, to the employment of the waste heat of lime-kilns in heating greenhouses. This was accomplished by placing a saddle boiler over the kiln and connecting it with a water circulation. The inventor of this cheap system of heating has advanced the subject another step, and has constructed a novel form of boiler to be placed over a lime-kiln, and thus employ the heat now thrown away in raising steam. The boiler is of the upright tubular form, and is designed to be set in brick-work over the top of the kiln. Suitable provisions are made for firing the kiln and for removing the lime, and the working of the kiln in no way interferes with the production of steam.

The incompressibility of sand is suggested as a cheap and ready means of making supporting columns and bases for anvils, or for blocks designed to support heavy weights. Sand inclosed in thin wooden or iron walls, if thoroughly shaken down, may be made to sustain a much greater weight than the walls or cylinders alone, by placing all the weight directly on the sand and quite free from the walls that retain it. Wooden boxes filled with sand thus, make excellent supports for anvils or tables for laboratory work. So long as the pressure is vertical, the sand will sustain far greater weights and will resist heavier blows than could be borne by solid blocks of wood of the same size.

In the manufacture of chilled cast-iron car-wheels, an improvement is announced in the addition of a certain proportion of Bessemer steel to the pig iron in the cupola furnace. This use of Bessemer steel is reported to improve the character of the wheel, and to add to its strength. It also admits of the use of different grades of iron, and finds one more use for the hitherto nearly useless waste pieces that result from the manufacture of this steel.

Glass silk is finding a new use as a material for laboratory filters. It is said to make an excellent strainer for acid and alkaline substances, as it gives a ready flow with good filtration without imparting impurities to the liquids. It is also useful as a ready means of determining the character of the

deposits, either by washing them out of the filter or by melting the glass fiber. In ordinary chemical work it may be used many times by washing after use and drying in the air.

In replacing iron water-pipes, it has been found that old pipes that are usually considered as of no value may be restored to usefulness by heating in a furnace till the scales of rust may be knocked or scraped off. On taking the pipes from the furnace they are cleaned and scraped, and then dipped into a solution designed to give them a water-proof coating, and when dry, they appear nearly as good as new, and may be relaid with safety.

In making nuts for railway car use, some manufacturers now cut two deep slots at right angles in the top or face of the nut, and give the bottom a concave surface. This style of nut is much deeper than the ordinary pattern, and on screwing it in place, the corners of the concave bottom strike first, and tend to spread the nut out and pinch the slots in the top together round the bolt, and thus bind it firmly into place.

*Notes on Assaying and Assay Schemes; by Pierre de Peyster Ricketts, E.M. Ph. D. The Art-printing Establishment, New York—*This work is designed as a text-book for the practical mining assayer and the student. It gives the systems and schemes of assay employed in Columbia College, and is valuable both as a book of reference and as a guide in practical work.

Among the substances recently proposed as a refractory lining for furnaces when a very high temperature is used, is the oxide of chromium. This oxide is expensive, and it is suggested that chrome ore, containing at least 50 per cent. of chromium, might be used instead. The oxide of chromium is also proposed as a material for making molds for holding fused metals.

Water-proof paper has been introduced as a sheathing for the hulls of iron ships. It is designed to be secured to the submerged portions of the hull by means of marine glue. From experiments made with iron ships, the paper sheathing is reported to be of great value as a shield against barnacles, seaweed, and corrosion.

Gas from petroleum has been tried as a fuel in burning lime, and is reported to give excellent results, the lime being very white and pure, and commanding a higher price than lime burned with wood or coal.

Salicylic acid is recommended for the preservation of cream that must be kept for churning, and for the preservation of butter intended for distant markets.

## BRIC-À-BRAC.



JEALOUSY AT THE AQUARIUM.

*Seal, to his comrade:—* "Look there, Ned, it's all up with us; if they haven't gone and got that Baby Hippopotamus and all the girls are going into ecstasies over him."

## A Fish Story.

(MR. EDWARD FISH LOQUITUR.)

WHO the deuce is that knocking, I wonder,  
It must be that rascally Jew.  
Come in, you old thief! What in thunder —  
I beg pardon; didn't know it was *you*,  
I supposed my commercial friend, Judas,  
Was there. Anything that you wish?  
I am sorry that I was so rude as  
To — What? Mr. Fish?

Do I know a man so named in college?  
Why, bless you, the catalogue's full.  
Five Fishes, at least, to my knowledge,  
In fact, I may say, a whole school.  
They're a crowd that I don't much admire;  
A scaly mess, rather, *entre nous*.  
Which one was it, if I may inquire,  
You'd reference to?

Let me see,—there's a Fish with the Seniors;  
It can hardly be he that you mean.  
He's reputed to be quite a genius,  
And does pictures in oil, the Sardine.  
And there's Ponsonby Fish, a dog-fancier;  
It is strange how the fellow's bound up  
In his dog and his studies ("from Landseer") —  
Just adores that bull-pup.

Then there's Percy Fish, known as the "Codfish"  
(His descent's not as long as his purse),  
And Byron Fish, he's quite an odd fish,  
Dresses queer and writes exquisite verse.  
Why, they say those dear creatures, the Muses,  
Do nothing but weep and repine,  
Because my Lord Byron refuses  
To go on the Nine.

What? The man you want roomed here? May  
be, sir.  
You've his signature there? Let me look.  
"Edward Fish." Sure enough—Oh, I see, sir,  
It was he who subscribed for your book.  
Ah, my dear sir, your searching is ended,

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You needn't look farther for Ned,  
Poor fellow! He's gone—moved—ascended;  
In fact—he is dead!

'Tis a story I don't like to tell, sir,  
Though it happened three months since and more—  
He would venture alone in a shell, sir.  
Though he'd never been in one before.  
And the thing got swamped out in the river,  
While Ned (who, you see, couldn't swim,  
Notwithstanding his name) sank forever,  
And that ended him.

Poor fellow! We all of us missed him.  
Dispensation! They needn't tell me.  
'Twas nothing but this beastly system  
Of marking that killed him. You see,  
If he'd cared less for marks, he'd had spare time  
To cultivate boating as well;  
And he wouldn't have upset. What! Prayer-time?

'Pon my word, there's the bell.

I must leave you, I'm sorry to say, sir.  
Pray sit here just as long as you like.  
Must you go? Oh, no trouble. Good-day, sir!

Well! I thought that bell never would strike.  
That you, chum? Say! first fasten the door, and  
If a book-agent comes this forenoon,  
My name isn't Fish any more, and  
I was drowned, back in June.

JOHN BROWNJOHN.



H. C. W.

"A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food."

## Uncle Gabe's White Folks.

SARVENT, marster. Yes, sah, dat's me,  
"Ole Uncle Gabe" 's my name;  
Thankee, marster. I'm 'bout, yo' see;  
An' d' ole ooman? she's much de same,—  
Po'ly an' 'plainin', thank de Lord!  
But de marster's gwine t' come back from 'broad.

"Fine ole place?" Yes, sah, 'tis so,  
An' mighty fine people my white folks wair,  
But yo' oughter 'a' seen it years ago,  
When d' marster an' d' mistis lived up deyre;  
When de niggers 'd stan' all 'roun' de do'  
Like grains ob corn on d' corn-house flo'.

"Lived mons'us high?" Yes, marster, yes,—  
Cut 'n ornroyal 'n' gordly dash,  
Eat an' drink till yo' couldn't res';—  
My folks warn't none o' yo' po' white trash;  
'N', sah, dey wuz ob high degree,  
Dis hyar nigger am quality.

"Tell yo' 'bout 'em?" Yo' mus' 'a' hearn  
'Bout my ole white folks, sho!  
I tell yo', sah, dey wuz gret an' stern,  
Didn' hav' nothin' 'tall to learn,  
D' knowned all dat d' wuz to know.  
Gol' ober d' head an' under d' feet,  
An' silver!—d' sowed like folks sow wheat.

"Use' to b' rich?" Dat warn't de word,—  
Jes' swallowed an' roll' in weal.  
Why, none o' my white folks ever stirred  
To lif' a han' fo' d' self;  
D' niggers use' to be standin' 'roun'  
'S same es leaves when d' fus' fall down.  
De stable-stalls up hyar at home,  
Look' like teef in a fine toof-comb;  
De cattle wuz 'digious,—mus' tell de fac'!  
An' de hogs nec' de hill-sides look like black,  
'N' de flocks ob sheep wuz so gret an' white,  
Dey 'peared like clouds on a moon-shine night,  
'N' when my 'l missis use' to walk,  
(Jes' t' her kerridge,—dat wuz fur  
'S ever she walked), I tell you, sir,  
Yo' could almos' hyar her silk dress talk;  
It use' to soun' like de mornin' breeze,  
When it wakes an' rustles de gret-house trees;  
'N' de marster's face,—de marster's face,  
When eber de marster got right pleased,  
Use' to shine wid 'e heavenly grace,  
Same 's he count'nance had been greased.  
De cellar too had de best ob wine,  
'N' brandy an' sperits dat yo' could fin',  
'N' ev'ything in dyar wuz stor'd—  
'Skusin' de glory ob-a de Lord.

"Warn't dyar a son?" Yes, sah, you knows  
He's de young marster now;  
But we hyar dat dey tooken he very clo'  
To pay what ole marster owe:  
He's done been gone, ten year, I s'pose,  
But he's comin' back some day ob co'se;—  
An' my ole ooman,—she's aluz pyaird,  
An' meckin' de blue-room bed,  
An' every day dem sheets is yaard,  
An' will be till-a she's dead;  
An' de styairst she'll scour an' de room she'll  
ten',  
Ev'y dressed day dat de Lord do sen'.

What say, marster? Yo' say you knows?—  
He's young, an' slender-like an' fyair;  
Better lookin' 'n you, ob co'se,  
Hi! "You's he?"—Fo' Gord, 'tis him!  
'Tis de berry voice, an' eyes, an' hyar,  
An' mouf, an' smile (on'y yo' aint so slim),  
Bress de Lord! I wonder whar—  
Whar's d' ole ooman? Now let-a my soul  
Depart in peace, fur I behol'  
Dy glory, Lord! I knowed yo', chile,  
I knowed yo' soon's I see yo' face;  
Whar hez yo' been dis dressed while?  
"Done come back an' buy de place?"  
Oh! bress de Lord for all his grace!  
De ravins shell hunger an' shell not lack,  
D' marster, d' young marster's done come back!

T. N. PAGE.

## Replevin.

He was a youth all simpleness,  
And she a maiden full of wiles;  
How could the rustic ever guess  
That mischief lurked beneath such smiles?  
She did not wish his heart to break  
For pastime ere she went to town,—  
But just to keep herself awake,  
And win, perhaps, some slight renown.  
  
She flirted with him at the well,  
She flirted with him in the wagon,  
And at her meals—though, truth to tell,  
His mother watched her like a dragon.  
He cut her pencils when she drew,  
He cut her name on several beeches—  
In fact, he did the best he knew,  
And racked his brain for pretty speeches.  
  
The thing went on some little while,  
Until at last the maid grew weary;  
She could not always raise a smile,  
The country, too, was growing dreary;  
She thought she'd try a new effect,  
And so, without the slightest warning,  
She said to her firtree-elect,  
"I'm going home to-morrow morning."

She scanned his face for signs of grief,  
But what she saw surprised her, slightly;  
A look of most intense relief  
Appeared there, and he answered brightly—  
"I'm thankful—no—I mean to say,  
I hope you'll find some other fellows  
To flirt with, if you come our way  
Again, for Sue's most awful jealous !

"I've tried to tell you, but somehow  
I always felt so dreadful sheepish,  
And next thing, there'd 'a' been a row,  
For really, it was gettin' deepish!  
You see, we're promised, Sue and me—  
She's bright, though she's not had much  
schooling—

She said last night she'd set me free,  
Unless I'd say I'd quit this fooling !

"Of course I said I would, but then  
I wondered what you'd think about me,  
I thought I'd catch it, sure, again,  
You seemed so lonesome-like without me.  
I never thought that you might hear  
From some one else of my engagement,  
But Ma's been telling you, it's clear!"

He wondered what her look of rage meant!  
MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.



FAMILY CARES.

## Quatrains.

(IN REPLY TO E. R. IN LAST NUMBER).

## DAY AND NIGHT.

You say that "Day's a butterfly  
That hovers in the azure sky!"  
Night, then, a caterpillar is  
That's passing through its chrysalis!

## THE WORLD AND THE POET.

"What is the world compared to me?  
Its thoughts are foam, mine, pearls," most rare;  
What a mistake! for all can see  
Your thoughts are shells, the pearls—not there!

## THE SPHYNX.

You say "All things do go on fours,"  
Within, as well as out of, doors.  
If, as a fact, we this concede,  
How walks the nimble centipede?

## THE CUCKOO.

Of all the birds, if a bird you could be,  
You think you prefer the cuckoo best,  
"For he don't go building nests, you see,  
But lays his eggs in another's nest."

VILLY PIQUE.

## A Poem by the author of "Home Sweet Home."

A LADY of Middleborough, Mass., writes us as follows:

"I remember John Howard Payne very well, as he was a frequent visitor at my father's house in New York when I was a child. One of my Christmas gifts when I was twelve years

old was a beautifully bound album, and I at once decided to have nothing but original pieces written in it. Showing it to Mr. Payne, and asking him if he would comply with the conditions, he at once agreed to do so, and returned it to me a few days after with the following verses, which have never been printed."

## TO ADELAIDE.

Yes, yes! if 'tis sweet 'mid the soul-stirring sights,  
Which travelers, where nature has frolicked, entrance,  
Now and then to look back, as we toil o'er the heights,  
And gather the beauties of all in a glance,  
It is more sweet, in passing thro' life, to review  
The feelings and scenes which its ruggedness cheers,  
And recalling the dear ones departed, renew  
In the dream of a moment the blessings of years.

Then precious are pages like these, with a spell  
In the gems which may deck them, around us to cast  
Recollections on which with delight we may dwell,  
And illumine the Present with smiles from the Past.  
May your life, like the leaves of your book, gentle maid,  
Be adorn'd by the charms of affection and taste;  
Be as pure as those yet uninscrib'd from a shade;  
But as bright as the brightest by excellence rac'd.  
J. H. P.

## Scintillations.

## I. LEGAL.

QUOTH Advocatus: "Friend, I would not try  
To bring this suit to court—your case won't lie."  
"Humph!" answers Client, "I supposed you knew  
That all the lying must be done by *you*."

## II. SOCIAL.

Old Æsop tells us of an ass that tried respect to  
win  
By strutting up and down the earth clad in a  
lion's skin;  
A stranger thing we see each day, when in the  
street we pass  
Some well-known social lion in the habit of an ass.  
FRANCIS ELLINGTON LEUPP.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

BY FERMS. THE NOTE-BOOK OF A LUNATIC.

As I was walking through the Fair,  
'Mong many things well worth attention,  
I saw a placard, high in air,  
And on it "Automatic Tension."

And 'neath it needle-work, which vied  
In fineness with the lace Valenciennes,—  
To which in crowds the ladies hid  
As to a Woman's Rights Convention.

A fair-haired maid was standing near  
With eyes as blue as any gentian,  
And soft I whispered in her ear,  
"What is this 'Automatic Tension?'"

She blushed and smiled, then sweetly said  
(With just a touch of condescension),  
"It is a—well, in short 'tis said  
To be a *marvelous invention.*"

I checked an old man passing by;  
Said I, "Pray pardon the detention,—  
But will you kindly tell me why  
This is so wondrous an invention?"

But he replied, almost in rage,  
"This has received award and mention;  
It is the wonder of the age,  
*It is the 'Automatic Tension!'*"

And left, as wishing to avoid  
All danger of a long contention  
With one so seemingly devoid  
Of ordinary comprehension.

The catalogue I next essayed;  
Then asked a soldier with a pension;  
Then, one whose classic nose betrayed  
A knowledge of the Greek declension.

But some would smile and others frown  
Till one (with, doubtless, good intention),  
In florid phrase said 'twas "*the crown*  
*Of all mechanical invention.*"

Then reason fled my maddened brain;  
I knew not fear of reprobation,  
But loud and long, with might and main,  
I shouted "**AUTOMATIC TENSION!**"

Again, again, my cry rang out,  
Till strangers, filled with apprehension,  
Came hurrying round me, as the shout  
The echoes woke in its ascension.

They seized me, and they bound me fast,  
E'en gagged me as a sure prevention.  
I struggled not, but to the last  
I gurgled "*Automatic Tension.*"

And now within this madman's cell,  
Four stories high, with an extension,  
I ask with maniacal yell,  
"*What is the 'Automatic Tension?'*"

P. K.



AN ART REFORM.  
It is proposed at future Exhibitions to do away with the Hanging Committee and allow each artist to hang his own picture. This is in order to avoid the little unpleasantnesses which sometimes occur.

